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THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.

A TALE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
OF ALL AGES

BY

MARK TWAIN
(SAMUEL L. CLEMENS)
AUTHOR OF "A TRAMP ABROAD," "THE INNOCENTS ABROAD," ETC.

AUTHORIZED EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1881.

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TO

THOSE GOOD-MANNERED AND AGREEABLE CHILDREN

SUSIE AND CLARA CLEMENS

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THEIR FATHER.

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I WILL set down a tale as it was told to me by one who had it of his father, which latter had it of *his* father, this last having in like manner had it of *his* father—and so on, back and still back, three hundred years and more, the fathers transmitting it to the sons and so preserving it. It may be history, it may be only a legend, a tradition. It may have happened, it may not have happened: but it *could* have happened. It may be that the wise and the learned believed it in the old days; it may be that only the unlearned and the simple loved it and credited it.

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THE quality of mercy . . .
is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown.

Merchant of Venice.

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THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.

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CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.

In the ancient city of London, on a certain autumn day in the second quarter of the sixteenth century, a boy was born to a poor family of the name of Canty, who did not want him. On the same day another English child was born to a rich family of the name of Tudor, who did want him. All England wanted him too. England had so longed for him, and hoped for him, and prayed God for him, that, now that he was really come, the people went nearly mad for joy. Mere acquaintances hugged and kissed each other and cried. Everybody took a holiday, and high and low, rich and poor, feasted and danced and sang, and got very mellow; and they kept this up for days and nights together. By day, London was a sight to see, with gay banners waving from every balcony and housetop, and splendid pageants marching along. By night, it was again a sight

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to see, with its great bonfires at every corner, and its troops of revellers making merry around them. There was no talk in all England but of the new baby, Edward Tudor, Prince of Wales, who lay lapped in silks and satins, unconscious of all this fuss, and not knowing that great lords and ladies were tending him and watching over him—and not caring, either. But there was no talk about the other baby, Tom Canty, lapped in his poor rags, except among the family of paupers whom he had just come to trouble with his presence.

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TOM'S EARLY LIFE.

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CHAPTER II.

TOM'S EARLY LIFE.

LET us skip a number of years.

London was fifteen hundred years old, and was a great town—for that day. It had a hundred thousand inhabitants—some think double as many. The streets were very narrow, and crooked, and dirty, especially in the part where Tom Canty lived, which was not far from London Bridge. The houses were of wood, with the second story projecting over the first, and the third sticking its elbows out beyond the second. The higher the houses grew, the broader they grew. They were skeletons of strong criss-cross beams, with solid material between, coated with plaster. The beams were painted red or blue or black, according to the owner's taste, and this gave the houses a very picturesque look. The windows were small, glazed with little diamond-shaped panes, and they opened outward, on hinges, like doors.

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The house which Tom's father lived in was up a foul little pocket called Offal Court, out of Pudding Lane. It was small, decayed, and rickety, but it was packed full of wretchedly poor families. Canty's tribe occupied a room on the third floor. The mother and father had a sort of bedstead in the corner; but Tom, his grandmother, and his two sisters, Bet and Nan, were not restricted—they had all the floor to themselves, and might sleep where they chose. There were the remains of a blanket or two, and some bundles of ancient and dirty straw, but these could not rightly be called beds, for they were not organised; they were kicked into a general pile, mornings, and selections made from the mass at night, for service.

Bet and Nan were fifteen years old—twins. They were good-hearted girls, unclean, clothed in rags, and profoundly ignorant. Their mother was like them. But the father and the grandmother were a couple of fiends. They got drunk whenever they could; then they fought each other or anybody else who came in the way; they cursed and swore always, drunk or sober; John Canty was a thief, and his mother a beggar. They made beggars of the children, but failed

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to make thieves of them. Among, but not of, the dreadful rabble that inhabited the house, was a good old priest whom the King had turned out of house and home with a pension of a few farthings, and he used to get the children aside and teach them right ways secretly. Father Andrew also taught Tom a little Latin, and how to read and write; and would have done the same with the girls, but they were afraid of the jeers of their friends, who could not have endured such a queer accomplishment in them.

All Offal Court was just such another hive as Canty's house. Drunkenness, riot and brawling were the order, there, every night and nearly all night long. Broken heads were as common as hunger in that place. Yet little Tom was not unhappy. He had a hard time of it, but did not know it. It was the sort of time that all the Offal Court boys had, therefore he supposed it was the correct and comfortable thing. When he came home empty-handed at night, he knew his father would curse him and thrash him first, and that when he was done the awful grandmother would do it all over again and improve on it; and that away in the night his starving mother would slip to him stealthily with any miserable

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scrap or crust she had been able to save for him by going hungry herself, notwithstanding she was often caught in that sort of treason and soundly beaten for it by her husband.

No, Tom's life went along well enough, especially in summer. He only begged just enough to save himself, for the laws against mendicancy were stringent, and the penalties heavy; so he put in a good deal of his time listening to good Father Andrew's charming old tales and legends about giants and fairies, dwarfs and genii, and enchanted castles, and gorgeous kings and princes. His head grew to be full of these wonderful things, and many a night as he lay in the dark on his scant and offensive straw, tired, hungry, and smarting from a thrashing, he unleashed his imagination and soon forgot his aches and pains in delicious picturings to himself of the charmed life of a petted prince in a regal palace. One desire came in time to haunt him day and night: it was to see a real prince, with his own eyes. He spoke of it once to some of his Offal Court comrades; but they jeered him and scoffed him so unmercifully that he was glad to keep his dream to himself after that.

He often read the priest's old books and got

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him to explain and enlarge upon them. His dreamings and readings worked certain changes in him, by and by. His dream-people were so fine that he grew to lament his shabby clothing and his dirt, and to wish to be clean and better clad. He went on playing in the mud just the same, and enjoying it, too; but instead of splashing around in the Thames solely for the fun of it, he began to find an added value in it because of the washings and cleansings it afforded.

Tom could always find something going on around the Maypole in Cheapside, and at the fairs; and now and then he and the rest of London had a chance to see a military parade when some famous unfortunate was carried prisoner to the Tower, by land or boat. One summer's day he saw poor Anne Askew and three men burned at the stake in Smithfield, and heard an ex-Bishop preach a sermon to them which did not interest him. Yes, Tom's life was varied and pleasant enough, on the whole.

By and by Tom's reading and dreaming about princely life wrought such a strong effect upon him that he began to *act* the prince, unconsciously. His speech and manners became curiously ceremonious and courtly, to the vast admiration and

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amusement of his intimates. But Tom's influence among these young people began to grow, now, day by day; and in time he came to be looked up to, by them, with a sort of wondering awe, as a superior being. He seemed to know so much! and he could do and say such marvellous things! and withal, he was so deep and wise! Tom's remarks, and Tom's performances, were reported by the boys to their elders; and these, also, presently began to discuss Tom Canty, and to regard him as a most gifted and extraordinary creature. Full-grown people brought their perplexities to Tom for solution, and were often astonished at the wit and wisdom of his decisions. In fact he was become a hero to all who knew him except his own family—these, only, saw nothing in him.

Privately, after a while, Tom organised a royal court! He was the prince; his special comrades were guards, chamberlains, equerries, lords and ladies in waiting, and the royal family. Daily the mock prince was received with elaborate ceremonials borrowed by Tom from his romantic readings; daily the great affairs of the mimic kingdom were discussed in royal council, and daily his mimic highness issued decrees to his imaginary armies, navies and viceroyalties.

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After which, he would go forth in his rags and beg a few farthings, eat his poor crust, take his customary cuffs and abuse, and then stretch himself upon his handful of foul straw, and resume his empty grandeurs in his dreams.

And still his desire to look just once upon a real prince, in the flesh, grew upon him, day by day, and week by week, until at last it absorbed all other desires, and became the one passion of his life.

One January day, on his usual begging tour, he tramped despondently up and down the region round about Mincing Lane and Little East Cheap, hour after hour, bare-footed and cold, looking in at cook-shop windows and longing for the dreadful pork-pies and other deadly inventions displayed there—for to him these were dainties fit for the angels; that is, judging by the smell, they were—for it had never been his good luck to own and eat one. There was a cold drizzle of rain; the atmosphere was murky; it was a melancholy day. At night Tom reached home so wet and tired and hungry that it was not possible for his father and grandmother to observe his forlorn condition and not be moved—after their fashion; wherefore they gave him a brisk cuffing at once and sent him to

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bed. For a long time his pain and hunger, and the swearing and fighting going on in the building, kept him awake; but at last his thoughts drifted away to far, romantic lands, and he fell asleep in the company of jewelled and gilded princelings who lived in vast palaces, and had servants salaaming before them or flying to execute their orders. And then, as usual, he dreamed that *he* was a princeling himself.

All night long the glories of his royal estate shone upon him; he moved among great lords and ladies, in a blaze of light, breathing perfumes, drinking in delicious music, and answering the reverent obeisances of the glittering throng as it parted to make way for him, with here a smile, and there a nod of his princely head.

And when he awoke in the morning and looked upon the wretchedness about him, his dream had had its usual effect—it had intensified the sordidness of his surroundings a thousandfold. Then came bitterness, and heart-break, and tears.

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TOM'S MEETING WITH THE PRINCE.

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CHAPTER III.

TOM'S MEETING WITH THE PRINCE.

TOM got up hungry, and sauntered hungry away, but with his thoughts busy with the shadowy splendours of his night's dreams. He wandered here and there in the city, hardly noticing where he was going, or what was happening around him. People jostled him, and some gave him rough speech; but it was all lost on the musing boy. By and by he found himself at Temple Bar, the farthest from home he had ever travelled in that direction. He stopped and considered a moment, then fell into his imaginings again, and passed on outside the walls of London. The Strand had ceased to be a country-road then, and regarded itself as a street, but by a strained construction; for, though there was a tolerably compact row of houses on one side of it, there were only some scattering great buildings on the other, these being palaces of rich nobles, with

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ample and beautiful grounds stretching to the river—grounds that are now closely packed with grim acres of brick and stone.

Tom discovered Charing Village presently, and rested himself at the beautiful cross built there by a bereaved king of earlier days; then idled down a quiet, lovely road, past the great cardinal's stately palace, toward a far more mighty and majestic palace beyond—Westminster. Tom stared in glad wonder at the vast pile of masonry, the wide-spreading wings, the frowning bastions and turrets, the huge stone gateway, with its gilded bars and its magnificent array of colossal granite lions, and other the signs and symbols of English royalty. Was the desire of his soul to be satisfied at last? Here, indeed, was a king's palace. Might he not hope to see a prince now —a prince of flesh and blood, if Heaven were willing?

At each side of the gilded gate stood a living statue—that is to say, an erect and stately and motionless man-at-arms, clad from head to heel in shining steel armour. At a respectful distance were many country folk, and people from the city, waiting for any chance glimpse of royalty that might offer. Splendid carriages,

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with splendid people in them and splendid servants outside, were arriving and departing by several other noble gateways that pierced the royal enclosure.

Poor little Tom, in his rags, approached, and was moving slow and timidly past the sentinels, with a beating heart and a rising hope, when all at once he caught sight through the golden bars of a spectacle that almost made him shout for joy. Within was a comely boy, tanned and brown with sturdy out-door sports and exercises, whose clothing was all of lovely silks and satins, shining with jewels; at his hip a little jewelled sword and dagger; dainty buskins on his feet, with red heels; and on his head a jaunty crimson cap, with drooping plumes fastened with a great sparkling gem. Several gorgeous gentlemen stood near—his servants, without a doubt. Oh! he was a prince—a prince, a living prince, a real prince—without the shadow of a question; and the prayer of the pauper-boy's heart was answered at last.

Tom's breath came quick and short with excitement, and his eyes grew big with wonder and delight. Every thing gave way in his mind instantly to one desire: that was to get close to the prince, and have a good, devouring look at him.

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Before he knew what he was about, he had his face against the gate-bars. The next instant one of the soldiers snatched him rudely away, and sent him spinning among the gaping crowd of country gawks and London idlers. The soldier said,—

"Mind thy manners, thou young beggar!"

The crowd jeered and laughed; but the young prince sprang to the gate with his face flushed, and his eyes flashing with indignation, and cried out,—

"How dar'st thou use a poor lad like that! How dar'st thou use the King my father's meanest subject so! Open the gates, and let him in!"

You should have seen that fickle crowd snatch off their hats then. You should have heard them cheer, and shout, "Long live the Prince of Wales!"

The soldiers presented arms with their halberds, opened the gates, and presented again as the little Prince of Poverty passed in, in his fluttering rags, to join hands with the Prince of Limitless Plenty.

Edward Tudor said—

"Thou lookest tired and hungry: thou'st been treated ill. Come with me."

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Half a dozen attendants sprang forward to—I don't know what; interfere, no doubt. But they were waved aside with a right royal gesture, and they stopped stock still where they were, like so many statues. Edward took Tom to a rich apartment in the palace, which he called his cabinet. By his command a repast was brought such as Tom had never encountered before except in books. The prince, with princely delicacy and breeding, sent away the servants, so that his humble guest might not be embarrassed by their critical presence; then he sat near by, and asked questions while Tom ate.

"What is thy name, lad?"

"Tom Canty, an' it please thee, sir."

"'Tis an odd one. Where dost live?"

"In the city, please thee, sir. Offal Court, out of Pudding Lane."

"Offal Court! Truly 'tis another odd one. Hast parents?"

"Parents have I, sir, and a grand-dam likewise that is but indifferently precious to me, God forgive me if it be offence to say it—also twin sisters, Nan and Bet."

"Then is thy grand-dam not over kind to thee, I take it."

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"Neither to any other is she, so please your worship. She hath a wicked heart, and worketh evil all her days."

"Doth she mistreat thee?"

"There be times that she stayeth her hand, being asleep or overcome with drink; but when she hath her judgment clear again, she maketh it up to me with goodly beatings."

A fierce look came into the little prince's eyes, and he cried out—

"What! Beatings?"

"Oh, indeed, yes, please you, sir."

"*Beatings!*—and thou so frail and little. Hark ye: before the night come, she shall hie her to the Tower. The King my father"—

"In sooth, you forget, sir, her low degree. The Tower is for the great alone."

"True, indeed. I had not thought of that. I will consider of her punishment. Is thy father kind to thee?"

"Not more than Gammer Canty, sir."

"Fathers be alike, mayhap. Mine hath not a doll's temper. He smiteth with a heavy hand, yet spareth me: he spareth me not always with his tongue, though, sooth to say. How doth thy mother use thee?"

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"She is good, sir, and giveth me neither sorrow nor pain of any sort. And Nan and Bet are like to her in this."

"How old be these?"

"Fifteen, an' it please you, sir."

"The Lady Elizabeth, my sister, is fourteen, and the Lady Jane Grey, my cousin, is of mine own age, and comely and gracious withal; but my sister the Lady Mary, with her gloomy mien and —Look you: do thy sisters forbid their servants to smile, lest the sin destroy their souls?"

"They? Oh, dost think, sir, that *they* have servants?"

The little prince contemplated the little pauper gravely a moment, then said—

"And prithee, why not? Who helpeth them undress at night? Who attireth them when they rise?"

"None, sir. Wouldst have them take off their garment, and sleep without—like the beasts?"

"Their garment! Have they but one?"

"Ah, good your worship, what would they do with more? Truly they have not two bodies each."

"It is a quaint and marvellous thought! Thy pardon, I had not meant to laugh. But thy good

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Nan and thy Bet shall have raiment and lackeys enow, and that soon, too: my cofferer shall look to it. No, thank me not; 'tis nothing. Thou speakest well; thou hast an easy grace in it. Art learned?"

"I know not if I am or not, sir. The good priest that is called Father Andrew taught me, of his kindness, from his books."

"Know'st thou the Latin?"

"But scantly, sir, I doubt."

"Learn it, lad: 'tis hard only at first. The Greek is harder; but neither these nor any tongues else, I think, are hard to the Lady Elizabeth and my cousin. Thou shouldst hear those damsels at it! But tell me of thy Offal Court. Hast thou a pleasant life there?"

"In truth, yes, so please you, sir, save when one is hungry. There be Punch-and-Judy shows, and monkeys—oh such antic creatures! and so bravely dressed!—and there be plays wherein they that play do shout and fight till all are slain, and 'tis so fine to see, and costeth but a farthing—albeit 'tis main hard to get the farthing, please your worship."

"Tell me more."

"We lads of Offal Court do strive against

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each other with the cudgel, like to the fashion of the 'prentices, sometimes."

The prince's eyes flashed. Said he—

"Marry, that would not I mislike. Tell me more."

"We strive in races, sir, to see who of us shall be fleetest."

"That would I like also. Speak on."

"In summer, sir, we wade and swim in the canals and in the river, and each doth duck his neighbour, and splatter him with water, and dive and shout and tumble and——"

"'Twould be worth my father's kingdom but to enjoy it once! Prithee go on."

"We dance and sing about the Maypole in Cheapside; we play in the sand, each covering his neighbour up; and times we make mud pastry —oh the lovely mud, it hath not its like for delightfulness in all the world!—we do fairly wallow in the mud, sir, saving your worship's presence."

"Oh, prithee, say no more, 'tis glorious! If that I could but clothe me in raiment like to thine, and strip my feet, and revel in the mud once, just once, with none to rebuke me or forbid, meseemeth I could forego the crown!"

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"And if that I could clothe me once, sweet sir, as thou art clad—just once——"

"Oho, would'st like it? Then so shall it be. Doff thy rags, and don these splendours, lad! It is a brief happiness, but will be not less keen for that. We will have it while we may, and change again before any come to molest."

A few minutes later the little Prince of Wales was garlanded with Tom's fluttering odds and ends, and the little Prince of Pauperdom was tricked out in the gaudy plumage of royalty. The two went and stood side by side before a great mirror, and lo, a miracle: there did not seem to have been any change made! They stared at each other, then at the glass, then at each other again. At last the puzzled princeling said—

"What dost thou make of this?"

"Ah, good your worship, require me not to answer. It is not meet that one of my degree should utter the thing."

"Then will *I* utter it. Thou hast the same hair, the same eyes, the same voice and manner, the same form and stature, the same face and countenance that I bear. Fared we forth naked, there is none could say which was you, and which

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the Prince of Wales. And, now that I am clothed as thou wert clothed, it seemeth I should be able the more nearly to feel as thou didst when the brute soldier—Hark ye, is not this a bruise upon your hand?"

"Yes; but it is a slight thing, and your worship knoweth that the poor man-at-arms——"

"Peace! It was a shameful thing and a cruel!" cried the little prince, stamping his bare foot. "If the King —— Stir not a step till I come again! It is a command!"

In a moment he had snatched up and put away an article of national importance that lay upon a table, and was out at the door and flying through the palace grounds in his bannered rags, with a hot face and glowing eyes. As soon as he reached the great gate, he seized the bars, and tried to shake them, shouting—

"Open! Unbar the gates!"

The soldier that had maltreated Tom obeyed promptly; and as the prince burst through the portal, half-smothered with royal wrath, the soldier fetched him a sounding box on the ear that sent him whirling to the roadway, and said—

"Take that, thou beggar's spawn, for what thou got'st me from his Highness!"

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The crowd roared with laughter. The prince picked himself out of the mud, and made fiercely at the sentry, shouting—

"I am the Prince of Wales, my person is sacred; and thou shalt hang for laying thy hand upon me!"

The soldier brought his halberd to a present-arms and said mockingly—

"I salute your gracious Highness."

Then angrily—

"Be off, thou crazy rubbish!"

Here the jeering crowd closed around the poor little prince, and hustled him far down the road, hooting him, and shouting—

"Way for his royal Highness! Way for the Prince of Wales!"

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THE PRINCE'S TROUBLES BEGIN.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE PRINCE'S TROUBLES BEGIN.

After hours of persistent pursuit and persecution, the little prince was at last deserted by the rabble and left to himself. As long as he had been able to rage against the mob, and threaten it royally, and royally utter commands that were good stuff to laugh at, he was very entertaining; but when weariness finally forced him to be silent, he was no longer of use to his tormentors, and they sought amusement elsewhere. He looked about him, now, but could not recognise the locality. He was within the city of London—that was all he knew. He moved on, aimlessly, and in a little while the houses thinned, and the passers-by were infrequent. He bathed his bleeding feet in the brook which flowed then where Farringdon Street now is; rested a few moments, then passed on, and presently came upon a great space with only a few scattered houses in it, and

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a prodigious church. He recognised this church. Scaffoldings were about, everywhere, and swarms of workmen; for it was undergoing elaborate repairs. The prince took heart at once—he felt that his troubles were at an end, now. He said to himself, "It is the ancient Grey Friars' Church, which the king my father hath taken from the monks and given for a home for ever for poor and forsaken children, and new-named it Christ's Church. Right gladly will they serve the son of him who hath done so generously by them—and the more that that son is himself as poor and as forlorn as any that be sheltered here this day, or ever shall be."

He was soon in the midst of a crowd of boys who were running, jumping, playing at ball and leap-frog, and otherwise disporting themselves, and right noisily, too. They were all dressed alike, and in the fashion which in that day prevailed among serving-men and 'prentices*—that is to say, each had on the crown of his head a flat black cap about the size of a saucer, which was not useful as a covering, it being of such scanty dimensions, neither was it ornamental;

* See Note 1, at end of volume II.

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from beneath it the hair fell, unparted, to the middle of the forehead, and was cropped straight around; a clerical band at the neck; a blue gown that fitted closely and hung as low as the knees or lower; full sleeves; a broad red belt; bright yellow stockings, gartered above the knees; low shoes with large metal buckles. It was a sufficiently ugly costume.

The boys stopped their play and flocked about the prince, who said with native dignity—

"Good lads, say to your master that Edward Prince of Wales desireth speech with him."

A great shout went up, at this, and one rude fellow said—

"Marry, art thou his grace's messenger, beggar?"

The Prince's face flushed with anger, and his ready hand flew to his hip, but there was nothing there. There was a storm of laughter, and one boy said—

"Didst mark that? He fancied he had a sword—belike he is the prince himself."

This sally brought more laughter. Poor Edward drew himself up proudly and said—

"I am the prince; and it ill beseemeth you

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that feed upon the king my father's bounty to use me so."

This was vastly enjoyed, as the laughter testified. The youth who had first spoken, shouted to his comrades—

"Ho, swine, slaves, pensioners of his grace's princely father, where be your manners? Down on your marrow bones, all of ye, and do reverence to his kingly port and royal rags!"

With boisterous mirth they dropped upon their knees in a body and did mock homage to their prey. The prince spurned the nearest boy with his foot, and said fiercely—

"Take thou that, till the morrow come and I build thee a gibbet!"

Ah, but this was not a joke—this was going beyond fun. The laughter ceased on the instant, and fury took its place. A dozen shouted—

"Hale him forth! To the horse-pond, to the horse-pond! Where be the dogs? Ho, there, Lion! ho, Fangs!"

Then followed such a thing as England had never seen before—the sacred person of the heir to the throne rudely buffeted by plebeian hands, and set upon and torn by dogs.

As night drew to a close that day, the prince

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found himself far down in the close-built portion of the city. His body was bruised, his hands were bleeding, and his rags were all besmirched with mud. He wandered on and on, and grew more and more bewildered, and so tired and faint he could hardly drag one foot after the other. He had ceased to ask questions of anyone, since they brought him only insult instead of information. He kept muttering to himself, "Offal Court—that is the name; if I can but find it before my strength is wholly spent and I drop, then am I saved—for his people will take me to the palace and prove that I am none of theirs, but the true prince, and I shall have mine own again." And now and then his mind reverted to his treatment by those rude Christ's Hospital boys, and he said, "When I am king, they shall not have bread and shelter only, but also teachings out of books; for a full belly is little worth where the mind is starved, and the heart. I will keep this diligently in my remembrance, that this day's lesson be not lost upon me, and my people suffer thereby; for learning softeneth the heart and breedeth gentleness and charity." *

* See Note 2, at end of volume II.

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The lights began to twinkle, it came on to rain, the wind rose, and a raw and gusty night set in. The houseless prince, the homeless heir to the throne of England, still moved on, drifting deeper into the maze of squalid alleys where the swarming hives of poverty and misery were massed together.

Suddenly a great drunken ruffian collared him and said—

"Out to this time of night again, and hast not brought a farthing home, I warrant me! If it be so, an' I do not break all the bones in thy lean body, then am I not John Canty, but some other."

The prince twisted himself loose, unconsciously brushed his profaned shoulder, and eagerly said—

"O, art *his* father, truly? Sweet heaven grant it be so—then wilt thou fetch him away and restore me!"

"*His* father? I know not what thou mean'st; I but know I am *thy* father, as thou shalt soon have cause to——"

"O, jest not, palter not, delay not!—I am worn, I am wounded, I can bear no more. Take me to the king my father, and he will make thee rich beyond thy wildest dreams. Believe me,

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man, believe me!—I speak no lie, but only the truth!—put forth thy hand and save me! I am indeed the Prince of Wales!"

The man stared down, stupefied, upon the lad, then shook his head and muttered—

"Gone stark mad as any Tom o' Bedlam!"—then collared him once more, and said with a coarse laugh and an oath, "But mad or no mad, I and thy Gammer Canty will soon find where the soft places in thy bones lie, or I'm no true man!"

With this he dragged the frantic and struggling prince away, and disappeared up a front court followed by a delighted and noisy swarm of human vermin.

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TOM AS A PATRICIAN.

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CHAPTER V.

TOM AS A PATRICIAN.

Tom Canty, left alone in the prince's cabinet, made good use of his opportunity. He turned himself this way and that before the great mirror, admiring his finery; then walked away, imitating the prince's high-bred carriage, and still observing results in the glass. Next he drew the beautiful sword, and bowed, kissing the blade, and laying it across his breast, as he had seen a noble knight do, by way of salute to the lieutenant of the Tower, five or six weeks before, when delivering the great lords of Norfolk and Surrey into his hands for captivity. Tom played with the jewelled dagger that hung upon his thigh; he examined the costly and exquisite ornaments of the room; he tried each of the sumptuous chairs, and thought how proud he would be if the Offal Court herd could only peep in and see him in his grandeur. He wondered if they would believe

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the marvellous tale he should tell when he got home, or if they would shake their heads, and say his overtaxed imagination had at last upset his reason.

At the end of half an hour it suddenly occurred to him that the prince was gone a long time; then right away he began to feel lonely; very soon he fell to listening and longing, and ceased to toy with the pretty things about him; he grew uneasy, then restless, then distressed. Suppose some one should come, and catch him in the prince's clothes, and the prince not there to explain. Might they not hang him at once, and inquire into his case afterward? He had heard that the great were prompt about small matters. His fears rose higher and higher; and trembling he softly opened the door to the antechamber, resolved to fly and seek the prince, and, through him, protection and release. Six gorgeous gentlemen-servants and two young pages of high degree, clothed like butterflies, sprang to their feet and bowed low before him. He stepped quickly back and shut the door. He said—

"Oh, they mock at me! They will go and tell. Oh! why came I here to cast away my life?"

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He walked up and down the floor, filled with nameless fears, listening, starting at every trifling sound. Presently the door swung open, and a silken page said—

"The Lady Jane Grey."

The door closed and a sweet young girl, richly clad, bounded toward him. But she stopped suddenly, and said in a distressed voice—

"Oh, what aileth thee, my lord?"

Tom's breath was nearly failing him; but he made shift to stammer out—

"Ah, be merciful, thou! In sooth I am no lord, but only poor Tom Canty of Offal Court in the city. Prithee let me see the prince, and he will of his grace restore to me my rags, and let me hence unhurt. Oh, be thou merciful, and save me!"

By this time the boy was on his knees, and supplicating with his eyes and uplifted hands as well as with his tongue. The young girl seemed horror-stricken. She cried out—

"O my lord, on thy knees?—and to *me!*"

Then she fled away in fright; and Tom, smitten with despair, sank down, murmuring—

"There is no help, there is no hope. Now will they come and take me."

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Whilst he lay there benumbed with terror, dreadful tidings were speeding through the palace. The whispers—for it was whispered always—flew from menial to menial, from lord to lady, down all the long corridors, from story to story, from saloon to saloon, "The prince hath gone mad, the prince hath gone mad!" Soon every saloon, every marble hall, had its groups of glittering lords and ladies, and other groups of dazzling lesser folk, talking earnestly together in whispers, and every face had in it dismay. Presently a splendid official came marching by these groups, making solemn proclamation—

"IN THE NAME OF THE KING! Let none list to this false and foolish matter, upon pain of death, nor discuss the same, nor carry it abroad. In the name of the King!"

The whisperings ceased as suddenly as if the whisperers had been stricken dumb.

Soon there was a general buzz along the corridors, of "The prince! See, the prince comes!"

Poor Tom came slowly walking past the low-bowing groups, trying to bow in return, and meekly gazing upon his strange surroundings with bewildered and pathetic eyes. Great nobles walked upon each side of him, making him lean

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upon them, and so steady his steps. Behind him followed the court-physicians and some servants.

Presently Tom found himself in a noble apartment of the palace and heard the door close behind him. Around him stood those who had come with him. Before him, at a little distance, reclined a very large and very fat man, with a wide, pulpy face, and a stern expression. His large head was very grey; and his whiskers, which he wore only around his face, like a frame, were grey also. His clothing was of rich stuff, but old, and slightly frayed in places. One of his swollen legs had a pillow under it, and was wrapped in bandages. There was silence now; and there was no head there but was bent in reverence, except this man's. This stern-countenanced invalid was the dread Henry VIII. He said—and his face grew gentle as he began to speak—

"How now, my lord Edward, my prince? Hast been minded to cozen me, the good King thy father, who loveth thee, and kindly useth thee, with a sorry jest?"

Poor Tom was listening, as well as his dazed faculties would let him, to the beginning of this speech; but when the words "me the good King"

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fell upon his ear, his face blanched, and he dropped as instantly upon his knees as if a shot had brought him there. Lifting up his hands, he exclaimed—

"Thou the *King*? Then am I undone indeed!"

This speech seemed to stun the King. His eyes wandered from face to face aimlessly, then rested, bewildered, upon the boy before him. Then he said in a tone of deep disappointment—

"Alack, I had believed the rumour disproportioned to the truth; but I fear me 'tis not so." He breathed a heavy sigh, and said in a gentle voice, "Come to thy father, child: thou art not well."

Tom was assisted to his feet, and approached the Majesty of England, humble and trembling. The King took the frightened face between his hands, and gazed earnestly and lovingly into it awhile, as if seeking some grateful sign of returning reason there, then pressed the curly head against his breast, and patted it tenderly. Presently he said—

"Dost not know thy father, child? Break not mine old heart; say thou know'st me. Thou *dost* know me, dost thou not?"

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"Yea: thou art my dread lord the King, whom God preserve!"

"True, true—that is well—be comforted, tremble not so; there is none here would hurt thee; there is none here but loves thee. Thou art better now; thy ill dream passeth—is't not so? And thou knowest thyself now also—is't not so? Thou wilt not miscall thyself again, as they say thou didst a little while agone?"

"I pray thee of thy grace believe me, I did but speak the truth, most dread lord; for I am the meanest among thy subjects, being a pauper born, and 'tis by a sore mischance and accident I am here, albeit I was therein nothing blameful. I am but young to die, and thou canst save me with one little word. Oh speak it, sir!"

"Die? Talk not so, sweet prince—peace, peace, to thy troubled heart—thou shalt not die!"

Tom dropped upon his knees with a glad cry—

"God requite thy mercy, oh my King, and save thee long to bless thy land!" Then springing up, he turned a joyful face toward the two lords in waiting, and exclaimed, "Thou heard'st it! I am not to die: the King hath said it!" There was no movement, save that all bowed

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with grave respect; but no one spoke. He tated, a little confused, then turned timidly toward the King, saying, "I may go now?"

"Go? Surely, if thou desirest. But why not tarry yet a little? Whither wouldst go?"

Tom dropped his eyes, and answered humbly—

"Peradventure I mistook; but I did think me free, and so was I moved to seek again the kennel where I was born and bred to misery, yet which harboureth my mother and my sisters, and so is home to me; whereas these pomps and splendours whereunto I am not used—oh, please you, sir, to let me go!"

The King was silent and thoughtful a while, and his face betrayed a growing distress and uneasiness. Presently he said, with something of hope in his voice—

"Perchance he is but mad upon this one strain, and hath his wits unmarred as toucheth other matter. God send it may be so! We will make trial."

Then he asked Tom a question in Latin, and Tom answered him lamely in the same tongue. The King was delighted, and showed it. The lords and doctors manifested their gratification also. The King said—

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"'Twas not according to his schooling and ability, but sheweth that his mind is but diseased, not stricken fatally. How say you, sir?"

The physician addressed bowed low, and replied—

"It jumpeth with mine own conviction, sire, that thou hast divined aright."

The King looked pleased with this encouragement, coming as it did from so excellent authority, and continued with good heart—

"Now mark ye all: we will try him further."

He put a question to Tom in French. Tom stood silent a moment, embarrassed by having many eyes centred upon him, then said diffidently—

"I have no knowledge of this tongue, so please your majesty."

The King fell back upon his couch. The attendants flew to his assistance; but he put them aside, and said—

"Trouble me not—it is nothing but a scurvy faintness. Raise me! There, 'tis sufficient. Come hither, child; there, rest thy poor troubled head upon thy father's heart, and be at peace. Thou'lt soon be well: 'tis but a passing fantasy. Fear thou not; thou'lt soon be well." Then he turned

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toward the company: his gentle manner changed, and baleful lightnings began to play from his eyes. He said—

"List ye all! This my son is mad; but it is not permanent. Over-study hath done this, and somewhat too much of confinement. Away with his books and teachers! see ye to it. Pleasure him with sports, beguile him in wholesome ways, so that his health come again." He raised himself higher still, and went on with energy, "He is mad; but he is my son, and England's heir; and, mad or sane, still shall he reign! And hear ye further, and proclaim it: whoso speaketh of this his distemper worketh against the peace and order of these realms, and shall to the gallows! . . . Give me to drink — I burn: this sorrow sappeth my strength. . . . There, take away the cup. . . . Support me. There, that is well. Mad, is he? Were he a thousand times mad, yet is he Prince of Wales, and I the King will confirm it. This very morrow shall he be installed in his princely dignity in due and ancient form. Take instant order for it, my lord Hertford."

One of the nobles knelt at the royal couch, and said—

"The King's majesty knoweth that the Here-

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ditary Great Marshal of England lieth attainted in the Tower. It were not meet that one attainted——"

"Peace! Insult not mine ears with his hated name. Is this man to live for ever? Am I to be baulked of my will? Is the prince to tarry uninstalled, because, forsooth, the realm lacketh an Earl Marshal free of treasonable taint to invest him with his honours? No, by the splendour of God! Warn my Parliament to bring me Norfolk's doom before the sun rise again, else shall they answer for it grievously!"*

Lord Hertford said—

"The King's will is law;" and, rising, returned to his former place.

Gradually the wrath faded out of the old King's face, and he said—

"Kiss me, my prince. There . . . what fearest thou? Am I not thy loving father?"

"Thou art good to me that am unworthy, O mighty and gracious lord: that in truth I know. But—but—it grieveth me to think of him that is to die, and——"

"Ah, 'tis like thee, 'tis like thee! I know thy

* See Note 3, at end of volume II.

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heart is still the same, even though thy mind hath suffered hurt, for thou wert ever of a gentle spirit. But this duke standeth between thee and thine honours: I will have another in his stead that shall bring no taint to his great office. Comfort thee, my prince: trouble not thy poor head with this matter."

"But is it not I that speed him hence, my liege? How long might he not live, but for me?"

"Take no thought of him, my prince: he is not worthy. Kiss me once again, and go to thy trifles and amusements; for my malady distresseth me. I am aweary, and would rest. Go with thine uncle Hertford and thy people, and come again when my body is refreshed."

Tom, heavy-hearted, was conducted from the presence, for this last sentence was a death-blow to the hope he had cherished that now he would be set free. Once more he heard the buzz of low voices exclaiming, "The prince, the prince comes!"

His spirits sank lower and lower as he moved between the glittering files of bowing courtiers; for he recognised that he was indeed a captive now, and might remain for ever shut up in this gilded cage, a forlorn and friendless prince, ex-

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cept God in his mercy take pity on him and set him free.

And, turn where he would, he seemed to see floating in the air the severed head and the remembered face of the great Duke of Norfolk, the eyes fixed on him reproachfully.

His old dreams had been so pleasant; but this reality was so dreary!

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TOM RECEIVES INSTRUCTIONS.

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CHAPTER VI.

TOM RECEIVES INSTRUCTIONS.

Tom was conducted to the principal apartment of a noble suite, and made to sit down—a thing which he was loath to do, since there were elderly men and men of high degree about him. He begged them to be seated also, but they only bowed their thanks or murmured them, and remained standing. He would have insisted, but his "uncle" the Earl of Hertford whispered in his ear—

"Prithee, insist not, my lord; it is not meet that they sit in thy presence."

The Lord St. John was announced, and after making obeisance to Tom, he said—

"I come upon the king's errand, concerning a matter which requireth privacy. Will it please your royal highness to dismiss all that attend you here, save my lord the Earl of Hertford?"

Observing that Tom did not seem to know

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how to proceed, Hertford whispered him to make a sign with his hand, and not trouble himself to speak unless he chose. When the waiting gentlemen had retired, Lord St. John said—

"His majesty commandeth, that for due and weighty reasons of state, the prince's grace shall hide his infirmity in all ways that be within his power, till it be passed and he be as he was before. To wit, that he shall deny to none that he is the true prince, and heir to England's greatness; that he shall uphold his princely dignity, and shall receive, without word or sign of protest, that reverence and observance which unto it do appertain of right and ancient usage; that he shall cease to speak to any of that lowly birth and life his malady hath conjured out of the unwholesome imaginings of o'er-wrought fancy; that he shall strive with diligence to bring unto his memory again those faces which he was wont to know—and where he faileth he shall hold his peace, neither betraying by semblance of surprise or other sign that he hath forgot; that upon occasions of state, whensoever any matter shall perplex him as to the thing he should do or the utterance he should make, he shall show nought of unrest to the curious that look on, but take

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advice in that matter of the Lord Hertford, or my humble self, which are commanded of the king to be upon this service and close at call, till this commandment be dissolved. Thus saith the king's majesty, who sendeth greeting to your royal highness, and prayeth that God will of His mercy quickly heal you and have you now and ever in His holy keeping."

The Lord St. John made reverence and stood aside. Tom replied, resignedly—

"The king hath said it. None may palter with the king's command, or fit it to his ease, where it doth chafe, with deft evasions. The king shall be obeyed."

Lord Hertford said—

"Touching the king's majesty's ordainment concerning books and such like serious matters it may peradventure please your highness to ease your time with lightsome entertainment, lest you go wearied to the banquet and suffer harm thereby."

Tom's face showed inquiring surprise; and a blush followed when he saw Lord St. John's eyes bent sorrowfully upon him. His lordship said—

"Thy memory still wrongeth thee, and thou hast shown surprise—but suffer it not to trouble thee, for 'tis a matter that will not bide, but

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depart with thy mending malady. My Lord of Hertford speaketh of the city's banquet which the king's majesty did promise, some two months flown, your highness should attend. Thou recallest it now?"

"It grieves me to confess it had indeed escaped me," said Tom, in a hesitating voice; and blushed again.

At this moment the Lady Elizabeth and the Lady Jane Grey were announced. The two lords exchanged significant glances, and Hertford stepped quickly toward the door. As the young girls passed him, he said in a low voice—

"I pray ye, ladies, seem not to observe his humours, nor show surprise when his memory doth lapse—it will grieve you to note how it doth stick at every trifle."

Meantime Lord St. John was saying in Tom's ear—

"Please you, sir, keep diligently in mind his majesty's desire. Remember all thou canst—*seem* to remember all else. Let them not perceive that thou art much changed from thy wont, for thou knowest how tenderly thy old playfellows bear thee in their hearts and how 'twould

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grieve them. Art willing, sir, that I remain?—and thine uncle?"

Tom signified assent with a gesture and a murmured word, for he was already learning, and in his simple heart was resolved to acquit himself as best he might, according to the king's command.

In spite of every precaution, the conversation among the young people became a little embarrassing at times. More than once, in truth, Tom was near to breaking down and confessing himself unequal to his tremendous part; but the tact of the Princess Elizabeth saved him, or a word from one or the other of the vigilant lords, thrown in apparently by chance, had the same happy effect. Once the little Lady Jane turned to Tom and dismayed him with this question,—

"Hast paid thy duty to the queen's majesty to-day, my lord?"

Tom hesitated, looked distressed, and was about to stammer out something at hazard, when Lord St. John took the word and answered for him with the easy grace of a courtier accustomed to encounter delicate difficulties and to be ready for them—

"He hath indeed, madam, and she did greatly

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hearten him, as touching his majesty's condition; is it not so, your highness?"

Tom mumbled something that stood for assent, but felt that he was getting upon dangerous ground. Somewhat later it was mentioned that Tom was to study no more at present, whereupon her little ladyship exclaimed—

"'Tis a pity, 'tis such a pity! Thou wert proceeding bravely. But bide thy time in patience: it will not be for long. Thou'lt yet be graced with learning like thy father, and make thy tongue master of as many languages as his, good my prince."

"My father!" cried Tom, off his guard for the moment. "I trow he cannot speak his own so that any but the swine that kennel in the styes may tell his meaning; and as for learning of any sort soever——"

He looked up and encountered a solemn warning in my Lord St. John's eyes.

He stopped, blushed, then continued low and sadly: "Ah, my malady persecuteth me again, and my mind wandereth. I meant the king's grace no irreverence."

"We know it, sir," said the Princess Elizabeth, taking her "brother's" hand between her two

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palms, respectfully but caressingly; "trouble not thyself as to that. The fault is none of thine, but thy distemper's."

"Thou'rt a gentle comforter, sweet lady," said Tom, gratefully, "and my heart moveth me to thank thee for't, an' I may be so bold."

Once the giddy little Lady Jane fired a simple Greek phrase at Tom. The Princess Elizabeth's quick eye saw by the serene blankness of the target's front that the shaft was overshot; so she tranquilly delivered a return volley of sounding Greek on Tom's behalf, and then straightway changed the talk to other matters.

Time wore on pleasantly, and likewise smoothly, on the whole. Snags and sandbars grew less and less frequent, and Tom grew more and more at his ease, seeing that all were so lovingly bent upon helping him and overlooking his mistakes. When it came out that the little ladies were to accompany him to the Lord Mayor's banquet in the evening, his heart gave a bound of relief and delight, for he felt that he should not be friendless, now, among that multitude of strangers; whereas, an hour earlier, the idea of their going with him would have been an insupportable terror to him.

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Tom's guardian angels, the two lords, had had less comfort in the interview than the other parties to it. They felt much as if they were piloting a great ship through a dangerous channel; they were on the alert constantly, and found their office no child's play. Wherefore, at last, when the ladies' visit was drawing to a close and the Lord Guilford Dudley was announced, they not only felt that their charge had been sufficiently taxed for the present, but also that they themselves were not in the best condition to take their ship back and make their anxious voyage all over again. So they respectfully advised Tom to excuse himself, which he was very glad to do, although a slight shade of disappointment might have been observed upon my Lady Jane's face when she heard the splendid stripling denied admittance.

There was a pause now, a sort of waiting silence which Tom could not understand. He glanced at Lord Hertford, who gave him a sign —but he failed to understand that also. The ready Elizabeth came to the rescue with her usual easy grace. She made reverence and said—

"Have we leave of the prince's grace my brother to go?"

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Tom said—

"Indeed your ladyships can have whatsoever of me they will, for the asking; yet would I rather give them any other thing that in my poor power lieth, than leave to take the light and blessing of their presence hence. Give ye good den, and God be with ye!" Then he smiled inwardly at the thought, "'Tis not for nought I have dwelt but among princes in my reading, and taught my tongue some slight trick of their broidered and gracious speech withal!"

When the illustrious maidens were gone, Tom turned wearily to his keepers and said—

"May it please your lordships to grant me leave to go into some corner and rest me?"

Lord Hertford said—

"So please your highness, it is for you to command, it is for us to obey. That thou shouldst rest is indeed a needful thing, since thou must journey to the city presently."

He touched a bell, and a page appeared, who was ordered to desire the presence of Sir William Herbert. This gentleman came straightway, and conducted Tom to an inner apartment. Tom's first movement there was to reach for a cup of water; but a silk-and-velvet servitor seized

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it, dropped upon one knee, and offered it to him on a golden salver.

Next the tired captive sat down and was going to take off his buskins, timidly asking leave with his eye, but another silk-and-velvet discomforter went down upon his knees and took the office from him. He made two or three further efforts to help himself, but being promptly forestalled each time, he finally gave up, with a sigh of resignation and a murmured "Beshrew me, but I marvel they do not require to breathe for me also!" Slippered, and wrapped in a sumptuous robe, he laid himself down at last to rest, but not to sleep, for his head was too full of thoughts and the room too full of people. He could not dismiss the former, so they stayed; he did not know enough to dismiss the latter, so they stayed also, to his vast regret—and theirs.

Tom's departure had left his two noble guardians alone. They mused a while, with much head-shaking and walking the floor, then Lord St. John said—

"Plainly, what dost thou think?"

"Plainly, then, this. The king is near his end; my nephew is mad—mad will mount the

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throne, and mad remain. God protect England, since she will need it!"

"Verily it promiseth so, indeed. But . . . have you no misgivings as to . . . as to . . ."

The speaker hesitated, and finally stopped. He evidently felt that he was upon delicate ground. Lord Hertford stopped before him, looked into his face with a clear, frank eye, and said—

"Speak on—there is none to hear but me. Misgivings as to what?"

"I am full loath to word the thing that is in my mind, and thou so near to him in blood, my lord. But craving pardon if I do offend, seemeth it not strange that madness could so change his port and manner?—not but that his port and speech are princely still, but that they *differ*, in one unweighty trifle or another, from what his custom was aforetime. Seemeth it not strange that madness should filch from his memory his father's very lineaments; the customs and observances that are his due from such as be about him; and, leaving him his Latin, strip him of his Greek and French? My lord, be not offended, but ease my mind of its disquiet and receive my grateful thanks. It haunteth me, his saying he was not the prince, and so——"

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"Peace, my lord, thou utterest treason! Hast forgot the king's command? Remember I am party to thy crime if I but listen."

St. John paled, and hastened to say—

"I was in fault, I do confess it. Betray me not, grant me this grace out of thy courtesy and I will neither think nor speak of this thing more. Deal not hardly with me, sir, else am I ruined."

"I am content, my lord. So thou offend not again, here or in the ears of others, it shall be as though thou hadst not spoken. But thou needst not have misgivings. He is my sister's son; are not his voice, his face, his form, familiar to me from his cradle? Madness can do all the odd conflicting things thou seest in him, and more. Dost not recall how that the old Baron Marley, being mad, forgot the favour of his own countenance that he had known for sixty years, and held it was another's; nay, even claimed he was the son of Mary Magdalene, and that his head was made of Spanish glass; and, soothe to say, he suffered none to touch it, lest by mischance some heedless hand might shiver it? Give thy misgivings easement, good my lord. This is the

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very prince—I know him well—and soon will be thy king; it may advantage thee to bear this in mind, and more dwell upon it than the other."

After some further talk, in which the Lord St. John covered up his mistake as well as he could by repeated protests that his faith was thoroughly grounded now, and could not be assailed by doubts again, the Lord Hertford relieved his fellow-keeper, and sat down to keep watch and ward alone. He was soon deep in meditation, and evidently the longer he thought, the more he was bothered. By and by he began to pace the floor and mutter.

"Tush, he *must* be the prince! Will any he in all the land maintain there can be two, not of one blood and birth, so marvellously twinned? And even were it so, 'twere yet a stranger miracle that chance should cast the one into the other's place. Nay, 'tis folly, folly, folly!"

Presently he said—

"Now were he impostor and called himself prince, look you *that* would be natural; that would be reasonable. But lived ever an impostor yet, who, being called prince by the king, prince by

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the court, prince by all, *denied* his dignity and pleaded against his exaltation? *No!* By the soul of St. Swithin, no! This is the true prince, gone mad!"

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TOM'S FIRST ROYAL DINNER.

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CHAPTER VII.

TOM'S FIRST ROYAL DINNER.

SOMEWHAT after one in the afternoon, Tom resignedly underwent the ordeal of being dressed for dinner. He found himself as finely clothed as before, but everything different, everything changed, from his ruff to his stockings. He was presently conducted with much state to a spacious and ornate apartment, where a table was already set for one. Its furniture was all of massy gold, and beautified with designs which well-nigh made it priceless, since they were the work of Benvenuto. The room was half-filled with noble servitors. A chaplain said grace, and Tom was about to fall to, for hunger had long been constitutional with him, but was interrupted by my lord the Earl of Berkeley, who fastened a napkin about his neck; for the great post of Diaperers to the Princes of Wales was hereditary in this nobleman's family. Tom's cupbearer was present, and forestalled all

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his attempts to help himself to wine. The Taster to his highness the Prince of Wales was there also, prepared to taste any suspicious dish upon requirement, and run the risk of being poisoned. He was only an ornamental appendage at this time, and was seldom called upon to exercise his function; but there had been times, not many generations past, when the office of taster had its perils, and was not a grandeur to be desired. Why they did not use a dog or a plumber seems strange; but all the ways of royalty are strange. My Lord d'Arcy, First Groom of the Chamber, was there, to do goodness knows what; but there he was—let that suffice. The Lord Chief Butler was there, and stood behind Tom's chair, overseeing the solemnities, under command of the Lord Great Steward and the Lord Head Cook, who stood near. Tom had three hundred and eighty-four servants beside these; but they were not all in that room, of course, nor the quarter of them; neither was Tom aware yet that they existed.

All those that were present had been well drilled within the hour to remember that the prince was temporarily out of his head, and to be careful to show no surprise at his vagaries.

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These "vagaries" were soon on exhibition before them; but they only moved their compassion and their sorrow, not their mirth. It was a heavy affliction to them to see the beloved prince so stricken.

Poor Tom ate with his fingers mainly; but no one smiled at it, or even seemed to observe it. He inspected his napkin curiously, and with deep interest, for it was of a very dainty and beautiful fabric, then said with simplicity—

"Prithee, take it away, lest in mine unheedfulness it be soiled."

The Hereditary Diaperer took it away with reverent manner, and without word or protest of any sort.

Tom examined the turnips and the lettuce with interest, and asked what they were, and if they were to be eaten; for it was only recently that men had begun to raise these things in England in place of importing them as luxuries from Holland.* His question was answered with grave respect, and no surprise manifested. When he had finished his dessert, he filled his pockets

See Note 4, at end of volume II.

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with nuts; but nobody appeared to be aware of it, or disturbed by it. But the next moment he was himself disturbed by it, and showed discomposure; for this was the only service he had been permitted to do with his own hands during the meal, and he did not doubt that he had done a most improper and unprincely thing. At that moment the muscles of his nose began to twitch, and the end of that organ to lift and wrinkle. This continued, and Tom began to evince a growing distress. He looked appealingly, first at one and then another of the lords about him, and tears came into his eyes. They sprang forward with dismay in their faces, and begged to know his trouble. Tom said with genuine anguish—

"I crave your indulgence: my nose itcheth cruelly. What is the custom and usage in this emergence? Prithee, speed, for 'tis but a little time that I can bear it."

None smiled; but all were sore perplexed, and looked one to the other in deep tribulation for counsel. But behold, here was a dead wall, and nothing in English history to tell how to get over it. The Master of Ceremonies was not present: there was no one who felt safe to venture

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upon this uncharted sea, or risk the attempt to solve this solemn problem. Alas! there was no Hereditary Scratcher. Meantime the tears had overflowed their banks, and begun to trickle down Tom's cheeks. His twitching nose was pleading more urgently than ever for relief. At last nature broke down the barriers of etiquette: Tom lifted up an inward prayer for pardon if he was doing wrong, and brought relief to the burdened hearts of his court by scratching his nose himself.

His meal being ended, a lord came and held before him a broad, shallow, golden dish with fragrant rose-water in it, to cleanse his mouth and fingers with; and my lord the Hereditary Diaperer stood by with a napkin for his use. Tom gazed at the dish a puzzled moment or two, then raised it to his lips, and gravely took a draught. Then he returned it to the waiting lord, and said—

"Nay, it likes me not, my lord: it hath a pretty flavour, but it wanteth strength."

This new eccentricity of the prince's ruined mind made all the hearts about him ache; but the sad sight moved none to merriment.

Tom's next unconscious blunder was to get up

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and leave the table just when the chaplain had taken his stand behind his chair, and with uplifted hands, and closed, uplifted eyes, was in the act of beginning the blessing. Still nobody seemed to perceive that the prince had done a thing unusual.

By his own request our small friend was now conducted to his private cabinet, and left there alone to his own devices. Hanging upon hooks in the oaken wainscotting were the several pieces of a suit of shining steel armour, covered all over with beautiful designs exquisitely inlaid in gold. This martial panoply belonged to the true prince —a recent present from Madam Parr the Queen. Tom put on the greaves, the gauntlets, the plumed helmet, and such other pieces as he could don without assistance, and for a while was minded to call for help and complete the matter, but bethought him of the nuts he had brought away from dinner, and the joy it would be to eat them with no crowd to eye him, and no Grand Hereditaries to pester him with undesired services; so he restored the pretty things to their several places, and soon was cracking nuts, and feeling almost naturally happy for the first time since God for his sins had made him a prince. When

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the nuts were all gone, he stumbled upon some inviting books in a closet, among them one about the etiquette of the English court. This was a prize. He lay down upon a sumptuous divan, and proceeded to instruct himself with honest zeal. Let us leave him there for the present.

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THE QUESTION OF THE SEAL.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE QUESTION OF THE SEAL.

About five o'clock Henry VIII. awoke out of an unrefreshing nap, and muttered to himself, "Troublous dreams, troublous dreams! Mine end is now at hand: so say these warnings, and my failing pulses do confirm it." Presently a wicked light flamed up in his eye, and he muttered, "Yet will not I die till *he* go before."

His attendants perceiving that he was awake, one of them asked his pleasure concerning the Lord Chancellor, who was waiting without.

"Admit him, admit him!" exclaimed the King eagerly.

The Lord Chancellor entered, and knelt by the King's couch, saying—

"I have given order, and, according to the King's command, the peers of the realm, in their robes, do now stand at the bar of the House, where, having confirmed the Duke of Norfolk's

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doom, they humbly wait his majesty's fu
pleasure in the matter."

The King's face lit up with a fierce joy.
he—

"Lift me up! In mine own person wil
before my Parliament, and with mine own
will I seal the warrant that rids me of——

His voice failed; an ashen pallor swep
flush from his cheeks; and the attendants
him back upon his pillows, and hurriedly as
him with restoratives. Presently he said s
fully—

"Alack, how have I longed for this
hour! and lo, too late it cometh, and I am r
of this so coveted chance. But speed ye,
ye! let others do this happy office sith 'tis d
to me. I put my Great Seal in commi
choose thou the lords that shall compose it
get ye to your work. Speed ye, man! I
the sun shall rise and set again, bring m
head that I may see it."

"According to the King's command, so
it be. Will't please your majesty to orde
the Seal be now restored to me, so that
forth upon the business?"

"The Seal? Who keepeth the Seal but t

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"Please your majesty, you did take it from me two days since, saying it should no more do its office till your own royal hand should use it upon the Duke of Norfolk's warrant."

"Why, so in sooth I did: I do remember it..... What did I with it? . . . I am very feeble. . . . So oft these days doth my memory play the traitor with me. . . . 'Tis strange, strange——"

The King dropped into inarticulate mumblings, shaking his grey head weakly from time to time, and gropingly trying to recollect what he had done with the Seal. At last my Lord Hertford ventured to kneel and offer information—

"Sire, if that I may be so bold, here be several that do remember with me how that you gave the Great Seal into the hands of his highness the Prince of Wales to keep against the day that——"

"True, most true!" interrupted the King. "Fetch it! Go: time flieth!"

Lord Hertford flew to Tom, but returned to the King before very long, troubled and empty-handed. He delivered himself to this effect—

"It grieveth me, my lord the King, to bear so heavy and unwelcome tidings; but it is the will of God that the prince's affliction abideth still, and he cannot recall to mind that he received

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the Seal. So came I quickly to report, thi
it were waste of precious time, and little
withal, that any should attempt to searc
long array of chambers and saloons that l
unto his royal high——"

A groan from the King interrupted my
at this point. After a little while his m
said, with a deep sadness in his tone—

"Trouble him no more, poor child. The
of God lieth heavy upon him, and my
goeth out in loving compassion for him, an
row that I may not bear his burden on
own old trouble-weighted shoulders, and so
him peace."

He closed his eyes, fell to mumbling
presently was silent. After a time he open
eyes again, and gazed vacantly around un
glance rested upon the kneeling Lord Chan
Instantly his face flushed with wrath—

"What, thou here yet! By the glory of
an' thou gettest not about that traitor's bus
thy mitre shall have holiday the morrow fo
of a head to grace withal!"

The trembling Chancellor answered—

"Good your majesty, I cry you mercy!
waited for the Seal."

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"Man, hast lost thy wits? The small Seal which aforetime I was wont to take with me abroad lieth in my treasury. And, since the Great Seal hath flown away, shall not it suffice? Hast lost thy wits? Begone! And hark ye—come no more till thou do bring his head."

The poor Chancellor was not long in removing himself from this dangerous vicinity; nor did the commission waste time in giving the royal assent to the work of the slavish Parliament, and appointing the morrow for the beheading of the premier peer of England, the luckless Duke of Norfolk.*

* See Note 5, at end of volume II.

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THE RIVER PAGEANT.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE RIVER PAGEANT.

At nine in the evening the whole vast river-front of the palace was blazing with light. The river itself, as far as the eye could reach city-wards, was so thickly covered with watermen's boats and with pleasure-barges, all fringed with coloured lanterns, and gently agitated by the waves, that it resembled a glowing and limitless garden of flowers stirred to soft motion by summer winds. The grand terrace of stone steps leading down to the water, spacious enough to mass the army of a German principality upon, was a picture to see, with its ranks of royal halberdiers in polished armour, and its troops of brilliantly costumed servitors flitting up and down, and to and fro, in the hurry of preparation.

Presently a command was given, and immediately all living creatures vanished from the steps. Now the air was heavy with the hush of

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suspense and expectancy. As far as one's
could carry, he might see the myriads of
in the boats rise up, and shade their eyes
the glare of lanterns and torches, and ga
wards the palace.

A file of forty or fifty state barges drew
the steps. They were richly gilt, and thei
prows and sterns were elaborately carved.
of them were decorated with banners
streamers; some with cloth-of-gold and
embroidered with coats-of-arms; others with
flags that had numberless little silver
fastened to them, which shook out tiny sl
of joyous music whenever the breezes flu
them; others of yet higher pretensions, sinc
belonged to nobles in the prince's imm
service, had their sides picturesquely fence
shields gorgeously emblazoned with armoria
ings. Each state barge was towed by a
Besides the rowers, these tenders carried
number of men-at-arms in glossy helme
breastplate, and a company of musicians.

The advance-guard of the expected pro
now appeared in the great gateway, a tr
halberdiers. "They were dressed in stripe
of black and tawny, velvet caps graced

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sides with silver roses, and doublets of murrey and blue cloth, embroidered on the front and back with the three feathers, the prince's blazon, woven in gold. Their halberd staves were covered with crimson velvet, fastened with gilt nails, and ornamented with gold tassels. Filing off on the right and left, they formed two long lines, extending from the gateway of the palace to the water's edge. A thick, rayed cloth or carpet was then unfolded, and laid down between them by attendants in the gold-and-crimson liveries of the prince. This done, a flourish of trumpets resounded from within. A lively prelude arose from the musicians on the water; and two ushers with white wands marched with a slow and stately pace from the portal. They were followed by an officer bearing the civic mace; after whom came another carrying the city's sword; then several sergeants of the city guard, in their full accoutrements, and with badges on their sleeves; then the garter king-at-arms, in his tabard; then several knights of the bath, each with a white lace on his sleeve; then their esquires; then the judges, in their robes of scarlet and coifs; then the lord high chancellor of England, in a robe of scarlet, open before, and purfled with minever;

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then a deputation of aldermen, in thei
cloaks; and then the heads of the differ
companies, in their robes of state. No
twelve French gentlemen, in splendid hab
consisting of pourpoints of white damask
with gold, short mantles of crimson velv
with violet taffeta, and carnation-coloure
de-chausses, and took their way down th
They were of the suite of the French amb
and were followed by twelve cavaliers of t
of the Spanish ambassador, clothed i
velvet, unrelieved by any ornament. F
these came several great English nobl
their attendants."

There was a flourish of trumpets with
the prince's uncle, the future great I
Somerset, emerged from the gateway, ar
a "doublet of black cloth-of-gold, and a
crimson satin flowered with gold, and r
with nets of silver." He turned, doffed his
cap, bent his body in a low reverence, an
to step backward, bowing at each step.
longed trumpet-blast followed, and a procl
"Way for the high and mighty, the Lord
Prince of Wales!" High aloft on the
walls a long line of red tongues of flame

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forth with a thunder-crash; the massed world on the river burst into a mighty roar of welcome; and Tom Canty, the cause and hero of it all, stepped into view and slightly bowed his princely head.

He was "magnificently habited in a doublet of white satin, with a front-piece of purple cloth-of-tissue, powdered with diamonds, and edged with ermine. Over this he wore a mantle of white cloth-of-gold, pounced with the triple-feather crest, lined with blue satin, set with pearls and precious stones, and fastened with a clasp of brilliants. About his neck hung the order of the Garter, and several princely foreign orders;" and wherever light fell upon him jewels responded with a blinding flash. O Tom Canty, born in a hovel, bred in the gutters of London, familiar with rags and dirt and misery, what a spectacle is this!

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THE PRINCE IN THE TOILS.

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CHAPTER X.

THE PRINCE IN THE TOILS.

We left John Canty dragging the rightful prince into Offal Court, with a noisy and delighted mob at his heels. There was but one person in it who offered a pleading word for the captive and he was not heeded: he was hardly even heard, so great was the turmoil. The prince continued to struggle for freedom, and to rage against the treatment he was suffering, until John Canty lost what little patience was left in him, and raised his oaken cudgel in a sudden fury over the prince's head. The single pleader for the lad sprang to stop the man's arm, and the blow descended upon his own wrist. Canty roared out,—

"Thou'lt meddle, wilt thou? Then have thy reward."

His cudgel crashed down upon the meddler's head: there was a groan, a dim form sank to the

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ground among the feet of the crowd, a
next moment it lay there in the dark alon
mob pressed on, their enjoyment nothing di
by this episode.

Presently the prince found himself i
Canty's abode, with the door closed agai
outsiders. By the vague light of a tallow
which was thrust into a bottle, he made
main features of the loathsome den, and a
occupants of it. Two frowzy girls and a
aged woman cowered against the wall
corner, with the aspect of animals habitu
harsh usage, and expecting and dreading
From another corner stole a withered ha
streaming grey hair and malignant eyes.
Canty said to this one,—

"Tarry! There's fine mummeries here
them not till thou'st enjoyed them: then
hand be heavy as thou wilt.—Stand fort
Now say thy foolery again, an thou'st no
it. Name thy name. Who art thou?"

The insulted blood mounted to the
prince's cheek once more, and he lifted a
and indignant gaze to the man's face and

"'Tis but ill-breeding in such as thou
mand me to speak. I tell thee now, as

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thee before, I am Edward, Prince of Wales, and none other."

The stunning surprise of this reply nailed the hag's feet to the floor where she stood, and almost took her breath. She stared at the prince in stupid amazement, which so amused her ruffianly son, that he burst into a roar of laughter. But the effect upon Tom Canty's mother and sisters was different. Their dread of bodily injury gave way at once to distress of a different sort. They ran forward with woe and dismay in their faces, exclaiming,—

"Oh, poor Tom, poor lad!"

The mother fell on her knees before the prince, put her hands upon his shoulders, and gazed yearningly into his face through her rising tears. Then she said,—

"Oh, my poor boy! thy foolish reading hath wrought its woeful work at last, and ta'en thy wit away. Ah! why didst thou cleave to it when I so warned thee 'gainst it? Thou'st broke thy mother's heart."

The prince looked into her face, and said gently,—

"Thy son is well, and hath not lost his wits, good dame. Comfort thee: let me to the palace

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where he is, and straightway will the Ki
father restore him to thee."

"The King thy father! Oh, my child!
these words that be freighted with death fo
and ruin for all that be near to thee. Sh
this gruesome dream. Call back thy
wandering memory. Look upon me. Am
thy mother that bore thee, and loveth thee

The prince shook his head and relu
said,—

"God knoweth I am loth to grieve thy
but truly have I never looked upon thy fa
fore."

The woman sank back to a sitting post
the floor, and, covering her eyes with her
gave way to heart-broken sobs and wailing

"Let the show go on!" shouted Canty.
Nan!—what, Bet! mannerless wenches!
stand in the prince's presence? Upon your
ye pauper scum, and do him reverence!"

He followed this with another horse
The girls began to plead timidly for their b
and Nan said,—

"An thou wilt but let him to bed, fathe
and sleep will heal his madness: prithee, d

"Do, father," said Bet: "he is more

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than is his wont. To-morrow will he be himself again, and will beg with diligence, and come not empty home again."

This remark sobered the father's joviality, and brought his mind to business. He turned angrily upon the prince, and said,—

"The morrow must we pay two pennies to him that owns this hole; two pennies, mark ye,—all this money for a half-year's rent, else out of this we go. Show what thou'st gathered with thy lazy begging."

The prince said,—

"Offend me not with thy sordid matters. I tell thee again I am the King's son."

A sounding blow upon the prince's shoulder from Canty's broad palm sent him staggering into goodwife Canty's arms, who clasped him to her breast, and sheltered him from a pelting rain of cuffs and slaps by interposing her own person. The frightened girls retreated to their corner; but the grandmother stepped eagerly forward to assist her son. The prince sprang away from Mrs. Canty, exclaiming,—

"Thou shalt not suffer for me, madam. Let these swine do their will upon me alone."

This speech unfuriated the swine to such a

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degree that they set about their work
waste of time. Between them they bela
the boy right soundly, and then gave th
and their mother a basting for showing sy
for the victim.

"Now," said Canty, "to bed, all of ye
entertainment has tired me."

The light was put out, and the family
As soon as the snorings of the head of the
and his mother showed that they were
the young girls crept to where the prin
and covered him tenderly from the col
straw and rags; and their mother crept
also, and stroked his hair, and cried ov
whispering broken words of comfort an
passion in his ear the while. She had s
morsel for him to eat, also; but the boy'
had swept away all appetite,—at least fo
and tasteless crusts. He was touched
brave and costly defence of him, and
commiseration; and he thanked her in ver
and princely words, and begged her to go
sleep and try to forget her sorrows. A
added that the King his father would not
loyal kindness and devotion go unrewarded
return to his "madness" broke her heart

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and she strained him to her breast again and again, and then went back, drowned in tears, to her bed.

As she lay thinking and mourning, the suggestion began to creep into her mind that there was an undefinable something about this boy that was lacking in Tom Canty, mad or sane. She could not describe it, she could not tell just what it was, and yet her sharp mother-instinct seemed to detect it and perceive it. What if the boy were really not her son, after all? Oh, absurd! She almost smiled at the idea, spite of her griefs and troubles. No matter, she found that it was an idea that would not "down," but persisted in haunting her. It pursued her, it harassed her, it clung to her, and refused to be put away or ignored. At last she perceived that there was not going to be any peace for her until she should devise a test that should prove, clearly and without question, whether this lad was her son or not, and so banish these wearing and worrying doubts. Ah, yes, this was plainly the right way out of the difficulty; therefore she set her wits to work at once to contrive that test. But it was an easier thing to propose than to accomplish. She turned over in her mind one promising test after an-

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other, but was obliged to relinquish th
none of them were absolutely sure, absol
fect; and an imperfect one could not sa
Evidently she was racking her head in
seemed manifest that she must give th
up. While this depressing thought wa
through her mind, her ear caught the
breathing of the boy, and she knew he h
asleep. And while she listened, the
breathing was broken by a soft, startled
as one utters in a troubled dream. Thi
occurrence furnished her instantly with
worth all her laboured tests combined.
once set herself feverishly, but noiselessly
to relight her candle, muttering to herse
I but seen him *then*, I should have know
that day, when he was little, that the
burst in his face, he hath never been st
a sudden out of his dreams or out of h
ings, but he hath cast his hand before
even as he did that day; and not as othe
do it, with the palm inward, but always
palm turned outward—I have seen it a
times, and it hath never varied nor eve
Yes, I shall soon know, now!"

By this time she had crept to the slu

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boy's side, with the candle, shaded, in her hand. She bent heedfully and warily over him, scarcely breathing in her suppressed excitement, and suddenly flashed the light in his face and struck the floor by his ear with her knuckles. The sleeper's eyes sprung wide open, and he cast a startled stare about him—but he made no special movement with his hands.

The poor woman was smitten almost helpless with surprise and grief; but she contrived to hide her emotions, and to soothe the boy to sleep again; then she crept apart and communed miserably with herself upon the disastrous result of her experiment. She tried to believe that her Tom's madness had banished this habitual gesture of his; but she could not do it. "No," she said, "his *hands* are not mad, they could not unlearn so old a habit in so brief a time. Oh, this is a heavy day for me!"

Still, hope was as stubborn now as doubt had been before; she could not bring herself to accept the verdict of the test; she must try the thing again—the failure must have been only an accident; so she startled the boy out of his sleep a second and a third time, at intervals—with the same result which had marked the first test;

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then she dragged herself to bed, and fell sorr
fully asleep, saying, "But I cannot give him
—oh no, I cannot, I cannot—he *must* be
boy!"

The poor mother's interruptions having ceas
and the prince's pains having gradually lost th
power to disturb him, utter weariness at l
sealed his eyes in a profound and restful sle
Hour after hour slipped away, and still he sl
like the dead. Thus four or five hours pass
Then his stupor began to lighten. Presen
while half asleep and half awake, he m
mured,—

"Sir William!"

After a moment—

"Ho, Sir William Herbert! Hie thee hitl
and list to the strangest dream that ever . . .
William! dost hear? Man, I did think me chan
to a pauper, and . . . Ho there! Guards!
William! What! is there no groom of
chamber in waiting? Alack! it shall go h
with——"

"What aileth thee?" asked a whisper n
him. "Whom art thou calling?"

"Sir William Herbert. Who art thou?"

"I? Who should I be, but thy sister N

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Oh, Tom, I had forgot! Thou'rt mad yet—poor lad, thou'rt mad yet, would I had never woke to know it again! But prithee master thy tongue, lest we be all beaten till we die!"

The startled prince sprang partly up, but a sharp reminder from his stiffened bruises brought him to himself, and he sunk back among his foul straw with a moan and the ejaculation,—

"Alas! it was no dream, then!"

In a moment all the heavy sorrow and misery which sleep had banished were upon him again, and he realised that he was no longer a petted prince in a palace, with the adoring eyes of a nation upon him, but a pauper, an outcast, clothed in rags, prisoner in a den fit only for beasts, and consorting with beggars and thieves.

In the midst of his grief he began to be conscious of hilarious noises and shoutings, apparently but a block or two away. The next moment there were several sharp raps at the door; John Canty ceased from snoring and said,—

"Who knocketh? What wilt thou?"

A voice answered,—

"Know'st thou who it was thou laid thy cudgel on?"

"No. Neither know I, nor care."

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"Belike thou'lt change thy note eftsoons. thou would save thy neck, nothing but flight stead thee. The man is this moment delive up the ghost. 'Tis the priest, Father Andrew

"God-a-mercy!" exclaimed Canty. He rou his family, and hoarsely commanded, "Up ye all and fly—or bide where ye are and peri

Scarcely five minutes later the Canty ho hold were in the street and flying for their l John Canty held the prince by the wrist, hurried him along the dark way, giving him caution in a low voice,—

"Mind thy tongue, thou mad fool, and sp not our name. I will choose me a new na speedily, to throw the law's dogs off the sc Mind thy tongue, I tell thee!"

He growled these words to the rest of family,—

"If it so chance that we be separated, each make for London Bridge; whoso fin himself as far as the last linendraper's shop the bridge, let him tarry there till the other come, then will we flee into Southwark togetl

At this moment the party burst suddenly of darkness into light; and not only into l but into the midst of a multitude of sing

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dancing, and shouting people, massed together on the river frontage. There was a line of bonfires stretching as far as one could see, up and down the Thames; London Bridge was illuminated; Southwark Bridge likewise; the entire river was aglow with the flash and sheen of coloured lights; and constant explosions of fireworks filled the skies with an intricate commingling of shooting splendours and a thick rain of dazzling sparks that almost turned night into day; everywhere were crowds of revellers; all London seemed to be at large.

John Canty delivered himself of a furious curse and commanded a retreat; but it was too late. He and his tribe were swallowed up in that swarming hive of humanity, and hopelessly separated from each other in an instant. We are not considering that the prince was one of his tribe; Canty still kept his grip upon him. The prince's heart was beating high with hopes of escape, now. A burly waterman, considerably exalted with liquor, found himself rudely shoved, by Canty in his efforts to plough through the crowd; he laid his great hand on Canty's shoulder and said—

"Nay, whither so fast, friend? Dost canker

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thy soul with sordid business when all tha
leal men and true make holiday?"

"Mine affairs are mine own, they concern
not," answered Canty, roughly; "take awa
hand and let me pass."

"Sith that is thy humour, thou'lt *not*
till thou'st drunk to the Prince of Wales, I
thee that," said the waterman, barring the
resolutely.

"Give me the cup, then, and make sp
make speed!"

Other revellers were interested by this
They cried out—

"The loving-cup, the loving-cup! make
sour knave drink the loving-cup, else will we
him to the fishes."

So a huge loving-cup was brought; the w
man, grasping it by one of its handles, and
his other hand bearing up the end of an imagi
napkin, presented it in due and ancient for
Canty, who had to grasp the opposite ha
with one of his hands and take off the lid
the other, according to ancient custom,*
left the prince hand-free for a second, of co

* See Note 6, at end of volume II.

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He wasted no time, but dived among the forest of legs about him and disappeared. In another moment he could not have been harder to find, under that tossing sea of life, if its billows had been the Atlantic's and he a lost sixpence.

He very soon realised this fact, and straightway busied himself about his own affairs without further thought of John Canty. He quickly realised another thing, too. To wit, that a spurious Prince of Wales was being feasted by the city in his stead. He easily concluded that the pauper lad, Tom Canty, had deliberately taken advantage of his stupendous opportunity and become a usurper.

Therefore there was but one course to pursue —find his way to the Guildhall, make himself known, and denounce the impostor. He also made up his mind that Tom should be allowed a reasonable time for spiritual preparation, and then be hanged, drawn and quartered, according to the law and usage of the day, in cases of high treason.

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AT GUILDHALL.

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AT GUILDHALL.

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CHAPTER XI.

AT GUILDHALL.

THE royal barge, attended by its gorgeous fleet, took its stately way down the Thames through the wilderness of illuminated boats. The air was laden with music; the river banks were beruffled with joy-flames; the distant city lay in a soft luminous glow from its countless invisible bonfires; above it rose many a slender spire into the sky, incrusted with sparkling lights, wherefore in their remoteness they seemed like jewelled lances thrust aloft; as the fleet swept along, it was greeted from the banks with a continuous hoarse roar of cheers and the ceaseless flash and boom of artillery.

To Tom Canty, half buried in his silken cushions, these sounds and this spectacle were a wonder unspeakably sublime and astonishing. To his little friends at his side, the Princess Elizabeth and the Lady Jane Grey, they were nothing.

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Arrived at the Dowgate, the fleet w
up the limpid Walbrook (whose channel
been for two centuries buried out of sig
acres of buildings,) to Bucklersbury, pas
and under bridges populous with merr
and brilliantly lighted, and at last ca
halt in a basin where now is Barge Yar
centre of the ancient city of London.
embarked, and he and his gallant p
crossed Cheapside and made a short
through the Old Jewry and Basinghall
the Guildhall.

Tom and his little ladies were recei
due ceremony by the Lord Mayor and the
of the City, in their gold chains and scar
of state, and conducted to a rich ca
estate at the head of the great hall, prec
heralds making proclamation, and by th
and the City Sword. The lords and la
were to attend upon Tom and his tw
friends took their places behind their ch

At a lower table the court grandees a
guests of noble degree were seated, w
magnates of the city; the commoners too
at a multitude of tables on the main floo
hall. From their lofty vantage-ground, th

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Gog and Magog, the ancient guardians of the city, contemplated the spectacle below them with eyes grown familiar to it in forgotten generations. There was a bugle-blast and a proclamation, and a fat butler appeared in a high perch in the leftward wall, followed by his servitors bearing with impressive solemnity a royal Baron of Beef, smoking hot and ready for the knife.

After grace, Tom (being instructed) rose—and the whole house with him—and drank from a portly golden loving-cup with the Princess Elizabeth; from her it passed to the Lady Jane, and then traversed the general assemblage. So the banquet began.

By midnight the revelry was at its height. Now came one of those picturesque spectacles so admired in that old day. A description of it is still extant in the quaint wording of a chronicler who witnessed it:

"Space being made, presently entered a baron and an earl appareled after the Turkish fashion in long robes of bawdkin powdered with gold; hats on their heads of crimson velvet, with great rolls of gold, girded with two swords, called scimitars, hanging by great bawdricks of gold.

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Next came yet another baron and anothe
in two long gowns of yellow satin, traverse
white satin, and in every bend of white
bend of crimson satin, after the fashion of
with furred hats of gray on their heads; ei
them having an hatchet in their hands, an
with *pykes*" (points a foot long), "turned up
after them came a knight, then the Lord
Admiral, and with him five nobles, in doul
crimson velvet, voyded low on the back and
to the cannell-bone, laced on the breas
chains of silver; and, over that, short cl
crimson satin, and on their heads hats a
dancers' fashion, with pheasants' feathers i
These were appareled after the fashion of
The torch-bearers, which were about an hu
were appareled in crimson satin and gree
Moors, their faces black. Next came in
marye. Then the minstrels, which we
guised, danced; and the lords and ladi
wildly dance also, that it was a pleasure
hold."

And while Tom, in his high seat, was
upon this "wild" dancing, lost in admira
the dazzling commingling of kaleidoscopic

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which the whirling turmoil of gaudy figures below him presented, the ragged but real little Prince of Wales was proclaiming his rights and his wrongs, denouncing the impostor, and clamouring for admission at the gates of Guildhall! The crowd enjoyed this episode prodigiously, and pressed forward and craned their necks to see the small rioter. Presently they began to taunt him and mock at him, purposely to goad him into a higher and still more entertaining fury. Tears of mortification sprung to his eyes, but he stood his ground and defied the mob right royally. Other taunts followed, added mockings stung him, and he exclaimed—

"I tell ye again, you pack of unmannerly curs, I am the Prince of Wales! And all forlorn and friendless as I be, with none to give me word of grace or help me in my need, yet will not I be driven from my ground, but will maintain it!"

"Though thou be prince or no prince, 'tis all one, thou be'st a gallant lad, and not friendless neither! Here stand I by thy side to prove it; and mind I tell thee thou might'st have a worser friend than Miles Hendon and yet not tire thy legs with seeking. Rest thy small jaw, my child;

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I talk the language of these base kennel-
to a very native."

The speaker was a sort of Don C
Bazan in dress, aspect, and bearing. He
trim-built, muscular. His doublet and tru
of rich material, but faded and threadba
their gold-lace adornments were sadly ta
his ruff was rumpled and damaged; th
in his slouched hat was broken and ha
draggled and disreputable look; at his
wore a long rapier in a rusty iron she
swaggering carriage marked him at on
ruffler of the camp. The speech of this
figure was received with an explosion
and laughter. Some cried, "'Tis anothe
in disguise!" "'Ware thy tongue, friend
he is dangerous!" "Marry, he looketh i
his eye!" "Pluck the lad from him—to th
pond wi' the cub!"

Instantly a hand was laid upon the
under the impulse of this happy though
stantly the stranger's long sword was out
meddler went to the earth under a
thump with the flat of it. The next m
score of voices shouted "Kill the dog!
kill him!" and the mob closed in on the

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who backed himself against a wall and began to lay about him with his long weapon like a madman. His victims sprawled this way and that, but the mob-tide poured over their prostrate forms and dashed itself against the champion with undiminished fury. His moments seemed numbered, his destruction certain, when suddenly a trumpet-blast sounded, a voice shouted, "Way for the king's messenger!" and a troop of horsemen came charging down upon the mob, who fled out of harm's reach as fast as their legs could carry them. The bold stranger caught up the prince in his arms, and was soon far away from danger and the multitude.

Return we within the Guildhall. Suddenly, high above the jubilant roar and thunder of the revel, broke the clear peal of a bugle-note. There was instant silence,—a deep hush; then a single voice rose—that of the messenger from the palace and began to pipe forth a proclamation, the whole multitude standing, listening.

The closing words, solemnly pronounced, were—

"The king is dead!"

The great assemblage bent their heads upon

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their breasts with one accord; remained so,
profound silence, a few moments; then all su
upon their knees in a body, stretched out th
hands toward Tom, and a mighty shout bu
forth that seemed to shake the building—

"Long live the king!"

Poor Tom's dazed eyes wandered abroad o
this stupefying spectacle, and finally res
dreamily upon the kneeling princesses bes
him, a moment, then upon the Earl of Hertfo
A sudden purpose dawned in his face. He sa
in a low tone, at Lord Hertford's ear—

"Answer me truly, on thy faith and hono
Uttered I here a command, the which none
a king might hold privilege and prerogative
utter, would such commandment be obeyed, a
none rise up to say me nay?"

"None, my liege, in all these realms. In
person bides the majesty of England. Thou
the king—thy word is law."

Tom responded, in a strong, earnest voi
and with great animation—

"Then shall the king's law be law of me
from this day, and never more be law of blo
Up from thy knees and away! To the To

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and say the king decrees the Duke of Norfolk shall not die!" *

The words were caught up and carried eagerly from lip to lip far and wide over the hall, and as Hertford hurried from the presence, another prodigious shout burst forth—

"The reign of blood is ended! Long live Edward, King of England!"

* See Note 7, at end of volume II.

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THE PRINCE AND HIS DELIVERER.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE PRINCE AND HIS DELIVERER.

As soon as Miles Hendon and the little prince were clear of the mob, they struck down through back lanes and alleys toward the river. Their way was unobstructed until they approached London Bridge; then they ploughed into the multitude again, Hendon keeping a fast grip upon the prince's—no, the King's—wrist. The tremendous news was already abroad, and the boy learned it from a thousand voices at once—"The King is dead!" The tidings struck a chill to the heart of the poor little waif, and sent a shudder through his frame. He realised the greatness of his loss, and was filled with a bitter grief; for the grim tyrant who had been such a terror to others had always been gentle with him. The tears sprung to his eyes and blurred all objects. For an instant he felt himself the most forlorn, outcast, and forsaken of God's creatures—then an-

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other cry shook the night with its far-reac
thunders: "Long live King Edward the Six
and this made his eyes kindle, and thr
him with pride to his fingers' ends. "Ah,
thought, "how grand and strange it seems—
KING!"

Our friends threaded their way slowly thr
the throngs upon the Bridge. This struc
which had stood for six hundred years, and
been a noisy and populous thoroughfare all
time, was a curious affair, for a closely pa
rank of stores and shops, with family qua
overhead, stretched along both sides of it,
one bank of the river to the other. The B
was a sort of town to itself; it had its inn
beer-houses, its bakeries, its haberdasheries
food markets, its manufacturing industries,
even its church. It looked upon the two n
bours which it linked together—London
Southwark—as being well enough, as sub
but not otherwise particularly important. It
a close corporation, so to speak; it was a na
town, of a single street a fifth of a mile lon
population was but a village population,
everybody in it knew all his fellow-town
intimately, and had known their fathers

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mothers before them—and all their little family affairs into the bargain. It had its aristocracy, of course—its fine old families of butchers, and bakers, and what-not, who had occupied the same old premises for five or six hundred years, and knew the great history of the Bridge from beginning to end, and all its strange legends; and who always talked bridgy talk, and thought bridgy thoughts, and lied in a long, level, direct, substantial bridgy way. It was just the sort of population to be narrow and ignorant and self-conceited. Children were born on the Bridge, were reared there, grew to old age and finally died without ever having set a foot upon any part of the world but London Bridge alone. Such people would naturally imagine that the mighty and interminable procession which moved through its street night and day, with its confused roar of shouts and cries, its neighings and bellowings and bleatings and its muffled thunder-tramp, was the one great thing in this world, and themselves somehow the proprietors of it. And so they were, in effect—at least they could exhibit it from their windows, and did—for a consideration—whenever a returning king or hero gave it a fleeting splendour, for there was no place like it for affording

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a long, straight, uninterrupted view of marc
columns.

Men born and reared upon the Bridge f
life unendurably dull and inane elsewhere.
tory tells of one of these who left the Brid
the age of seventy-one and retired to the cou
But he could only fret and toss in his bed
could not go to sleep, the deep stillness w
painful, so awful, so oppressive. When he
worn out with it, at last, he fled back to hi
home, a lean and haggard spectre, and fell p
fully to rest and pleasant dreams under the
ing music of the lashing waters and the l
and crash and thunder of London Bridge.

In the times of which we are writing,
Bridge furnished "object lessons" in English
tory, for its children—namely, the livid and
caying heads of renowned men impaled upon
spikes atop of its gateways. But we digress

Hendon's lodgings were in the little in
the Bridge. As he neared the door with
small friend, a rough voice said—

"So, thou'rt come at last! Thou'lt not es
again, I warrant thee; and if pounding thy b
to a pudding can teach thee somewhat, th
not keep us waiting another time, mayhap

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and John Canty put out his hand to seize the boy.

Miles Hendon stepped in the way and said—

"Not too fast, friend. Thou art needlessly rough, methinks. What is the lad to thee?"

"If it be any business of thine to make and meddle in others' affairs, he is my son."

"'Tis a lie!" cried the little King, hotly.

"Boldly said, and I believe thee, whether thy small head-piece be sound or cracked, my boy. But whether this scurvy ruffian be thy father or no, 'tis all one, he shall not have thee to beat thee and abuse, according to his threat, so thou prefer to bide with me."

"I do, I do—I know him not, I loathe him, and will die before I will go with him."

"Then 'tis settled, and there is nought more to say."

"We will see, as to that!" exclaimed John Canty, striding past Hendon to get at the boy; "by force shall he——"

"If thou do but touch him, thou animated offal, I will spit thee like a goose!" said Hendon, barring the way and laying his hand upon his sword hilt. Canty drew back. "Now mark ye," continued Hendon, "I took this lad under my

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protection when a mob of such as thou w
have mishandled him, mayhap killed him;
imagine I will desert him now to a worser
—for whether thou art his father or no,—
sooth to say, I think it is a lie—a decent
death were better for such a lad than li
such brute hands as thine. So go thy ways,
set quick about it, for I like not much
dying of words, being not over-patient in
nature."

John Canty moved off, muttering threats
curses, and was swallowed from sight in
crowd. Hendon ascended three flights of s
to his room, with his charge, after orderi
meal to be sent thither. It was a poor a
ment, with a shabby bed and some odds
ends of old furniture in it, and was vag
lighted by a couple of sickly candles. The
king dragged himself to the bed and lay d
upon it, almost exhausted with hunger and fat
He had been on his feet a good part of a
and a night, for it was now two or three o'c
in the morning, and had eaten nothing m
time. He murmured drowsily—

"Prithee call me when the table is spre
and sunk into a deep sleep immediately.

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A smile twinkled in Hendon's eye, and he said to himself—

"By the mass, the little beggar takes to one's quarters and usurps one's bed with as natural and easy a grace as if he owned them—with never a by-your-leave or so-please-it-you, or any thing of the sort. In his diseased ravings he called himself the Prince of Wales, and bravely doth he keep up the character. Poor little friendless rat, doubtless his mind has been disordered with ill-usage. Well, I will be his friend; I have saved him, and it draweth me strongly to him; already I love the bold-tongued little rascal. How soldier-like he faced the smutty rabble and flung back his high defiance! And what a comely, sweet and gentle face he hath, now that sleep hath conjured away its troubles and its griefs. I will teach him, I will cure his malady; yea, I will be his elder brother, and care for him and watch over him; and whoso would shame him or do him hurt, may order his shroud, for though I be burnt for it he shall need it!"

He bent over the boy and contemplated him with kind and pitying interest, tapping the young cheek tenderly and smoothing back the tangled curls with his great brown hand. A slight

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shiver passed over the boy's form. Hendon
tered—

"See, now, how like a man it was to let
lie here uncovered and fill his body with de
rheums. Now what shall I do? 'twill wake
to take him up and put him within the bed,
he sorely needeth sleep."

He looked about for extra covering, but
ing none, doffed his doublet and wrapped the
in it, saying, "I am used to nipping air and
apparel, 'tis little I shall mind the cold"—
walked up and down the room, to keep his b
in motion, soliloquising, as before.

"His injured mind persuades him he is P
of Wales; 'twill be odd to have a Prince of W
still with us, now that he that *was* the prin
prince no more, but king,—for this poor mi
set upon the one fantasy, and will not reason
that now it should cast by the prince and
itself the king. . . . If my father liveth still,
these seven years that I have heard nought
home in my foreign dungeon, he will welc
the poor lad and give him generous shelte
my sake; so will my good elder brother, Ar
my other brother, Hugh—but I will crack
crown, an' *he* interfere, the fox-hearted, ill-c

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tioned animal! Yes, thither will we fare—and straightway, too."

A servant entered with a smoking meal, disposed it upon a small deal table, placed the chairs, and took his departure, leaving such cheap lodgers as these to wait upon themselves. The door slammed after him, and the noise woke the boy, who sprung to a sitting posture, and shot a glad glance about him; then a grieved look came into his face and he murmured, to himself, with a deep sigh, "Alack, it was but a dream, woe is me." Next he noticed Miles Hendon's doublet —glanced from that to Hendon, comprehended the sacrifice that had been made for him, and said, gently—

"Thou art good to me, yes, thou art very good to me. Take it and put it on—I shall not need it more."

Then he got up and walked to the washstand in the corner, and stood there, waiting. Hendon said in a cheery voice—

"We'll have a right hearty sup and bite, now, for every thing is savoury and smoking hot, and that and thy nap together will make thee a little man again, never fear!"

The boy made no answer, but bent a steady

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look, that was filled with grave surprise, also somewhat touched with impatience, upon tall knight of the sword. Hendon was puzz and said—

"What's amiss?"

"Good sir, I would wash me."

"Oh, is that all! Ask no permission of M Hendon for aught thou cravest. Make thy perfectly free here, and welcome, with all are his belongings."

Still the boy stood, and moved not; more, tapped the floor once or twice with his si impatient foot. Hendon was wholly perple Said he—

"Bless us, what is it?"

"Prithee, pour the water, and make no many words!"

Hendon, suppressing a horse-laugh, and ing to himself, "By all the saints, but this is mirable!" stepped briskly forward and did small insolent's bidding; then stood by, in a of stupefaction, until the command, "Come— towel!" woke him sharply up. He took u towel, from under the boy's nose, and hande to him without comment. He now proceede comfort his own face with a wash, and while

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was at it his adopted child seated himself at the table and prepared to fall to. Hendon despatched his ablutions with alacrity, then drew back the other chair and was about to place himself at table, when the boy said, indignantly—

"Forbear! Wouldst sit in the presence of the King?"

This blow staggered Hendon to his foundations. He muttered to himself, "Lo, the poor thing's madness is up with the time! it hath changed with the great change that is come to the realm, and now in fancy is he *king!* Good lack, I must humour the conceit, too—there is no other way —faith, he would order me to the Tower, else!"

And pleased with this jest, he removed the chair from the table, took his stand behind the King, and proceeded to wait upon him in the courtliest way he was capable of.

While the King ate the rigour of his royal dignity relaxed a little, and with his growing contentment came a desire to talk. He said—"I think thou callest thyself Miles Hendon, if I heard thee aright?"

"Yes, Sire," Miles replied; then observed to himself, "If I *must* humour the poor lad's madness, I must sire him, I must majesty him, I must

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not go by halves, I must stick at nothing that longeth to the part I play, else shall I play i and work evil to this charitable and ki cause."

The King warmed his heart with a sec glass of wine, and said—"I would know the tell me thy story. Thou hast a gallant way thee, and a noble—art nobly born?"

"We are of the tail of the nobility, good Majesty. My father is a baronet—one of smaller lords by knight service*—Sir Rich Hendon, of Hendon Hall, by Monk's Holm Kent."

"The name has escaped my memory. G —tell me thy story."

"'Tis not much, your Majesty, yet perch it may beguile a short half-hour for want better. My father, Sir Richard, is very rich, of a most generous nature. My mother whilst I was yet a boy. I have two broth Arthur, my elder, with a soul like to his fath and Hugh, younger than I, a mean spirit, cove treacherous, vicious, underhanded—a reptile.

* He refers to the order of baronets, or baronettes *barones minores*, as distinct from the parliamentary bar not, it need hardly be said, to the baronets of later cre

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was he from the cradle; such was he ten years past, when I last saw him—a ripe rascal at nineteen, I being twenty, then, and Arthur twenty-two. There is none other of us but the Lady Edith, my cousin — she was sixteen, then — beautiful, gentle, good, the daughter of an earl, the last of her race, heiress of a great fortune and a lapsed title. My father was her guardian. I loved her and she loved me; but she was betrothed to Arthur from the cradle, and Sir Richard would not suffer the contract to be broken. Arthur loved another maid, and bade us be of good cheer and hold fast to the hope that delay and luck together would some day give success to our several causes. Hugh loved the Lady Edith's fortune, though in truth he said it was herself he loved—but then 'twas his way, alway, to say the one thing and mean the other. But he lost his arts upon the girl; he could deceive my father, but none else. My father loved him best of us all, and trusted and believed him; for he was the youngest child, and others hated him—these qualities being in all ages sufficient to win a parent's dearest love; and he had a smooth persuasive tongue, with an admirable gift of lying—and these be qualities which do mightily assist a blind affection to cozen

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itself. I was wild—in troth I might go y
and say *very* wild, though 'twas a wildn
innocent sort, since it hurt none but me
shame to none, nor loss, nor had in it
of crime or baseness, or what might no
mine honourable degree.

"Yet did my brother Hugh turn th
to good account—he seeing that ou
Arthur's health was but indifferent, an
the worst might work him profit were I
of the path—so,—but 'twere a long tale,
liege, and little worth the telling. Bri
this brother did deftly magnify my f
make them crimes; ending his base w
finding a silken ladder in mine apartme
veyed thither by his own means—and
vince my father by this, and suborned
of servants and other lying knaves, th
minded to carry off my Edith and m
her, in rank defiance of his will.

"Three years of banishment from h
England might make a soldier and a ma
my father said, and teach me some
wisdom. I fought out my long probati
continental wars, tasting sumptuously
knocks, privation, and adventure; but i

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battle I was taken captive, and during the seven years that have waxed and waned since then, a foreign dungeon hath harboured me. Through wit and courage I won to the free air at last, and fled hither straight; and am but just arrived, right poor in purse and raiment, and poorer still in knowledge of what these dull seven years have wrought at Hendon Hall, its people and belongings. So please you, sir, my meagre tale is told."

"Thou hast been shamefully abused!" said the little King, with a flashing eye. "But I will right thee—by the cross will I! The King hath said it."

Then, fired by the story of Miles's wrongs, he loosed his tongue and poured the history of his own recent misfortunes into the ears of his astonished listener. When he had finished, Miles said to himself—

"Lo, what an imagination he hath! Verily, this is no common mind; else, crazed or sane, it could not weave so straight and gaudy a tale as this out of the airy nothings wherewith it hath wrought this curious romaunt. Poor ruined little head, it shall not lack friend or shelter whilst I

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bide with the living. He shall never l
side; he shall be my pet, my little
And he shall be cured!—ay, made wl
sound—then will he make himself a na
proud shall I be to say, 'Yes, he is mine
him, a homeless little ragamuffin, but I
was in him, and I said his name would
some day—behold him, observe him
right?'"

The King spoke—in a thoughtful, r
voice—

"Thou didst save me injury and sha
chance my life, and so my crown. Such
demandeth rich reward. Name thy de
so it be within the compass of my royal
is thine."

This fantastic suggestion startled He
of his reverie. He was about to thank
and put the matter aside with saying he
done his duty and desired no reward, but
thought came into his head, and he ask
to be silent a few moments and cons
gracious offer—an idea which the King
approved, remarking that it was best to
too hasty with a thing of such great imp

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Miles reflected during some moments, then said to himself, "Yes, that is the thing to do—by any other means it were impossible to get at it—and certes, this hour's experience has taught me 'twould be most wearing and inconvenient to continue it as it is. Yes, I will propose it; 'twas a happy accident that I did not throw the chance away." Then he dropped upon one knee and said—

"My poor service went not beyond the limit of a subject's simple duty, and therefore hath no merit; but since your Majesty is pleased to hold it worthy some reward, I take heart of grace to make petition to this effect. Near four hundred years ago, as your grace knoweth, there being ill blood betwixt John, King of England, and the King of France, it was decreed that two champions should fight together in the lists, and so settle the dispute by what is called the arbitrament of God. These two kings, and the Spanish king, being assembled to witness and judge the conflict, the French champion appeared; but so redoubtable was he, that our English knights refused to measure weapons with him. So the matter, which was a weighty one, was like to go against the English monarch by default. Now in

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the Tower lay the Lord de Courcy, the
arm in England, stripped of his hon
possessions, and wasting with long
Appeal was made to him; he gave as
came forth arrayed for battle; but no s
the Frenchman glimpse his huge frame
his famous name but he fled away,
French king's cause was lost. King John
De Courcy's titles and possessions, a
'Name thy wish and thou shalt have it,
cost me half my kingdom;' whereat D
kneeling, as I do now, made answer, 'T
I ask, my liege; that I and my succes
have and hold the privilege of remaining
in the presence of the kings of Englan
forth while the throne shall last.' The
granted, as your Majesty knoweth; and t
been no time, these four hundred years,
line has failed of an heir; and so, even
day, the head of that ancient house still
his hat or helm before the king's majesty
let or hindrance, and this none other
Invoking this precedent in aid of my

* The lords of Kingsale, descendants of De C
enjoy this curious privilege.

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beseech the King to grant to me but this one grace and privilege—to my more than sufficient reward—and none other, to wit: that I and my heirs, for ever, may *sit* in the presence of the Majesty of England!"

"Rise, Sir Miles Hendon, Knight," said the King, gravely—giving the accolade with Hendon's sword—"rise, and seat thyself. Thy petition is granted. Whilst England remains, and the crown continues, the privilege shall not lapse."

His Majesty walked apart, musing, and Hendon dropped into a chair at table, observing to himself, "'Twas a brave thought, and hath wrought me a mighty deliverance; my legs are grievously wearied. An' I had not thought of that, I must have had to stand for weeks, till my poor lad's wits are cured." After a little, he went on, "And so I am become a knight of the Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows! A most odd and strange position, truly, for one so matter-of-fact as I. I will not laugh—no, God forbid, for this thing which is so substanceless to me is *real* to him. And to me, also, in one way, it is not a falsity, for it reflects with truth the sweet and generous spirit that is in him." After a pause: "Ah, what if he should call me by my fine title before folk!

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—there'd be a merry contrast betwixt my
and my raiment! But no matter, let hi
me what he will, so it please him; I sh
content."

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THE
DISAPPEARANCE OF THE PRINCE.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE PRINCE.

A HEAVY drowsiness presently fell upon the two comrades. The King said—

"Remove these rags"—meaning his clothing.

Hendon disapparelled the boy without dissent or remark, tucked him up in bed, then glanced about the room, saying to himself, ruefully, "He hath taken my bed again, as before—marry, what shall *I* do?" The little King observed his perplexity, and dissipated it with a word. He said, sleepily—

"Thou wilt sleep athwart the door, and guard it." In a moment more he was out of his troubles, in a deep slumber.

"Dear heart, he should have been born a king!" muttered Hendon, admiringly; "he playeth the part to a marvel."

Then he stretched himself across the door, on the floor, saying contentedly—

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"I have lodged worse for seven years
be but ill gratitude to Him above to f
with this."

He dropped asleep as the dawn a
Toward noon he rose, uncovered his un
ward—a section at a time—and took his
with a string. The King awoke, just as
completed his work, complained of the c
asked what he was doing.

"'Tis done, now, my liege," said He
have a bit of business outside, but will
return; sleep thou again—thou needest i
—let me cover thy head also—thou'lt
the sooner."

The King was back in dreamland be
speech was ended. Miles slipped softly
slipped as softly in again, in the course
or forty minutes, with a complete sec
suit of boy's clothing, of cheap mater
showing signs of wear; but tidy, and
the season of the year. He seated him
began to overhaul his purchase, mum
himself—

"A longer purse would have got a be
but when one has not the long purse
be content with what a short one may c

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" 'There was a woman in our town,
In our town did dwell——'

"He stirred, methinks— I must sing in a less thunderous key; 'tis not good to mar his sleep, with this journey before him and he so wearied out, poor chap. . . . This garment—'tis well enough—a stitch here and another one there will set it aright. This other is better, albeit a stitch or two will not come amiss in it, likewise.... *These* be very good and sound, and will keep his small feet warm and dry—an odd new thing to him, belike, since he has doubtless been used to foot it bare, winters and summers the same. . . . Would thread were bread, seeing one getteth a year's sufficiency for a farthing, and such a brave big needle without cost, for mere love. Now shall I have the demon's own time to thread it!"

And so he had. He did as men have always done, and probably always will do, to the end of time—held the needle still, and tried to thrust the thread through the eye, which is the opposite of a woman's way. Time and time again the thread missed the mark, going sometimes on one side of the needle, sometimes on the other, sometimes doubling up against the shaft; but he was patient, having been through these experiences

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before, when he was soldiering. He s
at last, and took up the garment that
waiting, meantime, across his lap, and b
work.

"The inn is paid—the breakfast t
come, included—and there is wherewith
buy a couple of donkeys and meet our li
for the two or three days betwixt this
plenty that awaits us at Hendon Hall—

" 'She loved her hus——'

"Body o' me! I have driven the nee
my nail! . . . It matters little—'tis not
—yet 'tis not a convenience, neither
shall be merry there, little one, never
Thy troubles will vanish, there, and lik
sad distemper—

" 'She loved her husband dearilee,
But another man——'

"These be noble large stitches!"-
the garment up and viewing it admiringl
have a grandeur and a majesty that
these small stingy ones of the tailor-ma
mightily paltry and plebeian—

" 'She loved her husband dearilee,
But another man he loved she ——'

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"Marry, 'tis done—a goodly piece of work, too, and wrought with expedition. Now will I wake him, apparel him, pour for him, feed him, and then will we hie us to the mart by the Tabard inn in Southwark and—be pleased to rise, my liege!—he answereth not—what ho, my liege!—of a truth must I profane his sacred person with a touch, sith his slumber is deaf to speech. What!"

He threw back the covers—the boy was gone!

He stared about him in speechless astonishment for a moment; noticed for the first time that his ward's ragged raiment was also missing, then he began to rage and storm, and shout for the innkeeper.—At that moment a servant entered with the breakfast.

"Explain, thou limb of Satan, or thy time is come!" roared the man of war, and made so savage a spring toward the waiter that this latter could not find his tongue, for the instant, for fright and surprise. "Where is the boy?"

In disjointed and trembling syllables the man gave the information desired.

"You were hardly gone from the place, your worship, when a youth came running and said it

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was your worship's will that the boy con
straight, at the bridge-end on the Southw
I brought him hither; and when he woke
and gave his message, the lad did grum
little for being disturbed 'so early,' as
it, but straightway trussed on his rags
with the youth, only saying it had be
manners that your worship came you
sent a stranger—and so——"

"And so thou'rt a fool!—a fool, a
cozened—hang all thy breed! Yet m
hurt is done. Possibly no harm is meant
I will go fetch him. Make the table rea
the coverings of the bed were disposed
lay beneath them—happened that by a

"I know not, good your worship.
youth meddle with them—he that cam
boy."

"Thousand deaths! 'twas done to d
—'tis plain 'twas done to gain time.
Was that youth alone?"

"All alone, your worship."

"Art sure?"

"Sure, your worship."

"Collect thy scattered wits—bethin
take time, man."

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After a moment's thought, the servant said—

"When he came, none came with him; but now I remember me that as the two stepped into the throng of the Bridge, a ruffian-looking man plunged out from some near place; and just as he was joining them——"

"What *then*?—out with it!" thundered the impatient Hendon, interrupting.

"Just then the crowd lapped them up and closed them in, and I saw no more, being called by my master, who was in a rage because a joint that the scrivener had ordered was forgot, though I take all the saints to witness that to blame *me* for that miscarriage were like holding the unborn babe to judgment for sins com——"

"Out of my sight, idiot! Thy prating drives me mad! Hold! whither art flying? Canst not bide still an instant? Went they toward Southwark?"

"Even so, your worship—for, as I said before, as to that detestable joint, the babe unborn is no whit more blameless than——"

"Art here *yet!* And prating still? Vanish, lest I throttle thee!" The servitor vanished. Hendon followed after him, passed him, and plunged down the stairs two steps at a stride,

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muttering, "'Tis that scurvy villain that he was his son. I have lost thee, my p mad master—it is a bitter thought—an come to love thee so! No! by book and lost! Not lost, for I will ransack the la find thee again. Poor child, yonder is h fast—and mine, but I have no hunger let the rats have it—speed, speed! tha word!" As he wormed his swift way thr noisy multitudes upon the Bridge, he times said to himself—clinging to the th if it were a particularly pleasing or grumbled, but he *went*—he went, yes, he thought Miles Hendon asked it, swe he would ne'er have done it for another it well."

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LE ROI EST MORT—VIVE LE ROI.

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CHAPTER XIV.

"LE ROI EST MORT—VIVE LE ROI."

VARD daylight of the same morning, Tom stirred out of a heavy sleep and opened es in the dark. He lay silent a few s, trying to analyse his confused thoughts pressions, and get some sort of meaning them, then suddenly he burst out in a us but guarded voice—

ee it all, I see it all! Now God be thanked, deed awake at last! Come, joy! vanish, Ho, Nan! Bet! kick off your straw and nither to my side, till I do pour into your ving ears the wildest madcap dream that e spirits of night did conjure up to astonish l of man withal! . . . Ho, Nan, I say! . .

im form appeared at his side, and a voice

lt deign to deliver thy commands?"

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"Commands? . . . O, woe is me, I know voice! Speak, thou—who am I?"

"Thou? In sooth, yesternight wert thou Prince of Wales; to-day art thou my most gra liege, Edward, King of England."

Tom buried his head among his pillows, muring plaintively—

"Alack, it was no dream! Go to thy sweet sir—leave me to my sorrows."

Tom slept again, and after a time he this pleasant dream. He thought it was sum and he was playing, all alone, in the fair me called Goodman's Fields, when a dwarf o foot high, with long red whiskers and a hu back, appeared to him suddenly and said, by that stump." He did so, and found t bright new pennies—wonderful riches! Ye was not the best of it; for the dwarf said—

"I know thee. Thou art a good lad, a deserving; thy distresses shall end, for the d thy reward is come. Dig here every se day, and thou shalt find always the same sure, twelve bright new pennies. Tell none— the secret."

Then the dwarf vanished, and Tom fle Offal Court with his prize, saying to hi

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night will I give my father a penny; he
nk I begged it, it will glad his heart, and
no more be beaten. One penny every
he good priest that teacheth me shall
nother, Nan and Bet the other four. We
e with hunger and rags, now, done with
nd frets and savage usage."

his dream he reached his sordid home all
breath, but with eyes dancing with grateful
asm; cast four of his pennies into his
s lap and cried out—

ey are for thee!—all of them, every one!
nee and Nan and Bet—and honestly come
begged nor stolen!"

happy and astonished mother strained
her breast and exclaimed—

waxeth late—may it please your Majesty

"

that was not the answer he was expecting.
eam had snapped asunder—he was awake.
opened his eyes—the richly clad First
f the Bedchamber was kneeling by his
The gladness of the lying dream faded
the poor boy recognised that he was still
ve and a king. The room was filled with
s clothed in purple mantles—the mourning

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colour—and with noble servants of the
Tom sat up in bed and gazed out from
silken curtains upon this fine company.

The weighty business of dressing be
one courtier after another knelt and
court and offered to the little King
dolences upon his heavy loss, whilst the
proceeded. In the beginning, a shirt w
up by the Chief Equerry in Waiting, wh
it to the First Lord of the Buckhounds, wh
it to the Second Gentleman of the Bed
who passed it to the Head Ranger of
Forest, who passed it to the Third Groo
Stole, who passed it to the Chancellor
the Duchy of Lancaster, who passed
Master of the Wardrobe, who passed it
King-at-Arms, who passed it to the Cor
the Tower, who passed it to the Chief
of the Household, who passed it to the H
Grand Diaperer, who passed it to the L
Admiral of England, who passed it to
bishop of Canterbury, who passed it to
Lord of the Bedchamber, who took what
of it and put it on Tom. Poor little w
chap, it reminded him of passing buckets

Each garment in its turn had to go

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v and solemn process; consequently Tom
ry weary of the ceremony; so weary that
an almost gushing gratefulness when he
aw his long silken hose begin the journey
ne line and knew that the end of the
was drawing near. But he exulted too
The First Lord of the Bedchamber re-
the hose and was about to encase Tom's
them, when a sudden flush invaded his
d he hurriedly hustled the things back
e hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury
astounded look and a whispered, "See,
!" pointing to a something connected with
e. The Archbishop paled, then flushed,
ssed the hose to the Lord High Admiral,
ing, "See, my lord!" The Admiral passed
e to the Hereditary Grand Diaperer, and
rdly breath enough in his body to eja-
"See, my lord!" The hose drifted back-
ong the line, to the Chief Steward of the
old, the Constable of the Tower, Norroy
Arms, the Master of the Wardrobe, the
lor Royal of the Duchy of Lancaster, the
Groom of the Stole, the Head Ranger of
Forest, the Second Gentleman of the
mber, the First Lord of the Buckhounds,

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—accompanied always with that amazed frightened "See! see!"—till they finally rea the hands of the Chief Equerry in Waiting, gazed a moment, with a pallid face, upon wha caused all this dismay, then hoarsely whisp "Body of my life, a tag gone from a truss-p —to the Tower with the Head Keeper o King's Hose!"—after which he leaned upo shoulder of the First Lord of the Buckhoun regather his vanished strength whilst fresh without any damaged strings to them, were bro

But all things must have an end, and time Tom Canty was in a condition to get o bed. The proper official poured water, the p official engineered the washing, the proper o stood by with a towel, and by-and-by Tom safely through the purifying stage and was r for the services of the Hairdresser-royal. W he at length emerged from this master's h he was a gracious figure and as pretty as a in his mantle and trunks of purple satin, purple-plumed cap. He now moved in stat ward his breakfast-room, through the mid the courtly assemblage; and as he passed, fell back, leaving his way free, and dropped their knees.

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er breakfast he was conducted, with regal
ny, attended by his great officers and his
of fifty Gentlemen Pensioners bearing gilt
xes, to the throne-room, where he pro-
to transact business of state. His "uncle,"
ertford, took his stand by the throne, to
ne royal mind with wise counsel.

body of illustrious men named by the
ng as his executors, appeared, to ask
approval of certain acts of theirs—rather
and yet not wholly a form, since there
Protector as yet. The Archbishop of
ury made report of the decree of the
of Executors concerning the obsequies of
most illustrious Majesty, and finished by
the signatures of the Executors, to wit:
chbishop of Canterbury; the Lord Chan-
f England; William Lord St. John; John
ussell; Edward Earl of Hertford; John
t Lisle; Cuthbert Bishop of Durham——
n was not listening—an earlier clause of
cument was puzzling him. At this point
ed and whispered to Lord Hertford—
hat day did he say the burial hath been
ed for?"

ne 16th of the coming month, my liege."

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"'Tis a strange folly. Will he keep?"

Poor chap, he was still new to the custo of royalty; he was used to seeing the forlo dead of Offal Court hustled out of the way wi a very different sort of expedition. Howev the Lord Hertford set his mind at rest with word or two.

A secretary of state presented an order of t Council appointing the morrow at eleven for t reception of the foreign ambassadors, and desi the King's assent.

Tom turned an inquiring look toward He ford, who whispered—

"Your Majesty will signify consent. Th come to testify their royal masters' sense of t heavy calamity which hath visited your grace a the realm of England."

Tom did as he was bidden. Another secret began to read a preamble concerning the penses of the late King's household, which h amounted to 28,000*l.* during the preceding months—a sum so vast that it made Tom Ca gasp; he gasped again when the fact appea that 20,000*l.* of this money was still owing a unpaid;* and once more when it appeared t

* Hume.

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ing's coffers were about empty, and his hundred servants much embarrassed for f the wages due them. Tom spoke out, vely apprehension—

'e be going to the dogs, 'tis plain. 'Tis nd necessary that we take a smaller house t the servants at large, sith they be of no but to make delay, and trouble one with that harass the spirit and shame the soul, isbecoming any but a doll, that hath nor nor hands to help itself withal. I re- r me of a small house that standeth over the fish-market, by Billingsgate——"

sharp pressure upon Tom's arm stopped lish tongue and sent a blush to his face; countenance there betrayed any sign that ange speech had been remarked or given n.

secretary made report that forasmuch as e King had provided in his will for con- the ducal degree upon the Earl of Hert- d raising his brother, Sir Thomas Seymour, peerage, and likewise Hertford's son to an n, together with similar aggrandisements r great servants of the Crown, the Council esolved to hold a sitting on the 16th of

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February for the delivering and confirmir
these honours, and that meantime, the late
not having granted, in writing, estates suitab
the support of these dignities, the Council, k
ing his private wishes in that regard, had th
proper to grant to Seymour "500*l.* lands," a
Hertford's son "800 pound lands, and 300 p
of the next bishop's lands which should
vacant,"—his present Majesty being willing.*

Tom was about to blurt out something
the propriety of paying the late King's debts
before squandering all this money; but a t
touch upon his arm, from the thoughtful Her
saved him his indiscretion; wherefore he
the royal assent, without spoken comment
with much inward discomfort. While he s
flecting, a moment, over the ease with whic
was doing strange and glittering miracles, a h
thought shot into his mind: why not mak
mother Duchess of Offal Court, and give h
estate? But a sorrowful thought swept it inst
away: he was only a king in name, these
veterans and great nobles were his master
them his mother was only the creature of a
eased mind; they would simply listen t

* Hume.

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with unbelieving ears, then send for the

e dull work went tediously on. Petitions
ead, and proclamations, patents, and all
of wordy, repetitious, and wearisome
relating to the public business: and at
om sighed pathetically and murmured to
, "In what have I offended, that the good
ould take me away from the fields and
e air and the sunshine, to shut me up here
ake me a king and afflict me so?" Then
r muddled head nodded a while, and pre-
drooped to his shoulder; and the business
empire came to a standstill for want of
gust factor, the ratifying power. Silence en-
round the slumbering child, and the sages
realm ceased from their deliberations.

ring the forenoon, Tom had an enjoyable
y permission of his keepers Hertford and
n, with the Lady Elizabeth and the little
ane Grey; though the spirits of the prin-
were rather subdued by the mighty stroke
ad fallen upon the royal house; and at
d of the visit his "elder sister"—after-
the "Bloody Mary" of history—chilled
th a solemn interview which had but one

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merit in his eyes, its brevity. He ha
moments to himself, and then a slim
about twelve years of age was admitte
presence, whose clothing, except his sn
and the laces about his wrists, was of
doublet, hose and all. He bore no b
mourning but a knot of purple ribbon
shoulder. He advanced hesitatingly, wi
bowed and bare, and dropped upon one
front of Tom. Tom sat still and conte
him soberly a moment. Then he said—

"Rise, lad. Who art thou? What
have?"

The boy rose, and stood at graceful e
with an aspect of concern in his face. H

"Of a surety thou must remember
lord. I am thy whipping-boy."

"My *whipping* boy?"

"The same, your grace. I am Hum
Humphrey Marlow."

Tom perceived that here was someon
his keepers ought to have posted him abo
situation was delicate. What should he
pretend he knew this lad, and then be
his every utterance, that he had never
him before? No, that would not do.

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o his relief: accidents like this might be
o happen with some frequency, now that
s urgencies would often call Hertford and
n from his side, they being members of
uncil of Executors; therefore perhaps it
be well to strike out a plan himself to
ne requirements of such emergencies. Yes,
uld be a wise course—he would practise
boy, and see what sort of success he
achieve. So he stroked his brow, per-
y, a moment or two, and presently said—

ow I seem to remember thee somewhat—
y wit is clogged and dim with suffer-
_"

ack, my poor master!" ejaculated the
ng-boy, with feeling; adding, to himself,
th 'tis as they said—his mind is gone—
oor soul! But misfortune catch me, how
rgetting! they said one must not seem to
that aught is wrong with him."

'is strange how my memory doth wanton
e these days," said Tom. "But mind it
mend apace—a little clue doth often serve
g me back again the things and names
had escaped me. [And not they, only,

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forsooth, but e'en such as I ne'er heard befo
as this lad shall see.] Give thy business spe

"'Tis matter of small weight, my liege
will I touch upon it an' it please your grace.
days gone by, when your Majesty faulted t
in your Greek—in the morning lessons,—
remember it?"

"Y-e-s—methinks I do. [It is not much
lie—an' I had meddled with the Greek at a
had not faulted simply thrice, but forty ti
Yes, I do recall it, now—go on."

"——The master, being wroth with wha
termed such slovenly and doltish work, did
mise that he would soundly whip me for
and——"

"Whip *thee!*" said Tom, astonished out o
presence of mind. "Why should he whip
for faults of mine?"

"Ah, your grace forgetteth again. He al
scourgeth me, when thou dost fail in thy less

"True, true—I had forgot. Thou teaches
in private—then if I fail, he argueth that
office was lamely done, and——"

"Oh, my liege, what words are these? I
humblest of thy servants, presume to teach *th*

"Then where is thy blame? What ridd

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Am I in truth gone mad, or is it thou?
in—speak out."
But, good your Majesty, there's nought that
th simplifying.—None may visit the sacred
of the Prince of Wales with blows; where-
hen he faulteth, 'tis I that take them; and
it is and right, for that it is mine office and
elihood." *
om stared at the tranquil boy, observing to
lf, "Lo, it is a wonderful thing,—a most
e and curious trade; I marvel they have not
a boy to take my combings and my dress-
for me—would heaven they would!—an'
vill do this thing, I will take my lashings
he own person, giving God thanks for the
e." Then he said aloud—
And hast thou been beaten, poor friend,
ling to the promise?"
No, good your Majesty, my punishment was
nted for this day, and peradventure it may
nulled, as unbefitting the season of mourn-
hat is come upon us; I know not, and so
made bold to come hither and remind your
about your gracious promise to intercede
behalf——"

* See Note 8, at end of volume II.

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"With the master? To save thee t
ping?"

"Ah, thou dost remember!"

"My memory mendeth, thou seest.
mind at ease—thy back shall go unsc
will see to it."

"Oh, thanks, my good lord!" cried
dropping upon his knee again. "Mayha
ventured far enow; and yet" . . .

Seeing Master Humphrey hesitate,
couraged him to go on, saying he was
granting mood."

"Then will I speak it out, for it l
my heart. Sith thou art no more Prince
but King, thou canst order matters as
with none to say thee nay; wherefore it
reason that thou wilt longer vex thy
dreary studies, but wilt burn thy books
thy mind to things less irksome. Th
ruined, and mine orphan sisters with me

"Ruined? Prithee how?"

"My back is my bread, O my gracio
if it go idle, I starve. An' thou cease fro
mine office is gone, thoul't need no whip
Do not turn me away!"

Tom was touched with this path

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He said, with a right royal burst of gene-

iscomfort thyself no further, lad. Thine shall be permanent in thee and thy line, er." Then he struck the boy a light blow shoulder with the flat of his sword, ex- ng, "Rise, Humphrey Marlow, Hereditary Whipping-Boy to the Royal House of Eng- Banish sorrow—I will betake me to my again, and study so ill that they must in treble thy wage, so mightily shall the ss of thine office be augmented."

e grateful Humphrey responded fervidly— hanks, O most noble master, this princely ness doth far surpass my most distempered s of fortune. Now shall I be happy all my and all the house of Marlow after me."

m had wit enough to perceive that here lad who could be useful to him. He aged Humphrey to talk, and he was g loath. He was delighted to believe that s helping in Tom's "cure;" for always, as as he had finished calling back to Tom's ed mind the various particulars of his ex- ces and adventures in the royal school- and elsewhere about the palace, he noticed

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that Tom was then able to "recall" the cir
stances quite clearly. At the end of an
Tom found himself well freighted with
valuable information concerning personages
matters pertaining to the Court; so he res
to draw instruction from this source daily; a
this end he would give order to admit Hump
to the royal closet whenever he might come,
vided the majesty of England was not eng
with other people. Humphrey had hardly
dismissed when my Lord Hertford arrived
more trouble for Tom.

He said that the Lords of the Council,
ing that some over-wrought report of the K
damaged health might have leaked out an
abroad, they deemed it wise and best tha
Majesty should begin to dine in public af
day or two — his wholesome complexion
vigorous step, assisted by a carefully gua
repose of manner and ease and grace of
meanour, would more surely quiet the ge
pulse—in case any evil rumours *had* gone ab
than any other scheme that could be devise

Then the Earl proceeded, very delicatel
instruct Tom as to the observances proper t
stately occasion, under the rather thin dis

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minding" him concerning things already
to him; but to his vast gratification it
out that Tom needed very little help in
e—he had been making use of Humphrey
direction, for Humphrey had mentioned
thin a few days he was to begin to dine
lic; having gathered it from the swift-
gossip of the Court. Tom kept these
himself, however.

ing the royal memory so improved, the
ntured to apply a few tests to it, in an
tly casual way, to find out how far its
nent had progressed. The results were
here and there, in spots — spots where
rey's tracks remained—and on the whole
d was greatly pleased and encouraged.
uraged was he, indeed, that he spoke up
d in a quite hopeful voice—

w am I persuaded that if your Majesty
t tax your memory yet a little further, it
olve the puzzle of the Great Seal—a loss
was of moment yesterday, although of
-day, since its term of service ended with
lord's life. May it please your Grace to
ne trial?"

n was at sea—a Great Seal was a some-

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thing which he was totally unacquainted
After a moment's hesitation he looked up
cently and asked—

"What was it like, my lord?"

The Earl started, almost imperceptibly,
tering to himself, "Alack, his wits are
again! — it was ill wisdom to lead him
strain them"—then he deftly turned the t
other matters, with the purpose of sweepin
unlucky Seal out of Tom's thoughts—a pu
which easily succeeded.

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TOM AS KING

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CHAPTER XV.

TOM AS KING.

E next day the foreign ambassadors came, heir gorgeous trains; and Tom, throned in state, received them. The splendours of ene delighted his eye and fired his imagina- at first, but the audience was long and , and so were most of the addresses— ore, what began as a pleasure, grew into ess and homesickness by-and-by. Tom said ords which Hertford put into his mouth ime to time, and tried hard to acquit him- tisfactorily, but he was too new to such , and too ill at ease to accomplish more a tolerable success. He looked sufficiently king, but he was ill able to feel like one. as cordially glad when the ceremony was .

he larger part of his day was "wasted"—as med it, in his own mind—in labours per-

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taining to his royal office. Even the two h
devoted to certain princely pastimes and re
tions were rather a burden to him, than o
wise, they were so fettered by restrictions
ceremonious observances. However, he h
private hour with his whipping-boy whic
counted clear gain, since he got both ente
ment and needful information out of it.

The third day of Tom Canty's kingship
and went much as the others had done,
there was a lifting of his cloud in one way
felt less uncomfortable than at first; he was ge
a little used to his circumstances and surr
ings; his chains still galled, but not all the
he found that the presence and homage o
great afflicted and embarrassed him less an
sharply with every hour that drifted ove
head.

But for one single dread, he could have
the fourth day approach without serious di
—the dining in public; it was to begin that
There were greater matters in the program
for on that day he would have to preside
Council which would take his views and
mands concerning the policy to be pursue
ward various foreign nations scattered fa

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ver the great globe; on that day, too,
d would be formally chosen to the grand
f Lord Protector; other things of note were
ed for that fourth day, also; but to Tom
ere all insignificant compared with the
of dining all by himself with a multitude
us eyes fastened upon him and a multi-
mouths whispering comments upon his
ance,—and upon his mistakes, if he should
nlucky as to make any.

, nothing could stop that fourth day, and
came. It found poor Tom low-spirited
sent-minded, and this mood continued; he
not shake it off. The ordinary duties
morning dragged upon his hands, and
him. Once more he felt the sense of
y heavy upon him.

e in the forenoon he was in a large
ce chamber, conversing with the Earl of
d and dully awaiting the striking of the
ppointed for a visit of ceremony from
iderable number of great officials and
s.

er a little while, Tom, who had wandered
indow and become interested in the life
vement of the great highway beyond the

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palace gates—and not idly interested, but lo
with all his heart to take part in person
stir and freedom—saw the van of a hootin
shouting mob of disorderly men, women
children of the lowest and poorest degre
proaching from up the road.

"I would I knew what 'tis about!" h
claimed, with all a boy's curiosity in
happenings.

"Thou art the King" solemnly respond
Earl, with a reverence. "Have I your C
leave to act?"

"O blithely, yes! O gladly, yes!" excl
Tom, excitedly, adding to himself with a
sense of satisfaction, "In truth, being a k
not all dreariness—it hath its compensatio
conveniences."

The Earl called a page, and sent him
captain of the guard with the order—

"Let the mob be halted, and inquiry
concerning the occasion of its movement.
King's command!"

A few seconds later a long rank of th
guards, cased in flashing steel, filed out
gates and formed across the highway in f
the multitude. A messenger returned, to

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the crowd were following a man, a woman, a young girl to execution for crimes committed against the peace and dignity of the realm. Death—and a violent death—for these poor unates! The thought wrung Tom's heart-s. The spirit of compassion took control of to the exclusion of all other considerations; ever thought of the offended laws, or of the or loss which these three criminals had in-l upon their victims, he could think of no-but the scaffold and the grisly fate hanging the heads of the condemned. His concern him even forget, for the moment, that he out the false shadow of a king, not the sub-e; and before he knew it he had blurted ne command—

Bring them here!"

hen he blushed scarlet, and a sort of apology g to his lips; but observing that his order wrought no sort of surprise in the Earl or vaiting page, he suppressed the words he about to utter. The page, in the most er-of-course way, made a profound obeisance retired backwards out of the room to deliver ommand. Tom experienced a glow of pride a renewed sense of the compensating ad-

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vantages of the kingly office. He said to hin
"Truly it is like what I was used to feel wh
read the old priest's tales, and did imagine
own self a prince, giving law and comman
all, saying 'Do this, do that,' whilst none
offer let or hindrance to my will."

Now the doors swung open; one high-sour
title after another was announced, the perso
owning them followed, and the place was qu
half filled with noble folk and finery. But
was hardly conscious of the presence of
people, so wrought up was he and so inte
absorbed in that other and more intere
matter. He seated himself, absently, in his
of state, and turned his eyes upon the door
manifestations of impatient expectancy; s
which, the company forbore to trouble him,
fell to chatting a mixture of public business
court gossip one with another.

In a little while the measured tread of mil
men was heard approaching, and the cul
entered the presence in charge of an u
sheriff and escorted by a detail of the k
guard. The civil officer knelt before Tom,
stood aside; the three doomed persons k
also, and remained so; the guard took pos

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Tom's chair. Tom scanned the prisoners
ly. Something about the dress or appear-
f the man had stirred a vague memory in
"Methinks I have seen this man ere now
t the when or the where fail me"—such
om's thought. Just then the man glanced
up and quickly dropped his face again,
ng able to endure the awful port of sover-
but the one full glimpse of the face,
Tom got, was sufficient. He said to him-
Now is the matter clear; this is the stranger
lucked Giles Witt out of the Thames, and
his life, that windy, bitter, first day of the
ear—a brave good deed—pity he hath been
baser ones and got himself in this sad
. . I have not forgot the day, neither the
by reason that an hour after, upon the
of eleven, I did get a hiding by the hand
nmer Canty which was of so goodly and
d severity that all that went before or
d after it were but fondlings and caresses
nparison."

m now ordered that the woman and the
e removed from the presence for a little
hen addressed himself to the under-sheriff,

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"Good sir, what is this man's offence?"

The officer knelt, and answered—

"So please your Majesty, he hath take life of a subject by poison."

Tom's compassion for the prisoner, an miration of him as the daring rescuer drowning boy, experienced a most dan shock.

"The thing was proven upon him?" he

"Most clearly, sire."

Tom sighed, and said—

"Take him away—he hath earned his 'Tis a pity, for he was a brave heart—na– mean he hath the *look* of it!"

The prisoner clasped his hands togethe sudden energy, and wrung them despairing the same time appealing imploringly t "King" in broken and terrified phrases—

"O my lord the King, an' thou canst pi lost, have pity upon me! I am innocent—n hath that wherewith I am charged been than but lamely proved—yet I speak not of the judgment is gone forth against me and not suffer alteration; yet in mine extremity a boon, for my doom is more than I can A grace, a grace, my lord the King! in thy

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ion grant my prayer—give command-
at I be hanged!"
was amazed. This was not the out-
had looked for.
ds my life, a strange *boon!* Was it not
intended thee?"
good my liege, not so! It is ordered that
led alive!"
hideous surprise of these words almost
om spring from his chair. As soon as he
cover his wits he cried out—
ve thy wish, poor soul! an' thou had
l a hundred men thou shouldst not suffer
able a death."
prisoner bowed his face to the ground
st into passionate expressions of gratitude
with—
ever thou shouldst know misfortune—
God forefend!—may thy goodness to me
be remembered and requited!"
turned to the Earl of Hertford, and

lord, is it believable that there was
for this man's ferocious doom?"
is the law, your Grace—for poisoners. In
y coiners be boiled to death in *oil*—not

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cast in of a sudden, but by a rope le
the oil by degrees, and slowly; first th
the legs, then——"

"O prithee no more, my lord, I
it!" cried Tom, covering his eyes wit
to shut out the picture. "I beseech
lordship that order be taken to cha
—oh, let no more poor creatures be
its tortures."

The Earl's face showed profoun
tion, for he was a man of merciful a
impulses—a thing not very comm
class in that fierce age. He said—

"These your Grace's noble words
its doom. History will remember it to
of your royal house."

The under-sheriff was about to
prisoner; Tom gave him a sign to wa
said—

"Good sir, I would look into
further. The man has said his de
lamely proved. Tell me what thou k

"If the King's grace please, it
upon the trial, that this man entered i
in the hamlet of Islington where one
three witnesses say it was at ten of

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orning, and two say it was some minutes
the sick man being alone at the time, and
g—and presently the man came forth
and went his way. The sick man died
the hour, being torn with spasms and
gs."
id any see the poison given? Was poison
"
arry, no, my liege."
nen how doth one know there was poison
t all?"
ease your Majesty, the doctors testified
ne die with such symptoms but by poison."
ighty evidence, this—in that simple age.
cognised its formidable nature, and said—
ne doctor knoweth his trade—belike they
ght. The matter hath an ill look for this
an."
et was not this all, your Majesty; there is
nd worse. Many testified that a witch,
one from the village, none know whither,
etell, and speak it privately in their ears,
e sick man *would die by poison*—and more,
stranger would give it—a stranger with
hair and clothed in a worn and common
nd surely this prisoner doth answer woundily

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to the bill. Please your Majesty to give t
cumstance that solemn weight which is i
seeing it was *foretold*."

This was an argument of tremendous
in that superstitious day. Tom felt that th
was settled; if evidence was worth any thi
poor fellow's guilt was proved. Still he
the prisoner a chance, saying—

"If thou canst say aught in thy behalf,

"Nought that will avail, my King. I
nocent, yet cannot I make it appear. I h
friends, else might I show that I was
Islington that day; so also might I show
that hour they name I was above a league
seeing I was at Wapping Old Stairs; yea
my King, for I could show, that whilst th
I was *taking* life, I was ***saving*** it. A dr
boy——"

"Peace! Sheriff, name the day the de
done!"

"At ten in the morning, or some
later, the first day of the New Year
illustrious——"

"Let the prisoner go free—it is the
will!"

Another blush followed this unregal o

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e covered his indecorum as well as he
by adding—

enrageth me that a man should be hanged
uch idle, hare-brained evidence!"

ow buzz of admiration swept through the
lage. It was not admiration of the decree
d been delivered by Tom, for the propriety
ediency of pardoning a convicted poisoner
thing which few there would have felt
l in either admitting or admiring—no, the
tion was for the intelligence and spirit
Tom had displayed. Some of the low-
remarks were to this effect—

his is no mad king—he hath his wits
"

ow sanely he put his questions—how like
mer natural self was this abrupt imperious
l of the matter!"

od be thanked, his infirmity is spent! This
veakling, but a king. He hath borne him-
e to his own father."

e air being filled with applause, Tom's ear
arily caught a little of it. The effect which
ıd upon him was to put him greatly at his
and also to charge his system with very
ing sensations.

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However, his juvenile curiosity soon superior to these pleasant thoughts and fe he was eager to know what sort of deadl chief the woman and the little girl could been about; so, by his command the two te and sobbing creatures were brought before

"What is it that these have done?" quired of the sheriff.

"Please your Majesty, a black crime is cl upon them, and clearly proven; wherefo judges have decreed, according to the law they be hanged. They sold themselves devil—such is their crime."

Tom shuddered. He had been taught hor people who did this wicked thing. St was not going to deny himself the pleas feeding his curiosity, for all that; so he as

"Where was this done?—and when?"

"On a midnight, in December—in a church, your Majesty."

Tom shuddered again.

"Who was there present?"

"Only these two, your grace—and *that*

"Have these confessed?"

"Nay, not so, sire—they do deny it."

"Then prithee, how was it known?"

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ertain witnesses did see them wending
, good your Majesty; this bred the sus-
and dire effects have since confirmed and
l it. In particular, it is in evidence that
the wicked power so obtained, they did
and bring about a storm that wasted all
gion round about. Above forty witnesses
roved the storm; and sooth one might have
thousand, for all had reason to remember
all had suffered by it."

ertes this is a serious matter." Tom turned
rk piece of scoundrelism over in his mind
, then asked—

ffered the woman, also, by the storm?"

eral old heads among the assemblage
their recognition of the wisdom of this
n. The sheriff, however, saw nothing con-
tial in the inquiry; he answered, with
directness—

deed did she, your Majesty, and most
usly, as all aver. Her habitation was swept
and herself and child left shelterless."

ethinks the power to do herself so ill a
as dearly bought. She had been cheated,
e paid but a farthing for it; that she paid
ul, and her child's, argueth that she is

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mad; if she is mad she knoweth not wh
doth, therefore sinneth not."

The elderly heads nodded recognit
Tom's wisdom once more, and one ind
murmured, "An' the King be mad himself,
ing to report, then is it a madness of a s
would improve the sanity of some I wot o
the gentle providence of God they cou
catch it."

"What age hath the child?" asked To

"Nine years, please your Majesty."

"By the law of England may a chil
into covenant and sell itself, my lord?"
Tom, turning to a learned judge.

"The law doth not permit a child t
or meddle in any weighty matter, good m
holding that its callow wit unfitteth it
with the riper wit and evil schemings o
that are its elders. The *devil* may buy
if he so choose, and the child agree there
not an Englishman—in this latter case t
tract would be null and void."

"It seemeth a rude unchristian thing,
contrived, that English law denieth privil
Englishmen, to waste them on the devil!"
Tom, with honest heat,

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is novel view of the matter excited many
, and was stored away in many heads to
eated about the Court as evidence of Tom's
lity as well as progress toward mental

e elder culprit had ceased from sobbing,
as hanging upon Tom's words with an ex-
nterest and a growing hope. Tom noticed
nd it strongly inclined his sympathies to-
ner in her perilous and unfriended situa-
Presently he asked—

low wrought they, to bring the storm?"

y pulling off their stockings, sire."

is astonished Tom, and also fired his
ty to fever heat. He said, eagerly—

is wonderful! Hath it always this dread
"

lways, my liege—at least if the woman
it, and utter the needful words, either in
ind or with her tongue."

m turned to the woman, and said with im-
s zeal—

Exert thy power—I would see a storm!"

ere was a sudden paling of cheeks in the
titious assemblage, and a general, though
ressed, desire to get out of the place—all

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of which was lost upon Tom, who wa
everything but the proposed cataclysn
a puzzled and astonished look in the
face, he added, excitedly—

"Never fear—thou shalt be blamele
—thou shalt go free—none shall to
Exert thy power."

"Oh, my lord the King, I have it no
been falsely accused."

"Thy fears stay thee. Be of good h
shalt suffer no harm. Make a storm—it
not how small a one—I require nough
harmful, but indeed prefer the opposite
and thy life is spared—thou shalt go
with thy child, bearing the King's pa
safe from hurt or malice from any in th

The woman prostrated herself, and
with tears, that she had no power
miracle, else she would gladly win h
life, alone, and be content to lose her
obedience to the King's command so
grace might be acquired.

Tom urged—the woman still adher
declarations. Finally he said—

"I think the woman hath said true
mother were in her place and gifted

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functions, she had not stayed a moment
l her storms and lay the whole land in
if the saving of my forfeit life were the
she got! It is argument that other mothers
ade in like mould. Thou art free, good
thou and thy child—for I do think thee
nt. *Now* thou'st nought to fear, being par-
—pull off thy stockings!—an' thou canst
me a storm, thou shalt be rich!"

e redeemed creature was loud in her grati-
and proceeded to obey, whilst Tom looked
h eager expectancy, a little marred by ap-
sion; the courtiers at the same time mani-
decided discomfort and uneasiness. The
stripped her own feet and her little girl's
and plainly did her best to reward the
generosity with an earthquake, but it was
ailure and a disappointment. Tom sighed,
id—

here, good soul, trouble thyself no further,
wer is departed out of thee. Go thy way
ace; and if it return to thee at any time,
me not, but fetch me a storm." *

See Notes to Chapter XV. at end of volume II.

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THE STATE DINNER.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE STATE DINNER.

E dinner hour drew near—yet strangely
h, the thought brought but slight discomfort
n, and hardly any terror. The morning's
ences had wonderfully built up his con-
e; the poor little ash-cat was already more
l to his strange garret, after four days'
than a mature person could have become
ll month. A child's facility in accommo-
itself to circumstances was never more
gly illustrated.

t us privileged ones hurry to the great
eting-room and have a glance at matters
whilst Tom is being made ready for the
ng occasion. It is a spacious apartment,
gilded pillars and pilasters, and pictured
and ceilings. At the door stand tall guards,
d as statues, dressed in rich and picturesque
es, and bearing halberds. In a high gal-

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lery which runs all around the place is a
of musicians and a packed company of c
of both sexes, in brilliant attire. In the
of the room, upon a raised platform, is
table. Now let the ancient chronicler spe

"A gentleman enters the room bearing
and along with him another bearing a tabl
which, after they have both kneeled three
with the utmost veneration, he spreads up
table, and after kneeling again they both
then come two others, one with the rod
the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and
when they have kneeled as the others had
and placed what was brought upon the
they too retire with the same ceremonie
formed by the first; at last come two
richly clothed, one bearing a tasting-knife
after prostrating themselves three times
most graceful manner, approach and r
table with bread and salt, with as much
if the King had been present." *

So end the solemn preliminaries. No
down the echoing corridors we hear a
blast, and the indistinct cry, "Place for the

* Leigh Hunt's "The Town," p. 408, quotati
an early tourist.

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or the King's most excellent majesty!"
sounds are momently repeated—they grow
and nearer—and presently, almost in our
the martial note peals and the cry rings
Way for the King!" At this instant the
pageant appears, and files in at the door,
measured march. Let the chronicler
again:—

irst come Gentlemen, Barons, Earls, Knights
Garter, all richly dressed and bareheaded;
omes the Chancellor, between two, one of
carries the royal sceptre, the other the
of State in a red scabbard, studded with
fleurs-de-lis, the point upwards; next
the King himself—whom, upon his ap-
g, twelve trumpets and many drums salute
great burst of welcome whilst all in the
es rise in their places, crying 'God save
ing!' After him come nobles attached to
rson, and on his right and left march his
of honour, his fifty Gentlemen Pensioners,
ilt battle-axes."

is was all fine and pleasant. Tom's pulse
igh and a glad light was in his eye. He
imself right gracefully, and all the more so
se he was not thinking of how he was doing

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it, his mind being charmed and occupi
the blithe sights and sounds about him—
sides, nobody can be very ungraceful in
fitting beautiful clothes after he has g
little used to them—especially if he is
moment unconscious of them. Tom reme
his instructions, and acknowledged his
with a slight inclination of his plumed he
a courteous "I thank ye, my good people.

He seated himself at table, without re
his cap; and did it without the least em
ment; for to eat with one's cap on was
solitary royal custom upon which the kin
the Cantys met upon common ground,
party having any advantage over the othe
matter of old familiarity with it. The
broke up and grouped itself picturesque
remained bareheaded.

Now, to the sound of gay music, the
of the Guard entered,—"the tallest and m
men in England, they being carefully sele
this regard"—but we will let the chroni
about it:—

"The Yeomen of the Guard entered
headed, clothed in scarlet, with golden ros

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acks; and these went and came, bringing
n turn a course of dishes, served in plate.
dishes were received by a gentleman in
me order they were brought, and placed
he table, while the taster gave to each
a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he
ought, for fear of any poison."

m made a good dinner, notwithstanding he
onscious that hundreds of eyes followed
norsel to his mouth and watched him eat
n an interest which could not have been
ntense if it had been a deadly explosive
as expected to blow him up and scatter
l about the place. He was careful not to
and equally careful not to do anything
er for himself, but wait till the proper
knelt down and did it for him. He got
h without a mistake—flawless and precious
h.

nen the meal was over at last and he
ed away in the midst of his bright pageant,
he happy noises in his ears of blaring
, rolling drums and thundering acclama-
he felt that if he had seen the worst of
in public it was an ordeal which he would

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be glad to endure several times a day if by
means he could but buy himself free from
of the more formidable requirements of his
office.

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FOO-FOO THE FIRST.

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CHAPTER XVII.

FOO-FOO THE FIRST.

LES HENDON hurried along toward the South-
end of the bridge, keeping a sharp look-
r the persons he sought, and hoping and
ing to overtake them presently. He was
ointed in this, however. By asking questions,
s enabled to track them part of the way
h Southwark; then all traces ceased, and
s perplexed as to how to proceed. Still,
tinued his efforts as best he could during
st of the day. Nightfall found him leg-
half famished, and his desire as far from
plishment as ever: so he supped at the
d inn and went to bed, resolved to make
ly start in the morning, and give the town
haustive search. As he lay thinking and
ng, he presently began to reason thus: The
ould escape from the ruffian, his reputed
if possible; would he go back to London

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and seek his former haunts? No, he wo
do that, he would avoid recapture. Wha
would he do? Never having had a fr
the world, or a protector, until he me
Hendon, he would naturally try to fin
friend again, provided the effort did not
him to go toward London and danger. He
strike for Hendon Hall, that is what he
do, for he knew Hendon was homeward
and there he might expect to find him
the case was plain to Hendon—he must
more time in Southwark, but move a
through Kent, toward Monk's Holm, se
the wood and inquiring as he went. Le
turn to the vanished little King, now.

The ruffian whom the waiter at the
the bridge saw "about to join" the you
the King, did not exactly join them, but
close behind them and followed their step
said nothing. His left arm was in a sli
he wore a large green patch over his left
limped slightly, and used an oaken sta
support. The youth led the King a
course through Southwark, and by-and-by
into the high road beyond. The King
ritated, now, and said he would stop h

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Hendon's place to come to him, not his to
Hendon. He would not endure such in-
e; he would stop where he was. The youth
-

Thou'lt tarry here, and thy friend lying
led in the wood yonder? So be it, then."

he King's manner changed at once. He
out—

Wounded? And who hath dared to do it?
hat is apart; lead on, lead on! Faster,
! art shod with lead? Wounded, is he?
though the doer of it be a duke's son, he
rue it!"

was some distance to the wood, but the
was speedily traversed. The youth looked
him, discovered a bough sticking in the
d, with a small bit of rag tied to it, then
he way into the forest, watching for similar
s and finding them at intervals; they were
ntly guides to the point he was aiming at.
d-by an open place was reached, where
the charred remains of a farm house, and
them a barn which was falling to ruin and
. There was no sign of life anywhere, and
silence prevailed. The youth entered the

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barn, the King following eagerly upon his
No one there! The King shot a surprise
suspicious glance at the youth, and asked-

"Where is he?"

A mocking laugh was his answer. Th
was in a rage in a moment; he seized a b
wood and was in the act of charging up
youth when another mocking laugh fell u
ear. It was from the lame ruffian who ha
following at a distance. The King turn
said angrily—

"Who art thou? What is thy business

"Leave thy foolery," said the man,
quiet thyself. My disguise is none so go
thou canst pretend thou knowest not thy
through it."

"Thou art not my father. I know th
I am the King. If thou hast hid my
find him for me, or thou shalt sup sor
what thou hast done."

John Canty replied, in a stern and m
voice—

"It is plain thou art mad, and I am
punish thee; but if thou provoke me,
Thy prating doth no harm here, where th

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rs that need to mind thy follies; yet it is
to practise thy tongue to wary speech, that
y do no hurt when our quarters change. I
done a murder, and may not tarry at home
ther shalt thou, seeing I need thy service.
ame is changed, for wise reasons; it is
s—John Hobbs; thine is Jack—charge thy
ory accordingly. Now, then, speak. Where
mother? where are thy sisters? They came
the place appointed—knowest thou whither
went?"

he King answered, sullenly—

Trouble me not with these riddles. My
er is dead; my sisters are in the palace."

he youth near by burst into a derisive laugh,
the King would have assaulted him, but
y—or Hobbs, as he now called himself—pre-
d him, and said—

Peace, Hugo, vex him not; his mind is
y, and thy ways fret him. Sit thee down,
and quiet thyself; thou shalt have a morsel
t, anon."

Hobbs and Hugo fell to talking together, in

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low voices, and the King removed himself
as he could from their disagreeable co
He withdrew into the twilight of the farth
of the barn, where he found the earthe
bedded a foot deep with straw. He lay
here, drew straw over himself in lieu of bl
and was soon absorbed in thinkings. H
many griefs, but the minor ones were sw
most into forgetfulness by the supreme or
loss of his father. To the rest of the wo
name of Henry VIII. brought a shiver, ar
gested an ogre whose nostrils breathed c
tion and whose hand dealt scourgings and
but to this boy the name brought only ser
of pleasure, the figure it invoked wore a
tenance that was all gentleness and a
He called to mind a long succession of
passages between his father and himse
dwelt fondly upon them, his unstinted t
testing how deep and real was the gri
possessed his heart. As the afternoon
away, the lad, wearied with his trouble
gradually into a tranquil and healing slu

After a considerable time—he could

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long—his senses struggled to a half-con-
ness, and as he lay with closed eyes vaguely
ring where he was and what had been
ning, he noted a murmurous sound, the
beating of rain upon the roof. A snug
of comfort stole over him, which was rudely
n, the next moment, by a chorus of piping
s and coarse laughter. It startled him dis-
ably, and he unmuffled his head to see
e this interruption proceeded. A grim and
tly picture met his eye. A bright fire was
g in the middle of the floor, at the other
f the barn; and around it, and lit weirdly
the red glare, lolled and sprawled the
st company of tattered gutter-scum and
s, of both sexes, he had ever read or
ed of. There were huge, stalwart men,
with exposure, long-haired, and clothed in
tic rags; there were middle-sized youths, of
ent countenance, and similarly clad; there
blind mendicants, with patched or ban-
eyes; crippled ones, with wooden legs and
es; diseased ones, with running sores peep-
m ineffectual wrappings; there was a villain-

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looking peddler with his pack; a knife-gr
tinker, and a barber-surgeon, with the imp
of their trades; some of the females were
grown girls, some were at prime, some w
and wrinkled hags, and all were loud,
foul-mouthed; and all soiled and slatternl
were three sore-faced babies; there were
of starvelling curs, with strings about thei
whose office was to lead the blind.

The night was come, the gang h
finished feasting, an orgy was beginning;
of liquor was passing from mouth to mo
general cry broke forth—

"A song! a song from the Bat and D
Dot-and-go-One!"

One of the blind men got up, and
ready by casting aside the patches that sh
his excellent eyes, and the pathetic placar
recited the cause of his calamity. Dot-
One disencumbered himself of his timl
and took his place, upon sound and
limbs, beside his fellow-rascal; then they
out a rollicking ditty, and were re-enfor
the whole crew, at the end of each stanz

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chorus. By the time the last stanza was
, the half-drunken enthusiasm had risen
a pitch, that everybody joined in and
clear through from the beginning, pro-
a volume of villanous sound that made
ters quake. These were the inspiring
—

Bien Darkman's then, Bouse Mort and Ken,
The bien Coves bings awast,
On Chates to trine by Rome Coves dine
For his long lib at last.
Bing'd out bien Morts and toure, and toure,
Bing out of the Rome vile bine,
And toure the Cove that cloy'd your duds,
Upon the Chates to trine." *

versation followed; not in the thieves'
of the song, for that was only used in
en unfriendly ears might be listening. In
rse of it it appeared that "John Hobbs"
t altogether a new recruit, but had trained
gang at some former time. His later
was called for, and when he said he had
ntally" killed a man, considerable satis-

* From "The English Rogue." London, 1665.

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faction was expressed; when he added
man was a priest, he was roundly ap
and had to take a drink with everybody.
quaintances welcomed him gushingly, a
ones were proud to shake him by the ha
was asked why he had "tarried away
months." He answered—

"London is better than the country, a
these late years, the laws be so bitter
diligently enforced. An' I had not had
cident, I had staid there. I had resolved
and never more venture country-wards—
accident has ended that."

He inquired how many persons th
numbered now. The "Ruffler," or ch
swered—

"Five and twenty sturdy budges, bul
clapperdogeons and maunders, counting
and doxies and other morts.* Most a
the rest are wandering eastward, along th
lay. We follow at dawn."

* Canting terms for various kinds of thieves, be
vagabonds, and their female companions.

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do not see the Wen among the honest
out me. Where may he be?"
oor lad, his diet is brimstone, now, and over
r a delicate taste. He was killed in a
somewhere about midsummer."
sorrow to hear that; the Wen was a capable
and brave."
hat was he, truly. Black Bess, his dell, is
yet, but absent on the eastward tramp; a
ss, of nice ways and orderly conduct, none
seeing her drunk above four days in the
"
She was ever strict—I remember it well—a
wench and worthy all commendation.
nother was more free and less particular; a
esome and ugly tempered beldame, but
hed with a wit above the common."
We lost her through it. Her gift of palmistry
ther sorts of fortune-telling begot for her at
witch's name and fame. The law roasted
o death at a slow fire. It did touch me to
t of tenderness to see the gallant way she
her lot—cursing and reviling all the crowd
gaped and gazed around her, whilst the

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flames licked upward toward her face
her thin locks and crackled about
head—cursing them, said I?—cursin
an' thou shouldst live a thousand y
never hear so masterful a cursing.
art died with her. There be base a
imitations left, but no true blasphem

The Ruffler sighed; the listener
sympathy; a general depression fe
company for a moment, for even ha
casts like these are not wholly dead
but are able to feel a fleeting sense
affliction at wide intervals and unde
favouring circumstances—as in cases
for instance, when genius and culture
leave no heir. However, a deep drin
soon restored the spirits of the mourn

"Have any others of our friends far
asked Hobbs.

"Some—yes. Particularly new co
as small husbandmen turned shiftless
upon the world because their farms
from them to be changed to sheep ran
begged, and were whipped at the cart's

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the girdle up, till the blood ran; then set
e stocks to be pelted; they begged again,
whipped again, and deprived of an ear;
begged a third time—poor devils, what else
they do?—and were branded on the cheek
a red-hot iron, then sold for slaves; they
way, were hunted down, and hanged. 'Tis
ef tale, and quickly told. Others of us have
less hardly. Stand forth, Yokel, Burns, and
e—show your adornments!"

hese stood up and stripped away some of
rags, exposing their backs, criss-crossed with
old welts left by the lash; one turned up
air and showed the place where a left ear
once been; another showed a brand upon
houlder—the letter V—and a mutilated ear;
hird said—

I am Yokel, once a farmer and prosperous,
loving wife and kids—now am I somewhat
ent in estate and calling; and the wife and
are gone; mayhap they are in heaven, may-
n—in the other place—but the kindly God
anked, they bide no more in *England!* My
old blameless mother strove to earn bread

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by nursing the sick; one of these died
knew not how, so my mother was
witch, whilst my babes looked on
English law!—up, all, with your cup
together and with a cheer!—drink to
English law that delivered *her* from
hell! Thank you, mates, one and all
from house to house—I and the w
with us the hungry kids—but it was
hungry in England—so they stripp
lashed us through three towns. D
again to the merciful English law!—
drank deep of my Mary's blood and
deliverance came quick. She lies t
potter's field, safe from all harms. A
—well, whilst the law lashed me fr
town, they starved. Drink, lads—on
a drop to the poor kids, that never d
ture harm. I begged again—begged
and got the stocks and lost an ear
bides the stump; I begged again, and
stump of the other to keep me mi
And still I begged again, and was
slave—here on my cheek under this

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ed it off, ye might see the red S the branding-
left there! A SLAVE! Do ye understand
word! An English SLAVE!—that is he that
ls before ye. I have run from my master,
when I am found—the heavy curse of heaven
on the law of the land that hath commanded
I shall hang!" *
A ringing voice came through the murky

Thou shalt *not!*—and this day the end of
law is come!"
ll turned, and saw the fantastic figure of
little King approaching hurriedly; as it
ged into the light and was clearly revealed,
neral explosion of inquiries broke out—
Who is it? *What* is it? Who are thou,
kin?"
he boy stood unconfused in the midst of all
surprised and questioning eyes, and an-
ed with princely dignity—
I am Edward, King of England."
A wild burst of laughter followed, partly of

* See Note 10, at end of volume II.

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derision and partly of delight in the ex
of the joke. The King was stung. H
sharply—

"Ye mannerless vagrants, is this your
tion of the royal boon I have promised?"

He said more, with angry voice and
gesture, but it was lost in a whirlwind of
and mocking exclamations. "John Hobbs
several attempts to make himself hear
the din, and at last succeeded—saying—

"Mates, he is my son, a dreamer, a f
stark mad—mind him not—he thinketh
the King."

"I *am* the King," said Edward, turn
ward him, "as thou shalt know to thy
good time. Thou hast confessed a murde
shalt swing for it."

"*Thou'lt* betray me?—*thou?* An' I
hands upon thee——"

"Tut-tut!" said the burly Ruffler, int
in time to save the King, and emphasis
service by knocking Hobbs down with
"hast respect for neither Kings *nor* Ruffl
thou insult my presence so again, I'll ha

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yself." Then he said to his Majesty, "Thou
make no threats against thy mates, lad;
thou must guard thy tongue from saying
of them elsewhere. *Be* King, if it please
nad humour, but be not harmful in it. Sink
itle thou hast uttered—'tis treason; we be
men in some few trifling ways, but none
g us is so base as to be traitor to his King;
e loving and loyal hearts, in that regard.
if I speak truth. Now—all together: 'Long
Edward, King of England!'"

LONG LIVE EDWARD, KING OF ENGLAND!"

The response came with such a thundergust
the motley crew that the crazy building
ted to the sound. The little King's face
ed with pleasure for an instant, and he
tly inclined his head, and said with grave
licity—

I thank you, my good people."

This unexpected result threw the company
convulsions of merriment. When something
quiet was presently come again, the Ruffler
firmly, but with an accent of good nature—
'Drop it, boy, 'tis not wise, nor well. Humour

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thy fancy, if thou must, but choose son
title."

A tinker shrieked out a suggestion—

"Foo-foo the First, King of the Moon

The title "took," at once, every th
sponded, and a roaring shout went up, o

"Long live Foo-foo the First, King
Mooncalves!" followed by hootings, cat-c
peals of laughter.

"Hale him forth, and crown him!"

"Robe him!"

"Sceptre him!"

"Throne him!"

These and twenty other cries brok
once! and almost before the poor littl
could draw a breath he was crowned w
basin, robed in a tattered blanket, thron
a barrel, and sceptred with the tinker's s
iron. Then all flung themselves upon th
about him and sent up a chorus of ironi
ings, and mocking supplications, whi
swabbed their eyes with their soiled an
sleeves and aprons—

"Be gracious to us, O sweet King!"

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Trample not upon thy beseeching worms, O
Majesty!"

Pity thy slaves, and comfort them with a
kick!"

Cheer us and warm us with thy gracious
O flaming sun of sovereignty!"

Sanctify the ground with the touch of thy
hat we may eat the dirt and be ennobled!"

Deign to spit upon us, O Sire, that our chil-
children may tell of thy princely con-
sion, and be proud and happy forever!"

t the humorous tinker made the "hit" of
ening and carried off the honours. Kneel-
e pretended to kiss the King's foot, and
ndignantly spurned; whereupon he went
begging for a rag to paste over the place
his face which had been touched by the
saying it must be preserved from contact
he vulgar air, and that he should make his
e by going on the highway and exposing it
w at the rate of a hundred shillings a sight.
ade himself so killingly funny that he was
nvy and admiration of the whole mangy
e.

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Tears of shame and indignation stood
little monarch's eyes; and the thought
heart was, "Had I offered them a deep
they could not be more cruel—yet have
fered nought but to do them a kindness—
is thus they use me for it!"

END OF VOL. I.

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THE PRINCE
D THE PAUPER

A TALE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
OF ALL AGES

BY

MARK TWAIN
(SAMUEL L. CLEMENS)
R OF "A TRAMP ABROAD," "THE INNOCENTS ABROAD," ETC.

AUTHORIZED EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1881.

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HE PRINCE WITH THE TRAMPS.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRINCE WITH THE TRAMPS.

THE troop of vagabonds turned out at early
n, and set forward on their march. There
a lowering sky overhead, sloppy ground under
, and a winter chill in the air. All gaiety
gone from the company; some were sullen
silent, some were irritable and petulant, none
e gentle-humoured, all were thirsty.

The Ruffler put "Jack" in Hugo's charge, with
e brief instructions, and commanded John
ty to keep away from him and let him alone;
also warned Hugo not to be too rough with
lad.

After a while the weather grew milder, and
clouds lifted somewhat. The troop ceased to
er, and their spirits began to improve. They
v more and more cheerful, and finally began
chaff each other and insult passengers along
highway. This showed that they were awak-

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ing to an appreciation of life and its joys once more. The dread in which their sort was held was apparent in the fact that everybody gave them the road, and took their ribald insolences meekly, without venturing to talk back. They snatched linen from the hedges, occasionally in full view of the owners, who made no protest, but only seemed grateful that they did not take the hedges, too.

By and by they invaded a small farm-house and made themselves at home while the trembling farmer and his people swept the larder clean to furnish a breakfast for them. They chucked the housewife and her daughters under the chin whilst receiving the food from their hands, and made coarse jests about them, accompanied with insulting epithets and bursts of horse-laughter. They threw bones and vegetables at the farmer and his sons, kept them dodging all the time, and applauded uproariously when a good hit was made. They ended by buttering the head of one of the daughters who resented some of their familiarities. When they took their leave they threatened to come back and burn the house over the heads of the family if any report of their doings got to the ears of the authorities.

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bout noon, after a long and weary tramp, ang came to a halt behind a hedge on the irts of a considerable village. An hour was ed for rest, then the crew scattered them- abroad to enter the village at different s to ply their various trades.—"Jack" was with Hugo. They wandered hither and r for some time, Hugo watching for op- nities to do a stroke of business, but finding —so he finally said—

I see nought to steal; it is a paltry place. efore we will beg."

We, forsooth! Follow thy trade—it befits But *I* will not beg."

Thou'lt not beg!" exclaimed Hugo, eyeing King with surprise. "Prithee, since when thou reformed?"

What dost thou mean?"

Mean? Hast thou not begged the streets of on all thy life?"

I? Thou idiot?"

Spare thy compliments—thy stock will last longer. Thy father says thou hast begged hy days. Mayhap he lied. Peradventure will even make so bold as to *say* he lied," ed Hugo.

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"Him *you* call my father? Yes, he lied."

"Come, play not thy merry game of madman so far, mate; use it for thy amusement, not thy hurt. An' I tell him this, he will scorch thee finely for it."

"Save thyself the trouble. I will tell him."

"I like thy spirit, I do in truth; but I do not admire thy judgment. Bone-rackings and bastings be plenty enow in this life, without going out of one's way to invite them. But a truce to these matters; *I* believe your father. I doubt not he can lie; I doubt not he *doth* lie, upon occasion, for the best of us do that; but there is no occasion here. A wise man does not waste so good a commodity as lying for nought. But come; sith it is thy humour to give over begging, wherewithal shall we busy ourselves? With robbing kitchens?"

The King said, impatiently—

"Have done with this folly—you weary me!"

Hugo replied, with temper—

"Now harkee, mate; you will not beg, you will not rob; so be it. But I will tell you what you *will* do. You will play decoy whilst *I* beg. Refuse, an' you think you may venture!"

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The King was about to reply contemptuously, n Hugo said, interrupting—

'Peace! Here comes one with a kindly face. will I fall down in a fit. When the stranger to me, set you up a wail, and fall upon your s, seeming to weep; then cry out as all the s of misery were in your belly, and say, sir, it is my poor afflicted brother, and we riendless; o' God's name cast through your iful eyes one pitiful look upon a sick, for- n, and most miserable wretch; bestow one penny out of thy riches upon one smitten of and ready to perish!'—and mind you, keep *on* wailing, and abate not till we bilk him of penny, else shall you rue it."

Then immediately Hugo began to moan, and n, and roll his eyes, and reel and totter t; and when the stranger was close at hand, n he sprawled before him, with a shriek, and n to writhe and wallow in the dirt, in seem- agony.

'O dear, O dear!" cried the benevolent ger, "O poor soul, poor soul, how he doth r! There—let me help thee up."

'Oh, noble sir, forbear, and God love you for rincely gentleman—but it giveth me cruel

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pain to touch me when I am taken so. My brother there will tell your worship how I am racked with anguish when these fits be upon me. A penny, dear sir, a penny, to buy a little food; then leave me to my sorrows."

"A penny! thou shalt have three, thou hapless creature"—and he fumbled in his pocket with nervous haste and got them out. "There, poor lad, take them and most welcome. Now come hither, my boy, and help me carry thy stricken brother to yon house, where——"

"I am not his brother," said the King, interrupting.

"What! not his brother?"

"O hear him!" groaned Hugo, then privately ground his teeth. "He denies his own brother—and he with one foot in the grave!"

"Boy, thou art indeed hard of heart, if this is thy brother. For shame!—and he scarce able to move hand or foot. If he is not thy brother, who is he, then?"

"A beggar and a thief! He has got your money and has picked your pocket likewise. An' thou wouldst do a healing miracle, lay thy staff over his shoulders and trust Providence for the rest."

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ut Hugo did not tarry for the miracle. In ment he was up and off like the wind, the eman following after and raising the hue cry lustily as he went. The King, breathing gratitude to Heaven for his own release, fled e opposite direction, and did not slacken his until he was out of harm's reach. He took first road that offered, and soon put the ge behind him. He hurried along, as briskly e could, during several hours, keeping a us watch over his shoulder for pursuit; but ears left him at last, and a grateful sense of ity took their place. He recognised, now, he was hungry; and also very tired. So he d at a farm-house; but when he was about eak, he was cut short and driven rudely . His clothes were against him.

He wandered on, wounded and indignant, was resolved to put himself in the way of treatment no more. But hunger is pride's er; so, as the evening drew near, he made ttempt at another farm-house; but here he l worse than before; for he was called hard es and was promised arrest as a vagrant ex- he moved on promptly.

The night came on, chilly and overcast; and

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still the footsore monarch laboured slowly on. He was obliged to keep moving, for every time he sat down to rest he was soon penetrated to the bone with the cold. All his sensations and experiences, as he moved through the solemn gloom and the empty vastness of the night, were new and strange to him. At intervals he heard voices approach, pass by, and fade into silence; and as he saw nothing more of the bodies they belonged to than a sort of formless drifting blur, there was something spectral and uncanny about it all that made him shudder. Occasionally he caught the twinkle of a light—always far away, apparently—almost in another world; if he heard the tinkle of a sheep's bell, it was vague, distant, indistinct; the muffled lowing of the herds floated to him on the night wind in vanishing cadences, a mournful sound; now and then came the complaining howl of a dog over viewless expanses of field and forest; all sounds were remote; they made the little King feel that all life and activity were far removed from him, and that he stood solitary, companionless, in the centre of a measureless solitude.

He stumbled along, through the gruesome fascinations of this new experience, startled

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sionally by the soft rustling of the dry leaves
ead, so like human whispers they seemed
und; and by and by he came suddenly upon
reckled light of a tin lantern near at hand.
stepped back into the shadows and waited.
lantern stood by the open door of a barn.
King waited some time—there was no sound,
nobody stirring. He got so cold, standing
and the hospitable barn looked so enticing,
at last he resolved to risk everything and
. He started swiftly and stealthily, and just
was crossing the threshold he heard voices
id him. He darted behind a cask, within
arn, and stooped down. Two farm labourers
in, bringing the lantern with them, and fell
rk, talking meanwhile. Whilst they moved
with the light, the King made good use of
yes and took the bearings of what seemed
a good sized stall at the further end of the
, purposing to grope his way to it when he
d be left to himself. He also noted the
ion of a pile of horse blankets, midway of
oute, with the intent to levy upon them for
service of the crown of England for one
.

By and by the men finished and went away,

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fastening the door behind them and taking the lantern with them. The shivering King made for the blankets, with as good speed as the darkness would allow; gathered them up and then groped his way safely to the stall. Of two of the blankets he made a bed, then covered himself with the remaining two. He was a glad monarch, now, though the blankets were old and thin, and not quite warm enough; and besides gave out a pungent horsy odour that was almost suffocatingly powerful.

Although the King was hungry and chilly, he was also so tired and so drowsy that these latter influences soon began to get the advantage of the former, and he presently dozed off into a state of semi-consciousness. Then, just as he was on the point of losing himself wholly, he distinctly felt something touch him! He was broad awake in a moment, and gasping for breath. The cold horror of that mysterious touch in the dark almost made his heart stand still. He lay motionless, and listened, scarcely breathing. But nothing stirred, and there was no sound. He continued to listen, and wait, during what seemed a long time, but still nothing stirred, and there was no sound. So he began to drop into a drowse once

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at last; and all at once he felt that mys-
ıs touch again! It was a grisly thing, this
touch from this noiseless and invisible pre-
; it made the boy sick with ghostly fears.
should he do? That was the question; but
id not know how to answer it. Should he
these reasonably comfortable quarters and
ɒm this inscrutable horror? But fly whither?
ɔuld not get out of the barn; and the idea
urrying blindly hither and thither in the
within the captivity of the four walls, with
ɔhantom gliding after him, and visiting him
that soft hideous touch upon cheek or
der at every turn, was intolerable. But to
where he was, and endure this living death
ight?—was that better? No. What, then,
there left to do? Ah, there was but one
e; he knew it well—he must put out his
and find that thing!

was easy to think this; but it was hard to
himself up to try it. Three times he
hed his hand a little way out into the dark,
rly; and snatched it suddenly back, with a
—not because it had encountered anything,
ɔecause he had felt so sure it was just *going*
But the fourth time, he groped a little

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further, and his hand lightly swept against something soft and warm. This petrified him, nearly, with fright—his mind was in such a state that he could imagine the thing to be nothing else than a corpse, newly dead and still warm. He thought he would rather die than touch it again. But he thought this false thought because he did not know the immortal strength of human curiosity. In no long time his hand was tremblingly groping again—against his judgment, and without his consent—but groping persistently on, just the same. It encountered a bunch of long hair; he shuddered, but followed up the hair and found what seemed to be a warm rope; followed up the rope and found an innocent calf!—for the rope was not a rope at all, but the calf's tail.

The King was cordially ashamed of himself for having gotten all that fright and misery out of so paltry a matter as a slumbering calf; but he need not have felt so about it, for it was not the calf that frightened him, but a dreadful nonexistent something which the calf stood for; and any other boy, in those old superstitious times, would have acted and suffered just as he had done.

The King was not only delighted to find that

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eature was only a calf, but delighted to
ne calf's company; for he had been feeling
some and friendless that the company and
eship of even this humble animal was wel-
And he had been so buffeted, so rudely
ed by his own kind, that it was a real
to him to feel that he was at last in the
of a fellow creature that had at least a
art and a gentle spirit, whatever loftier
es might be lacking. So he resolved to
ank and make friends with the calf.
ile stroking its sleek warm back—for it
r him and within easy reach—it occurred
that this calf might be utilised in more
han one. Whereupon he re-arranged his
reading it down close to the calf; then he
d himself up to the calf's back, drew the
up over himself and his friend, and in a
or two was as warm and comfortable as
d ever been in the downy couches of the
alace of Westminster.
asant thoughts came, at once; life took on
rfuller seeming. He was free of the bonds
itude and crime, free of the companion-
f base and brutal outlaws; he was warm,
s sheltered; in a word, he was happy. The

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night wind was rising; it swept by in fitful gusts that made the old barn quake and rattle, then its forces died down at intervals, and went moaning and wailing around corners and projections—but it was all music to the King, now that he was snug and comfortable: let it blow and rage, let it batter and bang, let it moan and wail, he minded it not, he only enjoyed it. He merely snuggled the closer to his friend, in a luxury of warm contentment, and drifted blissfully out of consciousness into a deep and dreamless sleep that was full of serenity and peace. The distant dogs howled, the melancholy kine complained, and the winds went on raging, whilst furious sheets of rain drove along the roof; but the Majesty of England slept on, undisturbed, and the calf did the same, it being a simple creature, and not easily troubled by storms or embarrassed by sleeping with a King.

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THE

INCE WITH THE PEASANTS.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE PRINCE WITH THE PEASANTS.

WHEN the King awoke in the early morning, ound that a wet but thoughtful rat had crept the place during the night and made a cosy for itself in his bosom. Being disturbed, it scampered away. The boy smiled, and "Poor fool, why so fearful? I am as forlorn ou. 'Twould be a shame in me to hurt the ess, who am myself so helpless. Moreover, e you thanks for a good omen; for when a has fallen so low that the very rats do e a bed of him, it surely meaneth that his nes be upon the turn, since it is plain he no lower go."

He got up and stepped out of the stall, and then he heard the sound of children's voices. barn door opened and a couple of little came in. As soon as they saw him their ng and laughing ceased, and they stopped

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and stood still, gazing at him with strong curiosity; they presently began to whisper together, then they approached nearer, and stopped again to gaze and whisper. By and by they gathered courage and began to discuss him aloud. One said—

"He hath a comely face."

The other added—

"And pretty hair."

"But is ill clothed enow."

"And how starved he looketh."

They came still nearer, sidling shyly around and about him, examining him minutely from all points, as if he were some strange new kind of animal; but warily and watchfully, the while, as if they half feared he might be a sort of animal that would bite, upon occasion. Finally they halted before him, holding each other's hands, for protection, and took a good satisfying stare with their innocent eyes; then one of them plucked up all her courage and inquired with honest directness—

"Who art thou, boy?"

"I am the King," was the grave answer.

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ıe children gave a little start, and their pread themselves wide open and remained ing a speechless half minute. Then curiosity the silence—

'he *King?* What King?"

'he King of England."

ıe children looked at each other—then at then at each other again—wonderingly, xedly—then one said—

Didst hear him, Margery?—he saith he is ing. Can that be true?"

How can it be else but true, Prissy? Would y a lie? For look you, Prissy, an' it were ue, it *would* be a lie. It surely would Now think on't. For all things that be ue, be lies—thou canst make nought else f it."

was a good tight argument, without a leak anywhere; and it left Prissy's half-doubts leg to stand on. She considered a moment, put the King upon his honour with the e remark—

If thou art truly the King, then I believe

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"I am truly the King."

This settled the matter. His Majesty's royalty was accepted without further question or discussion, and the two little girls began at once to inquire into how he came to be where he was, and how he came to be so unroyally clad, and whither he was bound, and all about his affairs. It was a mighty relief to him to pour out his troubles where they would not be scoffed at or doubted; so he told his tale with feeling, forgetting even his hunger for the time; and it was received with the deepest and tenderest sympathy by the gentle little maids. But when he got down to his latest experiences and they learned how long he had been without food, they cut him short and hurried him away to the farm-house to find a breakfast for him.

The King was cheerful and happy now, and said to himself, "When I am come to mine own again, I will always honour little children, remembering how that these trusted me and believed in me in my time of trouble; whilst they that were older, and thought themselves wiser, mocked at me and held me for a liar."

The children's mother received the King

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y, and was full of pity; for his forlorn con-
n and apparently crazed intellect touched
womanly heart. She was a widow, and
r poor; consequently she had seen trouble
gh to enable her to feel for the unfortunate.
imagined that the demented boy had
ered away from his friends or keepers; so
tried to find out whence he had come, in
that she might take measures to return
but all her references to neighbouring towns
villages, and all her inquiries in the same
went for nothing—the boy's face, and his
ers, too, showed that the things she was
ng of were not familiar to him. He spoke
estly and simply about court matters; and
e down, more than once, when speaking of
late King "his father;" but whenever the
ersation changed to baser topics, he lost
est and became silent.

The woman was mightily puzzled; but she
not give up. As she proceeded with her
ing, she set herself to contriving devices to
ise the boy into betraying his real secret.
talked about cattle—he showed no concern;
about sheep—the same result—so her guess
he had been a shepherd boy was an error;

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she talked about mills; and about weavers, tinkers, smiths, trades and tradesmen of all sorts; and about Bedlam, and jails, and charitable retreats; but no matter, she was baffled at all points. Not altogether, either; for she argued that she had narrowed the thing down to domestic service. Yes, she was sure she was on the right track, now—he must have been a house servant. So she led up to that. But the result was discouraging. The subject of sweeping appeared to weary him; fire-building failed to stir him; scrubbing and scouring awoke no enthusiasm. Then the goodwife touched, with a perishing hope, and rather as a matter of form, upon the subject of cooking. To her surprise, and her vast delight, the King's face lighted at once! Ah, she had hunted him down at last, she thought; and she was right proud, too, of the devious shrewdness and tact which had accomplished it.

Her tired tongue got a chance to rest, now; for the King's, inspired by gnawing hunger and the fragrant smells that came from the sputtering pots and pans, turned itself loose and delivered itself up to such an eloquent dissertation upon certain toothsome dishes, that within three

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ıtes the woman said to herself, "Of a truth
as right—he hath holpen in a kitchen!"
he broadened his bill of fare, and dis-
ed it with such appreciation and animation,
the goodwife said to herself, "Good lack!
can he know so many dishes, and so fine
withal? For these belong only upon the
s of the rich and great. Ah, now I see!
ed outcast as he is, he must have served in
palace before his reason went astray; yes, he
have helped in the very kitchen of the
himself! I will test him."

Full of eagerness to prove her sagacity, she
the King to mind the cooking a moment—
ng that he might manufacture and add a
or two, if he chose—then she went out of
room and gave her children a sign to follow
. The King muttered—

Another English king had a commission like
his, in a bygone time—it is nothing against
dignity to undertake an office which the
t Alfred stooped to assume. But I will try
etter serve my trust than he; for he let the
s burn."

The intent was good, but the performance

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was not answerable to it; for this King, like the other one, soon fell into deep thinkings concerning his vast affairs, and the same calamity resulted —the cookery got burned. The woman returned in time to save the breakfast from entire destruction; and she promptly brought the King out of his dreams with a brisk and cordial tongue-lashing. Then, seeing how troubled he was, over his violated trust, she softened at once, and was all goodness and gentleness toward him.

The boy made a hearty and satisfying meal, and was greatly refreshed and gladdened by it. It was a meal which was distinguished by this curious feature, that rank was waived on both sides; yet neither recipient of the favour was aware that it had been extended. The goodwife had intended to feed this young tramp with broken victuals in a corner, like any other tramp, or like a dog; but she was so remorseful for the scolding she had given him, that she did what she could to atone for it by allowing him to sit at the family table and eat with his betters, on ostensible terms of equality with them; and the King, on his side, was so remorseful for having broken his trust, after the family had been so kind to him, that he forced himself to atone for

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by humbling himself to the family level, instead of requiring the woman and her children to stand and wait upon him while he occupied their table in the solitary state due his birth and dignity. It does us all good to unbend sometimes. This good woman was made happy all the day long by the applauses which she got out of herself for her magnanimous condescension to the tramp; and the King was just as self-complacent over his gracious humility toward a humble peasant as a man.

When breakfast was over, the housewife told the King to wash up the dishes. This command was a staggerer, for a moment, and the King came near rebelling; but then he said to himself, "Alfred the Great watched the cakes; doubtless he would have washed the dishes, too—therefore will I essay it."

He made a sufficiently poor job of it; and to his surprise too, for the cleaning of wooden spoons and trenchers had seemed an easy thing to do. It was a tedious and troublesome piece of work, but he finished it at last. He was becoming impatient to get away on his journey now; however, he was not to lose this thrifty

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dame's society so easily. She furnished him some little odds and ends of employment, which he got through with after a fair fashion and with some credit. Then she set him and the little girls to paring some winter apples; but he was so awkward at this service, that she retired him from it and gave him a butcher knife to grind. Afterwards she kept him carding wool until he began to think he had laid the good King Alfred about far enough in the shade for the present, in the matter of showy menial heroisms that would read picturesquely in story-books and histories, and so he was half-minded to resign. And when, just after the noonday dinner, the goodwife gave him a basket of kittens to drown, he did resign. At least he was just going to resign—for he felt that he must draw the line somewhere, and it seemed to him that to draw it at kitten-drowning was about the right thing—when there was an interruption. The interruption was John Canty—with a peddler's pack on his back—and Hugo!

The King discovered these rascals approaching the front gate before they had had a chance to see him; so he said nothing about drawing the line, but took up his basket of kittens

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stepped quietly out the back way, with-
a word. He left the creatures in an out-
se, and hurried on, into a narrow lane at
rear.

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HE PRINCE AND THE HERMIT.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE PRINCE AND THE HERMIT.

THE high hedge hid him from the house, ; and so, under the impulse of a deadly t, he let out all his forces and sped toward od in the distance. He never looked back he had almost gained the shelter of the t; then he turned and descried two figures e distance. That was sufficient; he did not to scan them critically, but hurried on, and r abated his pace till he was far within the ght depths of the wood. Then he stopped; g persuaded that he was now tolerably safe. listened intently, but the stillness was pro- d and solemn—awful, even, and depressing he spirits. At wide intervals his straining did detect sounds, but they were so remote, hollow, and mysterious, that they seemed to be real sounds, but only the moaning and plaining ghosts of departed ones. So the

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sounds were yet more dreary than the silence which they interrupted.

It was his purpose, in the beginning, to stay where he was, the rest of the day; but a chill soon invaded his perspiring body, and he was at last obliged to resume movement in order to get warm. He struck straight through the forest, hoping to pierce to a road presently, but he was disappointed in this. He travelled on and on; but the farther he went, the denser the wood became, apparently. The gloom began to thicken, by and by, and the King realised that the night was coming on. It made him shudder to think of spending it in such an uncanny place; so he tried to hurry faster, but he only made the less speed, for he could not now see well enough to choose his steps judiciously; consequently he kept tripping over roots and tangling himself in vines and briers.

And how glad he was when at last he caught the glimmer of a light! He approached it warily, stopping often to look about him and listen. It came from an unglazed window-opening in a shabby little hut. He heard a voice, now, and felt a disposition to run and hide; but he changed his mind at once, for this voice was praying,

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ently. He glided to the one window of the raised himself on tiptoe, and stole a glance in. The room was small; its floor was the al earth, beaten hard by use; in a corner a bed of rushes and a ragged blanket or near it was a pail, a cup, a basin, and two ree pots and pans; there was a short bench a three-legged stool; on the hearth the ins of a faggot fire were smouldering; before ine, which was lighted by a single candle, an aged man, and on an old wooden box s side lay an open book and a human skull. man was of large, bony frame; his hair and kers were very long and snowy white; he clothed in a robe of sheepskins which ed from his neck to his heels.

A holy hermit!" said the King to himself; am I indeed fortunate."

The hermit rose from his knees; the King ked. A deep voice responded—

Enter!—but leave sin behind, for the ground eon thou shalt stand is holy!"

The King entered, and paused. The hermit d a pair of gleaming, unrestful eyes upon and said—

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"Who art thou?"

"I am the King," came the answer, with placid simplicity.

"Welcome, King!" cried the hermit, with enthusiasm. Then, bustling about with feverish activity, and constantly saying, "Welcome, welcome," he arranged his bench, seated the King on it, by the hearth, threw some faggots on the fire, and finally fell to pacing the floor, with a nervous stride.

"Welcome! Many have sought sanctuary here, but they were not worthy, and were turned away. But a King who casts his crown away, and despises the vain splendours of his office, and clothes his body in rags, to devote his life to holiness and the mortification of the flesh—he is worthy, he is welcome!—here shall he abide all his days till death come." The King hastened to interrupt and explain, but the hermit paid no attention to him—did not even hear him, apparently, but went right on with his talk, with a raised voice and a growing energy. "And thou shalt be at peace here. None shall find out thy refuge to disquiet thee with supplications to return to that empty and foolish life which God hath moved thee to abandon. Thou shalt pray

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; thou shalt study the Book; thou shalt medi-
upon the follies and delusions of this world,
upon the sublimities of the world to come;
shalt feed upon crusts and herbs, and
ge thy body with whips, daily, to the
ying of thy soul. Thou shalt wear a hair
next thy skin; thou shalt drink water only;
thou shalt be at peace; yes, wholly at peace;
whoso comes to seek thee shall go his way
, baffled; he shall not find thee, he shall not
st thee."

The old man, still pacing back and forth,
ed to speak aloud, and began to mutter.
King seized this opportunity to state his
; and he did it with an eloquence inspired
neasiness and apprehension. But the hermit
on muttering, and gave no heed. And still
ering, he approached the King and said, im-
sively—

"Sh! I will tell you a secret!" He bent down
part it, but checked himself, and assumed a
ning attitude. After a moment or two he
on tiptoe to the window-opening, put his
out and peered around in the gloaming,
came tiptoeing back again, put his face close
to the King's, and whispered—

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"I am an archangel!"

The King started violently, and said to himself, "Would God I were with the outlaws again; for lo, now am I the prisoner of a madman!" His apprehensions were heightened, and they showed plainly in his face. In a low, excited voice, the hermit continued—

"I see you feel my atmosphere! There's awe in your face! None may be in this atmosphere and not be thus affected; for it is the very atmosphere of heaven. I go thither and return, in the twinkling of an eye. I was made an archangel on this very spot, it is five years ago, by angels sent from heaven to confer that awful dignity. Their presence filled this place with an intolerable brightness. And they knelt to me, King! yes, they knelt to me! for I was greater than they. I have walked in the courts of heaven, and held speech with the patriarchs. Touch my hand—be not afraid—touch it. There—now thou hast touched a hand which has been clasped by Abraham and Isaac and Jacob! For I walked in the golden courts, I have seen the Deity face to face!" He paused, to give this speech effect; then his face suddenly changed, and he started to his feet again, saying, with angry energy,

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s, I am an archangel; *a mere archangel!*—I might have been pope! It is verily true. I told it from heaven in a dream, twenty years ah, yes, I was to be pope!—and I *should* been pope, for Heaven had said it—but the dissolved my religious house, and I, poor ure unfriended monk, was cast homeless upon world, robbed of my mighty destiny!" Here egan to mumble again, and beat his fore- in futile rage, with his fist; now and then ulating a venomous curse, and now and then thetic "Wherefore I am nought but an arch- l—I that should have been pope!"

So he went on, for an hour, whilst the poor King sat and suffered. Then all at once old man's frenzy departed, and he became gentleness. His voice softened, he came down of his clouds, and fell to prattling along so ly and so humanly, that he soon won the g's heart completely. The old devotee moved boy nearer to the fire and made him com- able; doctored his small bruises and abrasions a deft and tender hand; and then set about aring and cooking a supper—chatting plea- ly all the time, and occasionally stroking the s cheek or patting his head, in such a gently

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caressing way that in a little while all the fear and repulsion inspired by the archangel were changed to reverence and affection for the man.

This happy state of things continued while the two ate the supper; then, after a prayer before the shrine, the hermit put the boy to bed, in a small adjoining room, tucking him in as snugly and lovingly as a mother might; and so, with a parting caress, left him and sat down by the fire, and began to poke the brands about in an absent and aimless way. Presently he paused; then tapped his forehead several times with his fingers, as if trying to recall some thought which had escaped from his mind. Apparently he was unsuccessful. Now he started quickly up, and entered his guest's room, and said—

"Thou art King?"

"Yes," was the response, drowsily uttered.

"What King?"

"Of England."

"Of England? Then Henry is gone!"

"Alack, it is so. I am his son."

A black frown settled down upon the hermit's face, and he clenched his bony hands with a vindictive energy. He stood a few moments,

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eathing fast and swallowing repeatedly, then
d in a husky voice—

"Dost know it was he that turned us out into
world houseless and homeless?"

There was no response. The old man bent
vn and scanned the boy's reposeful face and
ened to his placid breathing. "He sleeps—
eps soundly;" and the frown vanished away
l gave place to an expression of evil satis-
tion. A smile flitted across the dreaming boy's
tures. The hermit muttered, "So—his heart
happy;" and he turned away. He went
althily about the place, seeking here and there
something; now and then halting to listen.
v and then jerking his head around and
ting a quick glance toward the bed; and
ays muttering, always mumbling to himself.
last he found what he seemed to want—a
ty old butcher knife and a whetstone. Then
crept to his place by the fire, sat himself
wn, and began to whet the knife softly on the
ne, still muttering, mumbling, ejaculating. The
nds sighed around the lonely place, the
sterious voices of the night floated by out of
distances. The shining eyes of venturesome
ce and rats peered out at the old man from

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cracks and coverts, but he went on with his work, rapt, absorbed, and noted none of these things.

At long intervals he drew his thumb along the edge of his knife, and nodded his head with satisfaction. "It grows sharper," he said; "yes, it grows sharper."

He took no note of the flight of time, but worked tranquilly on, entertaining himself with his thoughts, which broke out occasionally in articulate speech—

"His father wrought us evil, he destroyed us —and is gone down into the eternal fires! Yes, down into the eternal fires! He escaped us—but it was God's will, yes it was God's will, we must not repine. But he hath not escaped the fires! no, he hath not escaped the fires, the consuming, unpitying, remorseless fires—and *they* are everlasting!"

And so he wrought; and still wrought; mumbling—chuckling a low rasping chuckle, at times —and at times breaking again into words—

"It was his father that did it all. I am but an archangel—but for him, I should be pope!"

The King stirred. The hermit sprang noise-

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ssly to the bedside, and went down upon his
ees, bending over the prostrate form with his
ife uplifted. The boy stirred again; his eyes
me open for an instant, but there was no spe-
lation in them, they saw nothing; the next
oment his tranquil breathing showed that his
ep was sound once more.

The hermit watched and listened, for a time,
eping his position and scarcely breathing; then
slowly lowered his arm, and presently crept
ay, saying,—

"It is long past midnight—it is not best that
should cry out, lest by accident someone be
ssing."

He glided about his hovel, gathering a rag
re, a thong there, and another one yonder; then
returned, and by careful and gentle handling,
managed to tie the King's ankles together
thout waking him. Next he essayed to tie the
ists; he made several attempts to cross them,
t the boy always drew one hand or the other
ay, just as the cord was ready to be applied;
t at last, when the archangel was almost ready
despair, the boy crossed his hands himself,
d the next moment they were bound. Now a
ndage was passed under the sleeper's chin and

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brought up over his head and tied fast—and so softly, so gradually, and so deftly were the knots drawn together and compacted, that the boy slept peacefully through it all without stirring.

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HENDON TO THE RESCUE.

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CHAPTER XXI.

HENDON TO THE RESCUE.

THE old man glided away, stooping, stealthy, like, and brought the low bench. He seated nself upon it, half his body in the dim and kering light, and the other half in shadow; l so, with his craving eyes bent upon the nbering boy, he kept his patient vigil there, dless of the drift of time, and softly whetted knife, and mumbled and chuckled; and in ect and attitude he resembled nothing so ch as a grizzly, monstrous spider, gloating r some hapless insect that lay bound and pless in his web.

After a long while, the old man, who was l gazing,—yet not seeing, his mind having tled into a dreamy abstraction,—observed, on sudden, that the boy's eyes were open! wide en and staring!—staring up in frozen horror at e knife. The smile of a gratified devil crept

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over the old man's face, and he said, without changing his attitude or his occupation—

"Son of Henry the Eighth, hast thou prayed?"

The boy struggled helplessly in his bonds, and at the same time forced a smothered sound through his closed jaws, which the hermit chose to interpret as an affirmative answer to his question.

"Then pray again. Pray the prayer for the dying!"

A shudder shook the boy's frame, and his face blenched. Then he struggled again to free himself—turning and twisting himself this way and that; tugging frantically, fiercely, desperately —but uselessly—to burst his fetters; and all the while the old ogre smiled down upon him, and nodded his head, and placidly whetted his knife; mumbling, from time to time, "The moments are precious, they are few and precious—pray the prayer for the dying!"

The boy uttered a despairing groan, and ceased from his struggles, panting. The tears came, then, and trickled, one after the other, down his face; but this piteous sight wrought no softening effect upon the savage old man.

The dawn was coming, now; the hermit ob-

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ed it, and spoke up sharply, with a touch of
ous apprehension in his voice—

"I may not indulge this ecstasy longer! The
nt is already gone. It seems but a moment
nly a moment; would it had endured a year!
d of the Church's spoiler, close thy perishing
s, an' thou fearest to look upon——"

The rest was lost in inarticulate mutterings.
e old man sunk upon his knees, his knife in
hand, and bent himself over the moaning boy—
Hark! There was a sound of voices near the
in—the knife dropped from the hermit's hand;
cast a sheepskin over the boy and started up,
nbling. The sounds increased, and presently
voices became rough and angry; then came
ws, and cries for help; then a clatter of swift
steps, retreating. Immediately came a succes-
n of thundering knocks upon the cabin door,
owed by—

"Hullo-o-o! Open! And despatch, in the name
all the devils!"

Oh, this was the blessedest sound that had
r made music in the King's ears; for it was
les Hendon's voice!

The hermit, grinding his teeth in impotent
ge, moved swiftly out of the bedchamber, closing

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the door behind him; and straightway the King heard a talk, to this effect, proceeding from the "chapel"—

"Homage and greeting, reverend sir! Where is the boy—*my* boy?"

"What boy, friend?"

"What boy! Lie me no lies, sir priest, play me no deceptions!—I am not in the humour for it. Near to this place I caught the scoundrels who I judged did steal him from me, and I made them confess; they said he was at large again, and they had tracked him to your door. They showed me his very footprints. Now palter no more; for look you, holy sir, an' thou produce him not——Where is the boy?"

"Oh, good sir, peradventure you mean the ragged regal vagrant that tarried here the night. If such as you take an interest in such as he, know, then, that I have sent him of an errand. He will be back anon."

"How soon? How soon? Come, waste not the time—cannot I overtake him? How soon will he be back?"

"Thou need'st not stir; he will return quickly."

"So be it, then. I will try to wait. But stop! —*you* sent him of an errand?—you! Verily this

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a lie—he would not go. He would pull thy
l beard, an' thou didst offer him such an in-
ence. Thou hast lied, friend; thou hast surely
d! He would not go for thee, nor for any
n."

"For any *man*—no; haply not. But I am not
nan."

"*What!* Now o' God's name what art thou,
n?"

"It is a secret—mark thou reveal it not. I
an archangel!"

There was a tremendous ejaculation from
les Hendon—not altogether unprofane—fol-
ved by—

"This doth well and truly account for his
nplaisance! Right well I knew he would
dge nor hand nor foot in the menial service
any mortal; but, lord, even a king must obey
en an archangel gives the word o' command!
t me—'sh! What noise was that?"

All this while the little King had been yonder,
ernately quaking with terror and trembling with
pe; and all the while, too, he had thrown all
e strength he could into his anguished moan-
gs, constantly expecting them to reach Hendon's
r, but always realising, with bitterness, that

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they failed, or at least made no impression. So this last remark of his servant came as comes a reviving breath from fresh fields to the dying! and he exerted himself once more, and with all his energy, just as the hermit was saying—

"Noise? I heard only the wind."

"Mayhap it was. Yes, doubtless that was it. I have been hearing it faintly all the—there it is again! It is not the wind! What an odd sound! Come, we will hunt it out!"

Now the King's joy was nearly insupportable. His tired lungs did their utmost—and hopefully, too—but the sealed jaws and the muffling sheepskin sadly crippled the effort. Then the poor fellow's heart sank, to hear the hermit say—

"Ah, it came from without—I think from the copse yonder. Come, I will lead the way."

The King heard the two pass out, talking; heard their footsteeps die quickly away—then he was alone with a boding, brooding, awful silence.

It seemed an age till he heard the steps and voices approaching again—and this time he heard an added sound,—the trampling of hoofs, apparently. Then he heard Hendon say—

"I will not wait longer. I *cannot* wait longer.

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has lost his way in this thick wood. Which
ection took he? Quick—point it out to me."
"He—but wait; I will go with thee."
"Good—good! Why, truly thou art better
n thy looks. Marry I do not think there's not
other archangel with so right a heart as thine.
lt ride? Wilt take the wee donkey that's for
boy, or wilt thou fork thy holy legs over this
conditioned slave of a mule that I have provided
myself?—and had been cheated in, too, had
cost but the indifferent sum of a month's usury
a brass farthing let to a tinker out of work."
"No—ride thy mule, and lead thine ass; I
surer on mine own feet, and will walk."
"Then prithee mind the little beast for me
ile I take my life in my hands and make what
ccess I may toward mounting the big one."
Then followed a confusion of kicks, cuffs,
mplings and plungings, accompanied by a
nderous intermingling of volleyed curses, and
ally a bitter apostrophe to the mule, which
ıst have broken its spirit, for hostilities seemed
cease from that moment.
With unutterable misery the fettered little King
ard the voices and footsteps fade away and die
t. All hope forsook him, now, for the moment,

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and a dull despair settled down upon his heart. "My only friend is deceived and got rid of," he said; "the hermit will return and——" He finished with a gasp; and at once fell to struggling so frantically with his bonds again, that he shook off the smothering sheepskin.

And now he heard the door open! The sound chilled him to the marrow—already he seemed to feel the knife at his throat. Horror made him close his eyes; horror made him open them again —and before him stood John Canty and Hugo!

He would have said "Thank God!" if his jaws had been free.

A moment or two later his limbs were at liberty, and his captors, each gripping him by an arm, were hurrying him with all speed through the forest.

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A VICTIM OF TREACHERY.

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CHAPTER XXII.

A VICTIM OF TREACHERY.

ONCE more "King Foo-Foo the First" was oving with the tramps and outlaws, a butt for heir coarse jests and dull-witted railleries, and ometimes the victim of small spitefulnesses at he hands of Canty and Hugo when the Ruffler's ack was turned. None but Canty and Hugo eally disliked him. Some of the others liked im, and all admired his pluck and spirit. During two or three days, Hugo, in whose ward nd charge the King was, did what he covertly ould to make the boy uncomfortable; and at ight, during the customary orgies, he amused he company by putting small indignities upon im—always as if by accident. Twice he stepped pon the King's toes — accidentally — and the King, as became his royalty, was contemptuously nconscious of it and indifferent to it; but the

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third time Hugo entertained himself in that way, the King felled him to the ground with a cudgel, to the prodigious delight of the tribe. Hugo, consumed with anger and shame, sprang up, seized a cudgel, and came at his small adversary in a fury. Instantly a ring was formed around the gladiators, and the betting and cheering began. But poor Hugo stood no chance whatever. His frantic and lubberly 'prentice-work found but a poor market for itself when pitted against an arm which had been trained by the first masters of Europe in single-stick, quarter-staff, and every art and trick of swordsmanship. The little King stood, alert but at graceful ease, and caught and turned aside the thick rain of blows with a facility and precision which set the motley on-lookers wild with admiration; and every now and then, when his practised eye detected an opening, and a lightning-swift rap upon Hugo's head followed as a result, the storm of cheers and laughter that swept the place was something wonderful to hear. At the end of fifteen minutes, Hugo, all battered, bruised, and the target for a pitiless bombardment of ridicule, slunk from the field; and the unscathed hero of the fight was seized and borne aloft upon the

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houlders of the joyous rabble to the place of onour beside the Ruffler, where with vast cere- ony he was crowned King of the Game-Cocks; is meaner title being at the same time solemnly ancelled and annulled, and a decree of banish- ent from the gang pronounced against any who hould thenceforth utter it.

All attempts to make the King serviceable to he troop had failed. He had stubbornly refused act; moreover, he was always trying to escape. He had been thrust into an unwatched kitchen, he first day of his return; he not only came rth empty-handed, but tried to rouse the house- ates. He was sent out with a tinker to help im at his work; he would not work; moreover, e threatened the tinker with his own soldering- on; and finally both Hugo and the tinker found eir hands full with the mere matter of keep- g him from getting away. He delivered the unders of his royalty upon the heads of all ho hampered his liberties or tried to force him service. He was sent out, in Hugo's charge, company with a slatternly woman and a iseased baby, to beg; but the result was not ncouraging—he declined to plead for the men- icants, or be a party to their cause in any way,

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Thus several days went by; and the miseries of this tramping life, and the weariness and sordidness and meanness and vulgarity of it, became gradually and steadily so intolerable to the captive that he began at last to feel that his release from the hermit's knife must prove only a temporary respite from death, at best.

But at night, in his dreams, these things were forgotten, and he was on his throne, and master again. This, of course, intensified the sufferings of the awakening—so the mortifications of each succeeding morning of the few that passed between his return to bondage and the combat with Hugo, grew bitterer and bitterer, and harder and harder to bear.

The morning after that combat, Hugo got up with a heart filled with vengeful purposes against the King. He had two plans, in particular. One was to inflict upon the lad what would be, to his proud spirit and "imagined" royalty, a peculiar humiliation; and if he failed to accomplish this, his other plan was to put a crime of some kind upon the King, and then betray him into the implacable clutches of the law.

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In pursuance of the first plan, he purposed put a "clime" upon the King's leg; rightly dging that that would mortify him to the last ıd perfect degree; and as soon as the clime ould operate, he meant to get Canty's help, and *rce* the King to expose his leg in the highway ıd beg for alms. "Clime" was the cant term r a sore, artificially created. To make a clime, e operator made a paste or poultice of unslaked me, soap, and the rust of old iron, and spread upon a piece of leather, which was then bound ghtly upon the leg. This would presently fret f the skin, and make the flesh raw and angry-oking; blood was then rubbed upon the limb, hich, being fully dried, took on a dark and pulsive colour. Then a bandage of soiled rags as put on in a cleverly careless way which ould allow the hideous ulcer to be seen, and ove the compassion of the passer-by.*

Hugo got the help of the tinker whom the ing had cowed with the soldering-iron; they ok the boy out on a tinkering tramp, and as on as they were out of sight of the camp they rew him down and the tinker held him while

* From "The English Rogue." London, 1665.

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Hugo bound the poultice tight and fast upon his leg.

The King raged and stormed, and promised to hang the two the moment the sceptre was in his hand again; but they kept a firm grip upon him and enjoyed his impotent struggling and jeered at his threats. This continued until the poultice began to bite; and in no long time its work would have been perfected, if there had been no interruption. But there was; for about this time the "slave" who had made the speech denouncing England's laws, appeared on the scene, and put an end to the enterprise, and stripped off the poultice and bandage.

The King wanted to borrow his deliverer's cudgel and warm the jackets of the two rascals on the spot; but the man said no, it would bring trouble—leave the matter till night; the whole tribe being together, then, the outside world would not venture to interfere or interrupt. He marched the party back to camp and reported the affair to the Ruffler, who listened, pondered, and then decided that the King should not be again detailed to beg, since it was plain he was worthy of something higher and better

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-wherefore, on the spot he promoted him om the mendicant rank and appointed him steal!

Hugo was overjoyed. He had already tried make the King steal, and failed; but there ould be no more trouble of that sort, now, for course the King would not dream of defying a stinct command delivered directly from head-uarters. So he planned a raid for that very fternoon, purposing to get the King in the law's rip in the course of it; and to do it, too, with uch ingenious strategy, that it should seem to be ccidental and unintentional; for the King of the ame-Cocks was popular now, and the gang ight not deal over-gently with an unpopular ember who played so serious a treachery upon im as the delivering him over to the common nemy, the law.

Very well. All in good time Hugo strolled ff to a neighbouring village with his prey; and he two drifted slowly up and down one street fter another, the one watching sharply for a sure hance to achieve his evil purpose, and the other vatching as sharply for a chance to dart away nd get free of his infamous captivity for ever.

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Both threw away some tolerably fair-looking opportunities; for both, in their secret hearts, were resolved to make absolutely sure work this time, and neither meant to allow his fevered desires to seduce him into any venture that had much uncertainty about it.

Hugo's chance came first. For at last a woman approached who carried a fat package of some sort in a basket. Hugo's eyes sparkled with sinful pleasure as he said to himself, "Breath o' my life, an' I can but put *that* upon him, 'tis good-den and God keep thee, King of the Game-Cocks!" He waited and watched—outwardly patient, but inwardly consuming with excitement—till the woman had passed by, and the time was ripe; then said, in a low voice—

"Tarry here till I come again," and darted stealthily after the prey.

The King's heart was filled with joy—he could make his escape, now, if Hugo's quest only carried him far enough away.

But he was to have no such luck. Hugo crept behind the woman, snatched the package, and came running back, wrapping it in an old piece of blanket which he carried on his arm. The

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e and cry was raised in a moment, by the
man, who knew her loss by the lightening of
burden, although she had not seen the pilfer-
done. Hugo thrust the bundle into the King's
ds without halting, saying—

"Now speed ye after me with the rest, and
'Stop thief!' but mind ye lead them
ray!"

The next moment Hugo turned a corner and
ted down a crooked alley,—and in another mo-
nt or two he lounged into view again, looking
ocent and indifferent, and took up a position
ind a post to watch results.

The insulted King threw the bundle on the
und; and the blanket fell away from it just as
woman arrived, with an augmenting crowd
her heels; she seized the King's wrist with
hand, snatched up her bundle with the other,
l began to pour out a tirade of abuse upon the
while he struggled, without success, to free
nself from her grip.

Hugo had seen enough—his enemy was cap-
ed and the law would get him, now—so he
pped away, jubilant and chuckling, and wended
npwards, framing a judicious version of the

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matter to give to the Ruffler's crew as he strode along.

The King continued to struggle in the woman's strong grasp, and now and then cried out in vexation—

"Unhand me, thou foolish creature; it was not I that bereaved thee of thy paltry goods."

The crowd closed around, threatening the King and calling him names; a brawny blacksmith in leather apron, and sleeves rolled to his elbows, made a reach for him, saying he would trounce him well, for a lesson; but just then a long sword flashed in the air and fell with convincing force upon the man's arm, flat side down, the fantastic owner of it remarking pleasantly, at the same time—

"Marry, good souls, let us proceed gently, not with ill blood and uncharitable words. This is matter for the law's consideration, not private and unofficial handling. Loose thy hold from the boy, good-wife."

The blacksmith averaged the stalwart soldier with a glance, then went muttering away, rubbing his arm; the woman released the boy's wrist reluctantly; the crowd eyed the stranger unlovingly,

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but prudently closed their mouths. The King sprang to his deliverer's side, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, exclaiming—

"Thou hast lagged sorely, but thou comest in good season, now, Sir Miles; carve me this rabble to rags!"

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THE PRINCE A PRISONER.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PRINCE A PRISONER.

HENDON forced back a smile, and bent down
nd whispered in the King's ear—

"Softly, softly, my prince, wag thy tongue
arily—nay, suffer it not to wag at all. Trust
me—all shall go well in the end." Then he
dded, to himself: "*Sir* Miles! Bless me, I had
tally forgot I was a knight! Lord, how mar-
ellous a thing it is, the grip his memory doth
ke upon his quaint and crazy fancies! . . . An
mpty and foolish title is mine, and yet it is
mething to have deserved it; for I think it is
ore honour to be held worthy to be a spectre-
night in his Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows,
an to be held base enough to be an earl in
me of the *real* kingdoms of this world."

The crowd fell apart to admit a constable,
ho approached and was about to lay his hand
pon the King's shoulder, when Hendon said—

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"Gently, good friend, withhold your hand—he shall go peaceably; I am responsible for that. Lead on, we will follow."

The officer led, with the woman and her bundle; Miles and the King followed after, with the crowd at their heels. The King was inclined to rebel; but Hendon said to him in a low voice—

"Reflect, Sire—your laws are the wholesome breath of your own royalty; shall their source resist them, yet require the branches to respect them? Apparently one of these laws has been broken; when the King is on his throne again, can it ever grieve him to remember that when he was seemingly a private person he loyally sunk the king in the citizen and submitted to its authority?"

"Thou art right; say no more; thou shalt see that whatsoever the King of England requires a subject to suffer under the law, he will himself suffer while he holdeth the station of a subject."

When the woman was called upon to testify before the justice of the peace, she swore that the small prisoner at the bar was the person who

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d committed the theft; there was none able to ow the contrary, so the King stood convicted. e bundle was now unrolled, and when the ntents proved to be a plump little dressed pig, e judge looked troubled, whilst Hendon turned le, and his body was thrilled with an electric iver of dismay; but the King remained un- oved, protected by his ignorance. The judge editated, during an ominous pause, then turned the woman, with the question—

"What dost thou hold this property to be rth?"

The woman courtesied and replied—

"Three shillings and eightpence, your worship I could not abate a penny and set forth the lue honestly."

The justice glanced around uncomfortably on the crowd, then nodded to the constable, d said—

"Clear the court and close the doors."

It was done. None remained but the two ficials, the accused, the accuser, and Miles endon. This latter was rigid and colourless, d on his forehead big drops of cold sweat thered, broke and blended together, and

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trickled down his face. The judge turned to the woman again, and said, in a compassionate voice—

"'Tis a poor ignorant lad, and mayhap was driven hard by hunger, for these be grievous times for the unfortunate: mark you, he hath not an evil face—but when hunger driveth—— Good woman! dost know that when one steals a thing above the value of thirteenpence ha'penny the law saith he shall *hang* for it?"

The little King started, wide-eyed with consternation, but controlled himself and held his peace; but not so the woman. She sprang to her feet, shaking with fright, and cried out—

"Oh, good lack, what have I done! God-a-mercy, I would not hang the poor thing for the whole world! Ah, save me from this, your worship—what shall I do, what *can* I do?"

The justice maintained his judicial composure, and simply said—

"Doubtless it is allowable to revise the value, since it is not yet writ upon the record."

"Then in God's name call the pig eightpence, and heaven bless the day that freed my conscience of this awesome thing!"

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Miles Hendon forgot all decorum in his de-
t; and surprised the King and wounded his
nity, by throwing his arms around him and
ging him. The woman made her grateful
eux and started away with her pig; and when
constable opened the door for her, he fol-
ed her out into the narrow hall. The justice
ceeded to write in his record book. Hendon,
ays alert, thought he would like to know why
officer followed the woman out; so he slipped
ly into the dusky hall and listened. He heard
onversation to this effect—

"It is a fat pig, and promises good eating; I
buy it of thee; here is the eightpence."

"Eightpence, indeed! Thou'lt do no such
ng. It cost me three shillings and eightpence,
d honest coin of the last reign, that old Harry
's just dead ne'er touched or tampered with.
ig for thy eightpence!"

"Stands the wind in that quarter? Thou wast
ler oath, and so swore falsely when thou saidst
value was but eightpence. Come straightway
k with me before his worship, and answer
the crime!—and then the lad will hang."

"There, there, dear heart, say no more, I am

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content. Give me the eightpence, and hold thy peace about the matter."

The woman went off crying: Hendon slipped back into the court room, and the constable presently followed, after hiding his prize in some convenient place. The justice wrote a while longer, then read the King a wise and kindly lecture, and sentenced him to a short imprisonment in the common jail, to be followed by a public flogging. The astounded King opened his mouth, and was probably going to order the good judge to be beheaded on the spot; but he caught a warning sign from Hendon, and succeeded in closing his mouth again before he lost anything out of it. Hendon took him by the hand, now, made reverence to the justice, and the two departed in the wake of the constable toward the jail. The moment the street was reached, the inflamed monarch halted, snatched away his hand, and exclaimed—

"Idiot, dost imagine I will enter a common jail *alive?*"

Hendon bent down and said, somewhat sharply—

"*Will* you trust in me? Peace! and forbear

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worsen our chances with dangerous speech. hat God wills, will happen; thou canst not rry it, thou canst not alter it; therefore wait, d be patient—'twill be time enow to rail or oice when what is to happen has happened."*

* See Notes to Chapter XXIII., at end of this volume.

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THE ESCAPE.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ESCAPE.

THE short winter day was nearly ended. The eets were deserted, save for a few random ggglers, and these hurried straight along, with intent look of people who were only anxious accomplish their errands as quickly as pos-le, and then snugly house themselves from the ng wind and the gathering twilight. They ked neither to the right nor to the left; they d no attention to our party, they did not even m to see them. Edward the Sixth wondered he spectacle of a king on his way to jail had r encountered such marvellous indifference be-e. By and by the constable arrived at a de-ted market-square, and proceeded to cross it. nen he had reached the middle of it, Hendon d his hand upon his arm, and said in a low ice—

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"Bide a moment, good sir, there is none in hearing, and I would say a word to thee."

"My duty forbids it, sir; prithee hinder me not, the night comes on."

"Stay, nevertheless, for the matter concerns thee nearly. Turn thy back a moment and seem not to see: *let this poor lad escape.*"

"This to me, sir! I arrest thee in——"

"Nay, be not too hasty. See thou be careful and commit no foolish error"—then he shut his voice down to a whisper, and said in the man's ear—"the pig thou hast purchased for eightpence may cost thee thy neck, man!"

The poor constable, taken by surprise, was speechless, at first, then found his tongue and fell to blustering and threatening; but Hendon was tranquil, and waited with patience till his breath was spent; then said—

"I have a liking to thee, friend, and would not willingly see thee come to harm. Observe, I heard it all—every word. I will prove it to thee." Then he repeated the conversation which the officer and the woman had had together in the hall, word for word, and ended with—

"There—have I set it forth correctly? Should

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t I be able to set it forth correctly before the
dge, if occasion required?"

The man was dumb with fear and distress,
a moment; then he rallied, and said with
ced lightness—

"'Tis making a mighty matter indeed, out of
jest; I but plagued the woman for mine amuse-
ent."

"Kept you the woman's pig for amusement?"

The man answered sharply—

"Nought else, good sir—I tell thee 'twas but
est."

"I do begin to believe thee," said Hendon,
h a perplexing mixture of mockery and half-
viction in his tone; "but tarry thou here a
ment whilst I run and ask his worship—for
hless, he being a man experienced in law, in
ts, in——"

He was moving away, still talking; the con-
ble hesitated, fidgetted, spat out an oath or
, then cried out—

"Hold, hold, good sir—prithee wait a little—
judge! Why, man, he hath no more sym-
thy with a jest than hath a dead corpse!—
me, and we will speak further. Ods body! I
em to be in evil case—and all for an innocent

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and thoughtless pleasantry. I am a man of family; and my wife and little ones—— List to reason, good your worship: what wouldst thou of me?"

"Only that thou be blind and dumb and paralytic whilst one may count a hundred thousand—counting slowly," said Hendon, with the expression of a man who asks but a reasonable favour, and that a very little one.

"It is my destruction!" said the constable despairingly. "Ah, be reasonable, good sir; only look at this matter, on all its sides, and see how mere a jest it is—how manifestly and how plainly it is so. And even if one granted it were not a jest, it is a fault so small that e'en the grimmest penalty it could call forth would be but a rebuke and warning from the judge's lips."

Hendon replied with a solemnity which chilled the air about him—

"This jest of thine hath a name, in law,—wot you what it is?"

"I knew it not! Peradventure I have been unwise. I never dreamed it had a name—ah, sweet heaven, I thought it was original."

"Yes, it hath a name. In the law this crime

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called *Non compos mentis lex talionis sic transit oria mundi.*"

"Ah, my God!"

"And the penalty is death!"

"God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

"By advantage taken of one in fault, in dire ril, and at thy mercy, thou hast seized goods orth above thirteenpence ha'penny, paying but trifle for the same; and this, in the eye of the w, is constructive barratry, misprision of treason, alfeasance in office, *ad hominem expurgatis in atu quo*—and the penalty is death by the lter, without ransom, commutation, or benefit of ergy."

"Bear me up, bear me up, sweet sir, my legs o fail me! Be thou merciful—spare me this oom, and I will turn my back and see nought at shall happen."

"Good! now thou'rt wise and reasonable. And ou'lt restore the pig?"

"I will, I will indeed—nor ever touch anher, though heaven send it and an archangel tch it. Go—I am blind for thy sake—I see othing. I will say thou didst break in and rest the prisoner from my hands by force. It but a crazy, ancient door—I will batter it

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down myself betwixt midnight and the morning."

"Do it, good soul, no harm will come of it; the judge hath a loving charity for this poor lad, and will shed no tears and break no jailer's bones for his escape."

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HENDON HALL.

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CHAPTER XXV.

HENDON HALL.

As soon as Hendon and the King were out f sight of the constable, his Majesty was instructed to hurry to a certain place outside the own, and wait there, whilst Hendon should go o the inn and settle his account. Half an hour ater the two friends were blithely jogging eastvard on Hendon's sorry steeds. The King was varm and comfortable, now, for he had cast his ags and clothed himself in the second-hand suit vhich Hendon had bought on London Bridge.

Hendon wished to guard against over-fatiguing the boy; he judged that hard journeys, rregular meals, and illiberal measures of sleep vould be bad for his crazed mind; whilst rest, egularity, and moderate exercise would be pretty ure to hasten its cure; he longed to see the tricken intellect made well again and its diseased visions driven out of the tormented little

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head; therefore he resolved to move by easy stages toward the home whence he had so long been banished, instead of obeying the impulse of his impatience and hurrying along night and day.

When he and the King had journeyed about ten miles, they reached a considerable village, and halted there for the night, at a good inn. The former relations were resumed; Hendon stood behind the King's chair, while he dined, and waited upon him; undressed him when he was ready for bed; then took the floor for his own quarters, and slept athwart the door, rolled up in a blanket.

The next day, and the day after, they jogged lazily along talking over the adventures they had met since their separation, and mightily enjoying each other's narratives. Hendon detailed all his wide wanderings in search of the King, and described how the archangel had led him a fool's journey all over the forest, and taken him back to the hut, finally, when he found he could not get rid of him. Then—he said—the old man went into the bedchamber and came staggering back looking broken-hearted, and saying he had expected to find that the boy had returned and

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ain down in there to rest, but it was not so. Hendon had waited at the hut all day; hope of he King's return died out, then, and he departed pon the quest again.

"And old Sanctum Sanctorum *was* truly sorry our highness came not back," said Hendon; "I aw it in his face."

"Marry I will never doubt *that!*" said the King—and then told his own story; after which, Hendon was sorry he had not destroyed the rchangel.

During the last day of the trip, Hendon's pirits were soaring. His tongue ran constantly. He talked about his old father, and his brother rthur, and told of many things which illustrated heir high and generous characters; he went into oving frenzies over his Edith, and was so glad-earted that he was even able to say some gentle nd brotherly things about Hugh. He dwelt a eal on the coming meeting at Hendon Hall; what a surprise it would be to everybody, and what an outburst of thanksgiving and delight here would be.

It was a fair region, dotted with cottages and rchards, and the road led through broad pasture ands whose receding expanses, marked with

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gentle elevations and depressions, suggested the swelling and subsiding undulations of the sea. In the afternoon the returning prodigal made constant deflections from his course to see if by ascending some hillock he might not pierce the distance and catch a glimpse of his home. At last he was successful, and cried out excitedly—

"There is the village, my Prince, and there is the Hall close by! You may see the towers from here; and that wood there—that is my father's park. Ah, *now* thou'lt know what state and grandeur be! A house with seventy rooms—think of that!—and seven and twenty servants! A brave lodging for such as we, is it not so? Come, let us speed—my impatience will not brook further delay."

All possible hurry was made; still, it was after three o'clock before the village was reached. The travellers scampered through it, Hendon's tongue going all the time. "Here is the church—covered with the same ivy—none gone, none added." "Yonder is the inn, the old Red Lion,—and yonder is the market-place." "Here is the Maypole, and here the pump—nothing is altered; nothing but the people, at any rate; ten years make a change in people; some of these I seem

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o know, but none know me." So his chat ran on. The end of the village was soon reached; hen the travellers struck into a crooked, narrow oad, walled in with tall hedges, and hurried riskly along it for half a mile, then passed into vast flower garden through an imposing gate- vay, whose huge stone pillars bore sculptured rmorial devices. A noble mansion was before hem.

"Welcome to Hendon Hall, my King!" ex- laimed Miles. "Ah, 'tis a great day! My father nd my brother, and the Lady Edith will be so nad with joy that they will have eyes and tongue or none but me in the first transports of the neeting, and so thou'lt seem but coldly welcomed —but mind it not; 'twill soon seem otherwise; or when I say thou art my ward, and tell them ow costly is my love for thee, thou'lt see them ake thee to their breasts for Miles Hendon's ake, and make their house and hearts thy home or ever after!"

The next moment Hendon sprang to the ground before the great door, helped the King down, then took him by the hand and rushed within. A few steps brought him to a spacious apartment; he entered, seated the King with

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more hurry than ceremony, then ran toward a young man who sat at a writing table in front of a generous fire of logs.

"Embrace me, Hugh," he cried, "and say thou'rt glad I am come again! and call our father, for home is not home till I shall touch his hand, and see his face, and hear his voice once more!"

But Hugh only drew back, after betraying a momentary surprise, and bent a grave stare upon the intruder—a stare which indicated somewhat of offended dignity, at first, then changed, in response to some inward thought or purpose, to an expression of marvelling curiosity, mixed with a real or assumed compassion. Presently he said, in a mild voice—

"Thy wits seem touched, poor stranger; doubtless thou hast suffered privations and rude buffetings at the world's hands; thy looks and dress betoken it. Whom dost thou take me to be?"

"Take thee? Prithee for whom else than whom thou art? I take thee to be Hugh Hendon," said Miles, sharply.

The other continued, in the same soft tone—

"And whom dost thou imagine thyself to be?"

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"Imagination hath nought to do with it! Dost thou pretend thou knowest me not for thy brother Miles Hendon?"

An expression of pleased surprise flitted across Hugh's face, and he exclaimed—

"What! thou art not jesting? can the dead come to life? God be praised if it be so! Our poor lost boy restored to our arms after all these cruel years! Ah, it seems too good to be true, it *is* too good to be true—I charge thee, have pity, do not trifle with me! Quick—come to the light—let me scan thee well!"

He seized Miles by the arm, dragged him to the window, and began to devour him from head to foot with his eyes, turning him this way and that, and stepping briskly around him and about him to prove him from all points of view; whilst the returned prodigal, all aglow with gladness, smiled, laughed, and kept nodding his head and saying—

"Go on, brother, go on, and fear not; thou'lt find nor limb nor feature that cannot bide the test. Scour and scan me to thy content, my good old Hugh—I am indeed thy old Miles, thy same old Miles, thy lost brother, is't not so? Ah, 'tis a great day—I *said* 'twas a great day! Give

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me thy hand, give me thy cheek—lord, I am like to die of very joy!"

He was about to throw himself upon his brother; but Hugh put up his hand in dissent, then dropped his chin mournfully upon his breast, saying with emotion—

"Ah, God of his mercy give me strength to bear this grievous disappointment!"

Miles, amazed, could not speak, for a moment; then he found his tongue, and cried out—

"*What* disappointment? Am I not thy brother?"

Hugh shook his head sadly, and said—

"I pray heaven it may prove so, and that other eyes may find the resemblances that are hid from mine. Alack, I fear me the letter spoke but too truly."

"What letter?"

"One that came from over sea, some six or seven years ago. It said my brother died in battle."

"It was a lie! Call thy father—he will know me."

"One may not call the dead."

"Dead?" Miles's voice was subdued, and his lips trembled. "My father dead!—oh, this is

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eavy news. Half my new joy is withered now. rithee let me see my brother Arthur—he will now me; he will know me and console me."

"He, also, is dead."

"God be merciful to me, a stricken man! one,—both gone—the worthy taken and the orthless spared, in me! Ah! I crave your ercy!—do not say the Lady Edith——"

"Is dead? No, she lives."

"Then, God be praised, my joy is whole gain! Speed thee, brother—let her come to e! An' *she* say I am not myself,—but she will ot; no, no, *she* will know me, I were a fool to oubt it. Bring her—bring the old servants; they, o, will know me."

"All are gone but five—Peter, Halsey, David, ernard, and Margaret."

So saying, Hugh left the room. Miles stood using a while, then began to walk the floor, uttering—

"The five arch-villains have survived the two-nd-twenty leal and honest—'tis an odd thing."

He continued walking back and forth, mutter-g to himself; he had forgotten the King entirely. y and by his Majesty said gravely, and with a uch of genuine compassion, though the words

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themselves were capable of being interpreted ironically—

"Mind not thy mischance, good man: there be others in the world whose identity is denied, and whose claims are derided. Thou hast company."

"Ah, my King," cried Hendon, colouring slightly, "do not thou condemn me—wait, and thou shalt see. I am no impostor—she will say it; you shall hear it from the sweetest lips in England. I an impostor? Why, I know this old hall, these pictures of my ancestors, and all these things that are about us, as a child knoweth its own nursery. Here was I born and bred, my lord; I speak the truth; I would not deceive thee; and should none else believe, I pray thee do not *thou* doubt me—I could not bear it."

"I do not doubt thee," said the King, with a childlike simplicity and faith.

"I thank thee out of my heart!" exclaimed Hendon, with a fervency which showed that he was touched. The King added with the same simplicity—

"Dost thou doubt *me?*"

A guilty confusion seized upon Hendon, and he was grateful that the door opened to admit

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Hugh, at that moment, and saved him the necesity of replying.

A beautiful lady, richly clothed, followed Hugh, and after her came several liveried servants. The lady walked slowly, with her head bowed and her eyes fixed upon the floor. The face was unspeakably sad. Miles Hendon sprang forward, crying out—

"Oh, my Edith, my darling——"

But Hugh waved him back, gravely, and said to the lady—

"Look upon him. Do you know him?"

At the sound of Miles's voice the woman had started slightly, and her cheeks had flushed; she was trembling now. She stood still, during an impressive pause of several moments; then slowly lifted up her head and looked into Hendon's eyes with a stony and frightened gaze; the blood sank out of her face, drop by drop, till nothing remained but the grey pallor of death; then she said, in a voice as dead as the face, "I know him not!" and turned, with a moan and a stifled sob, and tottered out of the room.

Miles Hendon sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. After a pause, his brother said to the servants—

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"You have observed him. Do you know him?"

They shook their heads; then the master said—

"The servants know you not, sir. I fear there is some mistake. You have seen that my wife knew you not."

"Thy *wife*!" [illegible] stant Hugh was pinned to the wall, with an [illegible]on grip about his throat. "Oh, thou fox-hearted slave, I see it all! Thou'st writ the lying letter thyself, and my stolen bride and goods are its fruit. There—now get thee gone, lest I shame mine honourable soldiership with the slaying of so pitiful a mannikin!"

Hugh, red-faced, and almost suffocated, reeled to the nearest chair, and commanded the servants to seize and bind the murderous stranger. They hesitated, and one of them said—

"He is armed, Sir Hugh, and we are weaponless."

"Armed! What of it, and ye so many? Upon him, I say!"

But Miles warned them to be careful what they did, and added—

"Ye know me of old—I have not changed; come on, an' it like you."

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This reminder did not hearten the servants much; they still held back.

"Then go, ye paltry cowards, and arm yourselves and guard the doors, whilst I send one to fetch the watch;" said Hugh. He turned at the threshold, and said to Mi[illegible] "You'll find it to your advantage to offer [illegible] with useless endeavours at escape."

"Escape? Spare thyself discomfort, an' that is all that troubles thee. For Miles Hendon is master of Hendon Hall and all its belongings. He will remain—doubt it not."

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DISOWNED.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

DISOWNED.

THE King sat musing a few moments, then looked up and said—

"'Tis strange—most strange. I cannot account for it."

"No, it is not strange, my liege. I know him, and this conduct is but natural. He was a rascal from his birth."

"Oh, I spake not of *him*, Sir Miles."

"Not of him? Then of what? What is it that is strange?"

"That the King is not missed."

"How? Which? I doubt I do not understand."

"Indeed? Doth it not strike you as being passing strange that the land is not filled with couriers and proclamations describing my person and making search for me? Is it no matter for commotion and distress that the Head of the

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State is gone?—that I am vanished away and lost?"

"Most true, my King, I had forgot." Then Hendon sighed, and muttered to himself, "Poor ruined mind—still busy with its pathetic dream."

"But I have a plan that shall right us both —I will write a paper, in three tongues—Latin, Greek, and English—and thou shalt haste away with it to London in the morning. Give it to none but my uncle, the Lord Hertford; when he shall see it, he will know and say I wrote it. Then he will send for me."

"Might it not be best, my prince, that we wait, here, until I prove myself and make my rights secure to my domains? I should be so much the better able then to——"

The King interrupted him imperiously—

"Peace! What are thy paltry domains, thy trivial interests, contrasted with matters which concern the weal of a nation and the integrity of a throne!" Then he added, in a gentle voice, as if he were sorry for his severity, "Obey, and have no fear; I will right thee, I will make thee whole—yes, more than whole. I shall remember, and requite."

So saying, he took the pen, and set himself

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to work. Hendon contemplated him lovingly a while, then said to himself—

"An' it were dark, I should think it *was* a king that spoke; there's no denying it, when the humour's upon him he doth thunder and lighten like your true King—now where got he that trick? See him scribble and scratch away contentedly at his meaningless pot-hooks, fancying them to be Latin and Greek—and except my wit shall serve me with a lucky device for diverting him from his purpose, I shall be forced to pretend to post away to-morrow on this wild errand he hath invented for me."

The next moment Sir Miles's thoughts had gone back to the recent episode. So absorbed was he in his musings, that when the King presently handed him the paper which he had been writing, he received it and pocketed it without being conscious of the act. "How marvellous strange she acted," he muttered. "I think she knew me—and I think she did *not* know me. These opinions do conflict, I perceive it plainly; I cannot reconcile them, neither can I, by argument, dismiss either of the two, or even persuade one to outweigh the other. The matter standeth simply thus: she *must* have known my face, my

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figure, my voice, for how could it be otherwise? yet she *said* she knew me not, and that is proof perfect, for she cannot lie. But stop—I think I begin to see. Peradventure he had influenced her—commanded her—compelled her, to lie. That is the solution! The riddle is unriddled. She seemed dead with fear—yes, she was under his compulsion. I will seek her; I will find her; now that he is away, she will speak her true mind. She will remember the old times when we were little playfellows together, and this will soften her heart, and she will no more betray me, but will confess me. There is no treacherous blood in her—no, she was always honest and true. She has loved me, in those old days—this is my security; for whom one has loved, one cannot betray."

He stepped eagerly toward the door; at that moment it opened, and the Lady Edith entered. She was very pale, but she walked with a firm step, and her carriage was full of grace and gentle dignity. Her face was as sad as before.

Miles sprang forward with a happy confidence, to meet her, but she checked him with a hardly perceptible gesture, and he stopped where he

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was. She seated herself, and asked him to do likewise. Thus simply did she take the sense of old-comradeship out of him, and transform him into a stranger and a guest. The surprise of it, the bewildering unexpectedness of it, made him begin to question, for a moment, if he *was* the person he was pretending to be, after all. The Lady Edith said—

"Sir, I have come to warn you. The mad cannot be persuaded out of their delusions, perchance; but doubtless they may be persuaded to avoid perils. I think this dream of yours hath the seeming of honest truth to you, and therefore is not criminal—but do not tarry here with it; for here it is dangerous." She looked steadily into Miles's face a moment, then added, impressively, "It is the more dangerous for that you *are* much like what our lost lad must have grown to be if he had lived."

"Heavens, madam, but I *am* he!"

"I truly think you think it, sir. I question not your honesty in that—I but warn you, that is all. My husband is master in this region; his power hath hardly any limit; the people prosper or starve, as he wills. If you resembled not the man whom

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you profess to be, my husband might bid you pleasure yourself with your dream in peace; but trust me, I know him well, I know what he will do; he will say to all that you are but a mad impostor, and straightway all will echo him." She bent upon Miles that same steady look once more, and added: "If you *were* Miles Hendon, and he knew it and all the region knew it—consider what I am saying, weigh it well—you would stand in the same peril, your punishment would be no less sure; he would deny you and denounce you, and none would be bold enough to give you countenance."

"Most truly I believe it," said Miles, bitterly. "The power that can command one life-long friend to betray and disown another, and be obeyed, may well look to be obeyed in quarters where bread and life are on the stake and no cobweb ties of loyalty and honour are concerned."

A faint tinge appeared for a moment in the lady's cheek, and she dropped her eyes to the floor; but her voice betrayed no emotion when she proceeded—

"I have warned you, I must still warn you, to

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go hence. This man will destroy you, else. He is a tyrant who knows no pity. I, who am his fettered slave, know this. Poor Miles, and Arthur, and my dear guardian, Sir Richard, are free of him, and at rest—better that you were with them than that you bide here in the clutches of this miscreant. Your pretensions are a menace to his title and possessions; you have assaulted him in his own house—you are ruined if you stay. Go—do not hesitate. If you lack money, take this purse, I beg of you, and bribe the servants to let you pass. Oh, be warned, poor soul, and escape while you may."

Miles declined the purse with a gesture, and rose up and stood before her.

"Grant me one thing," he said. "Let your eyes rest upon mine, so that I may see if they be steady. There—now answer me. Am I Miles Hendon?"

"No. I know you not."

"Swear it!"

The answer was low, but distinct—

"I swear."

"Oh, this passes belief!"

"Fly! Why will you waste the precious time? Fly, and save yourself."

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At that moment the officers burst into the room and a violent struggle began; but Hendon was soon overpowered and dragged away. The King was taken, also, and both were bound, and led to prison.

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IN PRISON.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

IN PRISON.

THE cells were all crowded; so the two friends were chained in a large room where persons charged with trifling offences were commonly kept. They had company, for there were some twenty manacled and fettered prisoners here, of both sexes and of varying ages,—an obscene and noisy gang. The King chafed bitterly over the stupendous indignity thus put upon his royalty, but Hendon was moody and taciturn. He was pretty thoroughly bewildered. He had come home, a jubilant prodigal, expecting to find everybody wild with joy over his return; and instead had got the cold shoulder and a jail. The promise and the fulfilment differed so widely, that the effect was stunning; he could not decide whether it was most tragic or most grotesque. He felt much as a man might who had danced

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blithely out to enjoy a rainbow, and got struck by lightning.

But gradually his confused and tormenting thoughts settled down into some sort of order, and then his mind centred itself upon Edith. He turned her conduct over, and examined it in all lights, but he could not make anything satisfactory out of it. Did she know him?—or didn't she know him? It was a perplexing puzzle, and occupied him a long time; but he ended, finally, with the conviction that she did know him, and had repudiated him for interested reasons. He wanted to load her name with curses now; but this name had so long been sacred to him that he found he could not bring his tongue to profane it.

Wrapped in prison blankets of a soiled and tattered condition, Hendon and the King passed a troubled night. For a bribe the jailer had furnished liquor to some of the prisoners; singing of ribald songs, fighting, shouting, and carousing, was the natural consequence. At last, a while after midnight, a man attacked a woman and nearly killed her by beating her over the head with his manacles before the jailer could come to the rescue. The jailer restored peace by giv-

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ng the man a sound clubbing about the head and shoulders—then the carousing ceased; and after that, all had an opportunity to sleep who did not mind the annoyance of the moanings and groanings of the two wounded people.

During the ensuing week, the days and nights were of a monotonous sameness, as to events; men whose faces Hendon remembered more or less distinctly, came, by day, to gaze at the "imposter" and repudiate and insult him; and by night the carousing and brawling went on, with symmetrical regularity. However, there was a change of incident at last. The jailer brought in an old man, and said to him—

"The villain is in this room—cast thy old eyes about and see if thou canst say which is he."

Hendon glanced up, and experienced a pleasant sensation for the first time since he had been in the jail. He said to himself, "This is Blake Andrews, a servant all his life in my father's family—a good honest soul, with a right heart in his breast. That is, formerly. But none are true, now; all are liars. This man will know me—and will deny me, too, like the rest."

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The old man gazed around the room, glanced at each face in turn, and finally said—

"I see none here but paltry knaves, scum o' the streets. Which is he?"

The jailer laughed.

"Here," he said; "scan this big animal, and grant me an opinion."

The old man approached, and looked Hendon over, long and earnestly, then shook his head and said—

"Marry, *this* is no Hendon—nor ever was!"

"Right! Thy old eyes are sound yet. An' I were Sir Hugh, I would take the shabby carle and——"

The jailer finished by lifting himself a-tip-toe with an imaginary halter, at the same time making a gurgling noise in his throat suggestive of suffocation. The old man said, vindictively—

"Let him bless God an' he fare no worse. An' *I* had the handling o' the villain he should roast, or I am no true man!"

The jailer laughed a pleasant hyena laugh, and said—

"Give him a piece of thy mind, old man—they all do it. Thou'lt find it good diversion."

Then he sauntered toward his ante-room and

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disappeared. The old man dropped upon his knees and whispered—

"God be thanked, thou'rt come again, my master! I believed thou wert dead these seven years, and lo, here thou art alive! I knew thee the moment I saw thee; and main hard work it was to keep a stony countenance and seem to see none here but tuppenny knaves and rubbish o' the streets. I am old and poor, Sir Miles; but say the word and I will go forth and proclaim the truth though I be strangled for it."

"No," said Hendon; "thou shalt not. It would ruin thee, and yet help but little in my cause. But I thank thee; for thou hast given me back somewhat of my lost faith in my kind."

The old servant became very valuable to Hendon and the King; for he dropped in several times a day to "abuse" the former, and always smuggled in a few delicacies to help out the prison bill of fare; he also furnished the current news. Hendon reserved the dainties for the King; without them his Majesty might not have survived, for he was not able to eat the coarse and wretched food provided by the jailer. Andrews was obliged to confine himself to brief visits, in order to avoid suspicion; but he man-

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aged to impart a fair degree of information each time—information delivered in a low voice, for Hendon's benefit, and interlarded with insulting epithets delivered in a louder voice, for the benefit of other hearers.

So, little by little, the story of the family came out. Arthur had been dead six years. This loss, with the absence of news from Hendon, impaired the father's health; he believed he was going to die, and he wished to see Hugh and Edith settled in life before he passed away; but Edith begged hard for delay, hoping for Miles's return; then the letter came which brought the news of Miles's death; the shock prostrated Sir Richard; he believed his end was very near, and he and Hugh insisted upon the marriage; Edith begged for and obtained a month's respite; then another, and finally a third; the marriage then took place, by the death-bed of Sir Richard. It had not proved a happy one. It was whispered about the country that shortly after the nuptials the bride found among her husband's papers several rough and incomplete drafts of the fatal letter, and had accused him of precipitating the marriage—and Sir Richard's death, too—by a wicked forgery. Tales of cruelty to the Lady

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Edith and the servants were to be heard on all hands; and since the father's death Sir Hugh had thrown off all soft disguises and become a pitiless master toward all who in any way depended upon him and his domains for bread.

There was a bit of Andrews's gossip which the King listened to with a lively interest—

"There is rumour that the King is mad. But in charity forbear to say *I* mentioned it, for 'tis death to speak of it, they say."

His Majesty glared at the old man and said—

"The King is *not* mad, good man—and thou'lt find it to thy advantage to busy thyself with matters that nearer concern thee than this seditious prattle."

"What doth the lad mean?" said Andrews, surprised at this brisk assault from such an unexpected quarter. Hendon gave him a sign, and he did not pursue his question, but went on with his budget—

"The late King is to be buried at Windsor in a day or two—the 16th of the month,—and the new King will be crowned at Westminster the 20th."

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"Methinks they must needs find him first," muttered his Majesty; then added, confidently, "but they will look to that—and so also shall I."

"In the name of——"

But the old man got no further—a warning sign from Hendon checked his remark. He resumed the thread of his gossip—

"Sir Hugh goeth to the coronation—and with grand hopes. He confidently looketh to come back a peer, for he is high in favour with the Lord Protector."

"What Lord Protector?" asked his Majesty.

"His grace the Duke of Somerset."

"What Duke of Somerset?"

"Marry, there is but one—Seymour, Earl of Hertford."

The King asked, sharply—

"Since when is *he* a duke, and Lord Protector?"

"Since the last day of January."

"And prithee who made him so?"

"Himself and the Great Council—with help of the King."

His Majesty started violently. "The *King!*" he cried. "*What* king, good sir?"

"What king, indeed! (God-a-mercy, what

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aileth the boy?) Sith we have but one, 'tis not difficult to answer—his most sacred Majesty King Edward the Sixth—whom God preserve! Yea, and a dear and gracious little urchin is he, too; and whether he be mad or no—and they say he mendeth daily—his praises are on all men's lips; and all bless him, likewise, and offer prayers that he may be spared to reign long in England; for he began humanely, with saving the old Duke of Norfolk's life, and now is he bent on destroying the cruellest of the laws that harry and oppress the people."

This news struck his Majesty dumb with amazement, and plunged him into so deep and dismal a reverie that he heard no more of the old man's gossip. He wondered if the "little urchin" was the beggar-boy whom he left dressed in his own garments in the palace. It did not seem possible that this could be, for surely his manners and speech would betray him if he pretended to be the Prince of Wales—then he would be driven out, and search made for the true prince. Could it be that the Court had set up some sprig of the nobility in his place? No, for his uncle would not allow that—he was all-powerful and could and would crush such a

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movement, of course. The boy's musings profited him nothing; the more he tried to unriddle the mystery the more perplexed he became, the more his head ached, and the worse he slept. His impatience to get to London grew hourly, and his captivity became almost unendurable.

Hendon's arts all failed with the King—he could not be comforted; but a couple of women who were chained near him succeeded better. Under their gentle ministrations he found peace and learned a degree of patience. He was very grateful, and came to love them dearly and to delight in the sweet and soothing influence of their presence. He asked them why they were in prison, and when they said they were Baptists, he smiled, and inquired—

"Is that a crime to be shut up for, in a prison? Now I grieve, for I shall lose ye—they will not keep ye long for such a little thing."

They did not answer; and something in their faces made him uneasy. He said, eagerly—

"You do not speak—be good to me, and tell me—there will be no other punishment? Prithee tell me there is no fear of that."

They tried to change the topic, but his fears were aroused, and he pursued it—

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"Will they scourge thee? No, no, they would not be so cruel! Say they would not. Come, they *will* not, will they?"

The women betrayed confusion and distress, but there was no avoiding an answer, so one of them said, in a voice choked with emotion—

"Oh, thou'lt break our hearts, thou gentle spirit!—God will help us to bear our——"

"It is a confession!" the King broke in. "Then they *will* scourge thee, the stony-hearted wretches! But oh, thou must not weep, I cannot bear it. Keep up thy courage—I shall come to my own in time to save thee from this bitter thing, and I will do it!"

When the King awoke in the morning, the women were gone.

"They are saved!" he said, joyfully; then added, despondently, "but woe is me!—for they were my comforters."

Each of them had left a shred of ribbon pinned to his clothing, in token of remembrance. He said he would keep these things always; and that soon he would seek out these dear good friends of his and take them under his protection.

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Just then the jailer came in with some subordinates and commanded that the prisoners be conducted to the jail-yard. The King was overjoyed—it would be a blessed thing to see the blue sky and breathe the fresh air once more. He fretted and chafed at the slowness of the officers, but his turn came at last, and he was released from his staple and ordered to follow the other prisoners, with Hendon.

The court or quadrangle was stone-paved, and open to the sky. The prisoners entered it through a massive archway of masonry, and were placed in file, standing, with their backs against the wall. A rope was stretched in front of them, and they were also guarded by their officers. It was a chill and lowering morning, and a light snow which had fallen during the night whitened the great empty space and added to the general dismalness of its aspect. Now and then a wintry wind shivered through the place and sent the snow eddying hither and thither.

In the centre of the court stood two women, chained to posts. A glance showed the King that these were his good friends. He shuddered, and said to himself, "Alack, they are not gone free, as I had thought. To think that such as

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these should know the lash!—in England! Ay, there's the shame of it—not in Heathenesse, but Christian England! They will be scourged; and I, whom they have comforted and kindly entreated, must look on and see the great wrong done; it is strange, so strange! that I, the very source of power in this broad realm, am helpless to protect them. But let these miscreants look well to themselves, for there is a day coming when I will require of them a heavy reckoning for this work. For every blow they strike now, they shall feel a hundred then."

A great gate swung open, and a crowd of citizens poured in. They flocked around the two women, and hid them from the King's view. A clergyman entered and passed through the crowd, and he also was hidden. The King now heard talking, back and forth, as if questions were being asked and answered, but he could not make out what was said. Next there was a deal of bustle and preparation, and much passing and repassing of officials through that part of the crowd that stood on the further side of the women; and whilst this proceeded a deep hush gradually fell upon the people.

Now, by command, the masses parted and

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fell aside, and the King saw a spectacle that froze the marrow in his bones. Faggots had been piled about the two women, and a kneeling man was lighting them!

The women bowed their heads, and covered their faces with their hands; the yellow flames began to climb upward among the snapping and crackling faggots, and wreaths of blue smoke to stream away on the wind; the clergyman lifted his hands and began a prayer—just then two young girls came flying through the great gate, uttering piercing screams, and threw themselves upon the women at the stake. Instantly they were torn away by the officers, and one of them was kept in a tight grip, but the other broke loose, saying she would die with her mother; and before she could be stopped she had flung her arms about her mother's neck again. She was torn away once more, and with her gown on fire. Two or tree men held her, and the burning portion of her gown was snatched off and thrown flaming aside, she struggling all the while to free herself, and saying she would be alone in the world, now; and begging to be allowed to die with her mother. Both the girls screamed continually, and fought for freedom; but suddenly

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this tumult was drowned under a volley of heart-piercing shrieks of mortal agony,—the King glanced from the frantic girls to the stake, then turned away and leaned his ashen face against the wall, and looked no more. He said, "That which I have seen, in that one little moment, will never go out from my memory, but will abide there; and I shall see it all the days, and dream of it all the nights, till I die. Would God I had been blind!"

Hendon was watching the King. He said to himself, with satisfaction, "His disorder mendeth; he hath changed, and groweth gentler. If he had followed his wont, he would have stormed at these varlets, and said he was King, and commanded that the women be turned loose unscathed. Soon his delusion will pass away and be forgotten, and his poor mind will be whole again. God speed the day!"

That same day several prisoners were brought in to remain over night, who were being conveyed, under guard, to various places in the kingdom, to undergo punishment for crimes committed. The King conversed with these,—he had made it a point, from the beginning, to instruct

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himself for the kingly office by questioning prisoners whenever the opportunity offered—and the tale of their woes wrung his heart. One of them was a poor half-witted woman who had stolen a yard or two of cloth from a weaver—she was to be hanged for it. Another was a man who had been accused of stealing a horse; he said the proof had failed, and he had imagined that he was safe from the halter; but no—he was hardly free before he was arraigned for killing a deer in the King's park; this was proved against him, and now he was on his way to the gallows. There was a tradesman's apprentice whose case particularly distressed the King; this youth said he found a hawk, one evening, that had escaped from its owner, and he took it home with him, imagining himself entitled to it; but the court convicted him of stealing it, and sentenced him to death.

The King was furious over these inhumanities, and wanted Hendon to break jail and fly with him to Westminster, so that he could mount his throne and hold out his sceptre in mercy over these unfortunate people and save their lives. "Poor child," sighed Hendon, "these woful tales have brought his malady upon him again—alack,

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but for this evil hap, he would have been well in a little time."

Among these prisoners was an old lawyer—a man with a strong face and a dauntless mien. Three years past, he had written a pamphlet against the Lord Chancellor, accusing him of injustice, and had been punished for it by the loss of his ears in the pillory, and degradation from the bar, and in addition had been fined 3,000*l.* and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Lately he had repeated his offence; and in consequence was now under sentence to lose *what remained of his ears*, pay a fine of 5,000*l.*, be branded on both cheeks, and remain in prison for life.

"These be honourable scars," he said, and turned back his grey hair and showed the mutilated stubs of what had once been his ears.

The King's eye burned with passion. He said—

"None believe in me—neither wilt thou. But no matter—within the compass of a month thou shalt be free; and more, the laws that have dishonoured thee, and shamed the English name, shall be swept from the statute books. The

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world is made wrong; kings should go to school to their own laws, at times, and so learn mercy."*

* See Notes to Chapter XXVII., at end of this volume.

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THE SACRIFICE.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SACRIFICE.

MEANTIME Miles was growing sufficiently tired of confinement and inaction. But now his trial came on, to his great gratification, and he thought he could welcome any sentence provided a further imprisonment should not be a part of it. But he was mistaken about that. He was in a fine fury when he found himself described as a "sturdy vagabond" and sentenced to sit two hours in the pillory for bearing that character and for assaulting the master of Hendon Hall. His pretensions as to brothership with his prosecutor, and rightful heirship to the Hendon honours and estates, were left contemptuously unnoticed, as being not even worth examination.

He raged and threatened, on his way to punishment, but it did no good; he was snatched roughly along by the officers, and got an occasional cuff, besides, for his irreverent conduct.

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The King could not pierce through the rabble that swarmed behind; so he was obliged to follow in the rear, remote from his good friend and servant. The King had been nearly condemned to the stocks himself for being in such bad company, but had been let off with a lecture and a warning, in consideration of his youth. When the crowd at last halted, he flitted feverishly from point to point around its outer rim, hunting a place to get through; and at last, after a deal of difficulty and delay, succeeded. There sat his poor henchman in the degrading stocks, the sport and butt of a dirty mob—he, the body servant of the King of England! Edward had heard the sentence pronounced, but he had not realised the half that it meant. His anger began to rise as the sense of this new indignity which had been put upon him sank home; it jumped to summer heat, the next moment, when he saw an egg sail through the air and crush itself against Hendon's cheek, and heard the crowd roar its enjoyment of the episode. He sprang across the open circle and confronted the officer in charge, crying—

"For shame! This is my servant—set him free! I am the——"

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"Oh, peace!" exclaimed Hendon, in a panic, "thou'lt destroy thyself. Mind him not, officer, he is mad."

"Give thyself no trouble as to the matter of minding him, good man, I have small mind to mind him; but as to teaching him somewhat, to that I am well inclined." He turned to a subordinate and said, "Give the little fool a taste or two of the lash, to mend his manners."

"Half a dozen will better serve his turn," suggested Sir Hugh, who had ridden up, a moment before, to take a passing glance at the proceedings.

The King was seized. He did not even struggle, so paralysed was he with the mere thought of the monstrous outrage that was proposed to be inflicted upon his sacred person. History was already defiled with the record of the scourging of an English King with whips—it was an intolerable reflection that he must furnish a duplicate of that shameful page. He was in the toils, there was no help for him: he must either take this punishment or beg for its remission. Hard conditions; he would take the stripes—a king might do that, but a king could not beg.

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But meantime, Miles Hendon was resolving the difficulty. "Let the child go," said he; "ye heartless dogs, do ye not see how young and frail he is? Let him go—I will take his lashes."

"Marry, a good thought,—and thanks for it," said Sir Hugh, his face lighting with a sardonic satisfaction. "Let the little beggar go, and give this fellow a dozen in his place—an honest dozen, well laid on." The King was in the act of entering a fierce protest, but Sir Hugh silenced him with the potent remark, "Yes, speak up, do, and free thy mind—only, mark ye, that for each word you utter he shall get six strokes the more."

Hendon was removed from the stocks, and his back laid bare; and whilst the lash was applied the poor little King turned away his face and allowed unroyal tears to channel his cheeks unchecked. "Ah, brave good heart," he said to himself, "this loyal deed shall never perish out of my memory. I will not forget it—and neither shall *they!*" he added, with passion. Whilst he mused, his appreciation of Hendon's magnanimous conduct grew to greater and still greater dimensions in his mind, and so also did his gratefulness for it. Presently he said to himself, "Who saves his prince from wounds and possible death

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—and this he did for me—performs high service; but it is little—it is nothing!—oh, less than nothing!—when 'tis weighed against the act of him who saves his prince from SHAME!"

Hendon made no outcry under the scourge, but bore the heavy blows with soldierly fortitude. This, together with his redeeming the boy by taking his stripes for him, compelled the respect of even that forlorn and degraded mob that was gathered there; and its gibes and hootings died away, and no sound remained but the sound of the falling blows. The stillness that pervaded the place, when Hendon found himself once more in the stocks, was in strong contrast with the insulting clamour which had prevailed there so little a while before. The King came softly to Hendon's side, and whispered in his ear—

"Kings cannot ennoble thee, thou good, great soul, for One who is higher than kings hath done that for thee; but a king can confirm thy nobility to men." He picked up the scourge from the ground, touched Hendon's bleeding shoulders lightly with it, and whispered, "Edward of England dubs thee Earl!"

Hendon was touched. The water welled to his eyes, yet at the same time the grisly humour

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of the situation and circumstances so undermined his gravity that it was all he could do to keep some sign of his inward mirth from showing outside. To be suddenly hoisted, naked and gory, from the common stocks to the Alpine altitude and splendour of an Earldom, seemed to him the last possibility in the line of the grotesque. He said to himself, "Now am I finely tinselled, indeed! The spectre-knight of the Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows is become a spectre-earl! —a dizzy flight for a callow wing! An' this go on, I shall presently be hung like a very maypole with fantastic gauds and make-believe honours. But I shall value them, all valueless as they are, for the love that doth bestow them. Better these poor mock dignities of mine, that come unasked, from a clean hand and a right spirit, than real ones bought by servility from grudging and interested power."

The dreaded Sir Hugh wheeled his horse about, and as he spurred away, the living wall divided silently to let him pass, and as silently closed together again. And so remained; nobody went so far as to venture a remark in favour of the prisoner, or in compliment to him; but no matter, the absence of abuse was a sufficient

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homage in itself. A late comer who was not posted as to the present circumstances, and who delivered a sneer at the "impostor," and was in the act of following it with a dead cat, was promptly knocked down and kicked out, without any words, and then the deep quiet resumed sway once more.

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TO LONDON.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

TO LONDON.

WHEN Hendon's term of service in the stocks was finished, he was released and ordered to quit the region and come back no more. His sword was restored to him, and also his mule and his donkey. He mounted and rode off, followed by the King, the crowd opening with quiet respectfulness to let them pass, and then dispersing when they were gone.

Hendon was soon absorbed in thought. There were questions of high import to be answered. What should he do? Whither should he go? Powerful help must be found, somewhere, or he must relinquish his inheritance and remain under the imputation of being an impostor besides. Where could he hope to find this powerful help? Where, indeed! It was a knotty question. By and by a thought occurred to him which pointed to a possibility—the slenderest of slender possibilities,

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certainly, but still worth considering, for lack of any other that promised anything at all. He remembered what old Andrews had said about the young King's goodness and his generous championship of the wronged and unfortunate. Why not go and try to get speech of him and beg for justice? Ah, yes, but could so fantastic a pauper get admission to the august presence of a monarch? Never mind—let that matter take care of itself; it was a bridge that would not need to be crossed till he should come to it. He was an old campaigner, and used to inventing shifts and expedients: no doubt he would be able to find a way. Yes, he would strike for the capital. Maybe his father's old friend Sir Humphrey Marlow would help him—"good old Sir Humphrey, Head Lieutenant of the late King's kitchen, or stables, or something"—Miles could not remember just what or which. Now that he had something to turn his energies to, a distinctly defined object to accomplish, the fog of humiliation and depression which had settled down upon his spirits lifted and blew away, and he raised his head and looked about him. He was surprised to see how far he had come; the village was away behind him. The King was jogging along in his wake,

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with his head bowed; for he, too, was deep in plans and thinkings. A sorrowful misgiving clouded Hendon's new-born cheerfulness: would the boy be willing to go again to a city where, during all his brief life, he had never known anything but ill-usage and pinching want? But the question must be asked; it could not be avoided; so Hendon reined up, and called out—

"I had forgotten to inquire whither we are bound. Thy commands, my liege!"

"To London!"

Hendon moved on again, mightily contented with the answer—but astounded at it, too.

The whole journey was made without an adventure of importance. But it ended with one. About ten o'clock on the night of the 19th of February, they stepped upon London Bridge, in the midst of a writhing, struggling jam of howling and hurrahing people, whose beer-jolly faces stood out strongly in the glare from manifold torches—and at that instant the decaying head of some former duke or other grandee tumbled down between them, striking Hendon on the elbow and then bounding off among the hurrying confusion of feet. So evanescent and unstable are men's works, in this world!—the late good King is but three weeks

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dead and three days in his grave, and already the adornments which he took such pains to select from prominent people for his noble bridge are falling. A citizen stumbled over that head, and drove his own head into the back of somebody in front of him, who turned and knocked down the first person that came handy, and was promptly laid out himself by that person's friend. It was the right ripe time for a free fight, for the festivities of the morrow—Coronation Day—were already beginning; everybody was full of strong drink and patriotism; within five minutes the free fight was occupying a good deal of ground; within ten or twelve it covered an acre or so, and was become a riot. By this time Hendon and the King were hopelessly separated from each other and lost in the rush and turmoil of the roaring masses of humanity. And so we leave them.

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TOM'S PROGRESS.

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CHAPTER XXX.

TOM'S PROGRESS.

WHILST the true King wandered about the land poorly clad, poorly fed, cuffed and derided by tramps one while, herding with thieves and murderers in a jail another, and called idiot and impostor by all impartially, the mock King Tom Canty enjoyed quite a different experience.

When we saw him last, royalty was just beginning to have a bright side for him. This bright side went on brightening more and more every day: in a very little while it was become almost all sunshine and delightfulness. He lost his fears; his misgivings faded out and died; his embarrassments departed, and gave place to an easy and confident bearing. He worked the whipping-boy mine to ever-increasing profit.

He ordered my Lady Elizabeth and my Lady Jane Grey into his presence when he wanted to play or talk, and dismissed them when he was

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done with them, with the air of one familiarly accustomed to such performances. It no longer confused him to have these lofty personages kiss his hand at parting.

He came to enjoy being conducted to bed in state at night, and dressed with intricate and solemn ceremony in the morning. It came to be a proud pleasure to march to dinner attended by a glittering procession of officers of state and gentlemen-at-arms; insomuch, indeed, that he doubled his guard of gentlemen-at-arms, and made them a hundred. He liked to hear the bugles sounding down the long corridors, and the distant voices responding, "Way for the King!"

He even learned to enjoy sitting in throned state in council, and seeming to be something more than the Lord Protector's mouthpiece. He liked to receive great ambassadors and their gorgeous trains, and listen to the affectionate messages they brought from illustrious monarchs who called him "brother." O happy Tom Canty, late of Offal Court!

He enjoyed his splendid clothes, and ordered more: he found his four hundred servants too few for his proper grandeur, and trebled them. The adulation of salaaming courtiers came to be

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sweet music to his ears. He remained kind and gentle, and a sturdy and determined champion of all that were oppressed, and he made tireless war upon unjust laws: yet upon occasion, being offended, he could turn upon an earl, or even a duke, and give him a look that would make him tremble. Once, when his royal "sister," the grimly holy Lady Mary, set herself to reason with him against the wisdom of his course in pardoning so many people who would otherwise be jailed, or hanged, or burned, and reminded him that their august late father's prisons had sometimes contained as high as sixty thousand convicts at one time, and that during his admirable reign he had delivered seventy-two thousand thieves and robbers over to death by the executioner,* the boy was filled with generous indignation, and commanded her to go to her closet, and beseech God to take away the stone that was in her breast, and give her a human heart.

Did Tom Canty never feel troubled about the poor little rightful prince who had treated him so kindly, and flown out with such hot zeal to avenge him upon the insolent sentinel at the palace-gate?

* Hume's England.

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Yes; his first royal days and nights were pretty well sprinkled with painful thoughts about the lost prince, and with sincere longings for his return, and happy restoration to his native rights and splendours. But as time wore on, and the prince did not come, Tom's mind became more and more occupied with his new and enchanting experiences, and by little and little the vanished monarch faded almost out of his thoughts; and finally, when he did intrude upon them at intervals, he was become an unwelcome spectre, for he made Tom feel guilty and ashamed.

Tom's poor mother and sisters travelled the same road out of his mind. At first he pined for them, sorrowed for them, longed to see them, but later, the thought of their coming some day in their rags and dirt, and betraying him with their kisses, and pulling him down from his lofty place, and dragging him back to penury and degradation and the slums, made him shudder. At last they ceased to trouble his thoughts almost wholly. And he was content, even glad: for, whenever their mournful and accusing faces did rise before him now, they made him feel more despicable than the worms that crawl.

At midnight of the 19th of February, Tom

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Canty was sinking to sleep in his rich bed in the palace, guarded by his loyal vassals, and surrounded by the pomps of royalty, a happy boy; for to-morrow was the day appointed for his solemn crowning as King of England. At that same hour, Edward, the true king, hungry and thirsty, soiled and draggled, worn with travel, and clothed in rags and shreds,—his share of the results of the riot, — was wedged in among a crowd of people who were watching with deep interest certain hurrying gangs of workmen who streamed in and out of Westminster Abbey, busy as ants: they were making the last preparation for the royal coronation.

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THE RECOGNITION PROCESSION.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

THE RECOGNITION PROCESSION.

WHEN Tom Canty awoke the next morning, the air was heavy with a thunderous murmur: all the distances were charged with it. It was music to him; for it meant that the English world was out in its strength to give loyal welcome to the great day.

Presently Tom found himself once more the chief figure in a wonderful floating pageant on the Thames; for by ancient custom the "recognition procession" through London must start from the Tower, and he was bound thither.

When he arrived there, the sides of the venerable fortress seemed suddenly rent in a thousand places, and from every rent leaped a red tongue of flame and a white gush of smoke; a deafening explosion followed, which drowned the shoutings of the multitude, and made the ground tremble; the flame-jets, the smoke, and the ex-

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plosions, were repeated over and over again with marvellous celerity, so that in a few moments the old Tower disappeared in the vast fog of its own smoke, all but the very top of the tall pile called the White Tower; this, with its banners, stood out above the dense bank of vapour as a mountain-peak projects above a cloud-rack.

Tom Canty, splendidly arrayed, mounted a prancing war-steed, whose rich trappings almost reached to the ground; his "uncle," the Lord Protector Somerset, similarly mounted, took place in his rear; the King's Guard formed in single ranks on either side, clad in burnished armour; after the Protector followed a seemingly interminable procession of resplendent nobles attended by their vassals; after these came the lord mayor and the aldermanic body, in crimson velvet robes, and with their gold chains across their breasts; and after these the officers and members of all the guilds of London, in rich raiment, and bearing the showy banners of the several corporations. Also in the procession, as a special guard of honour through the city, was the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company —an organisation already three hundred years old at that time, and the only military body in

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England possessing the privilege (which it still possesses in our day) of holding itself independent of the commands of Parliament. It was a brilliant spectacle, and was hailed with acclamations all along the line, as it took its stately way through the packed multitudes of citizens. The chronicler says, "The King, as he entered the city, was received by the people with prayers, welcomings, cries, and tender words, and all signs which argue an earnest love of subjects toward their sovereign; and the King, by holding up his glad countenance to such as stood afar off, and most tender language to those that stood nigh his Grace, showed himself no less thankful to receive the people's goodwill than they to offer it. To all that wished him well, he gave thanks. To such as bade 'God save his Grace,' he said in return, 'God save you all!' and added that 'he thanked them with all his heart.' Wonderfully transported were the people with the loving answers and gestures of their King."

In Fenchurch Street a "fair child, in costly apparel," stood on a stage to welcome his Majesty to the city. The last verse of his greeting was in these words:—

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"Welcome, O King! as much as hearts can think;
Welcome, again, as much as tongue can tell,—
Welcome to joyous tongues, and hearts that will not shrink:
God thee preserve, we pray, and wish thee ever well."

The people burst forth in a glad shout, repeating with one voice what the child had said. Tom Canty gazed abroad over the surging sea of eager faces, and his heart swelled with exultation; and he felt that the one thing worth living for in this world was to be a king, and a nation's idol. Presently he caught sight, at a distance, of a couple of his ragged Offal Court comrades, —one of them the lord high admiral in his late mimic court, the other the first lord of the bedchamber in the same pretentious fiction; and his pride swelled higher than ever. Oh, if they could only recognise him now! What unspeakable glory it would be, if they could recognise him, and realise that the derided mock king of the slums and back alleys was become a real King, with illustrious dukes and princes for his humble menials, and the English world at his feet! But he had to deny himself, and choke down his desire, for such a recognition might cost more than it would come to: so he turned away his head, and left the two soiled lads to

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go on with their shoutings and glad adulations, unsuspicious of whom it was they were lavishing them upon.

Every now and then rose the cry, "A largess! a largess!" and Tom responded by scattering a handful of bright new coins abroad for the multitude to scramble for.

The chronicler says, "At the upper end of Gracechurch Street, before the sign of the Eagle, the city had erected a gorgeous arch, beneath which was a stage, which stretched from one side of the street to the other. This was an historical pageant, representing the King's immediate progenitors. There sat Elizabeth of York in the midst of an immense white rose, whose petals formed elaborate furbelows around her; by her side was Henry VII., issuing out of a vast red rose, disposed in the same manner: the hands of the royal pair were locked together, and the wedding-ring ostentatiously displayed. From the red and white roses proceeded a stem, which reached up to a second stage, occupied by Henry VIII., issuing from a red-and-white rose, with the effigy of the new King's mother, Jane Seymour, represented by his side. One branch sprang from this pair, which mounted to a third

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stage, where sat the effigy of Edward VI. himself, enthroned in royal majesty; and the whole pageant was framed with wreaths of roses, red and white."

This quaint and gaudy spectacle so wrought upon the rejoicing people, that their acclamations utterly smothered the small voice of the child whose business it was to explain the thing in eulogistic rhymes. But Tom Canty was not sorry; for this loyal uproar was sweeter music to him than any poetry, no matter what its quality might be. Whithersoever Tom turned his happy young face, the people recognised the exactness of his effigy's likeness to himself, the flesh and blood counterpart; and new whirlwinds of applause burst forth.

The great pageant moved on, and still on, under one triumphal arch after another, and past a bewildering succession of spectacular and symbolical tableaux, each of which typified and exalted some virtue, or talent, or merit, of the little King's. "Throughout the whole of Cheapside, from every penthouse and window, hung banners and streamers; and the richest carpets, stuffs, and cloth-of-gold tapestried the streets,—specimens of the great wealth of the stores within; and the

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splendour of this thoroughfare was equalled in the other streets, and in some even surpassed."

"And all these wonders and these marvels are to welcome me—me!" murmured Tom Canty.

The mock King's cheeks were flushed with excitement, his eyes were flashing, his senses swam in a delirium of pleasure. At this point, just as he was raising his hand to fling another rich largess, he caught sight of a pale, astounded face, which was strained forward out of the second rank of the crowd, its intense eyes riveted upon him. A sickening consternation struck through him; he recognised his mother! and up flew his hand, palm outward before his eyes,—that old involuntary gesture, born of a forgotten episode, and perpetuated by habit. In an instant more she had torn her way out of the press, and past the guards, and was at his side. She embraced his leg, she covered it with kisses, she cried, "O my child, my darling!" lifting toward him a face that was transfigured with joy and love. The same instant an officer of the King's Guard snatched her away with a curse, and sent her reeling back whence she came with a vigorous impulse from his strong arm. The words "I do not know you, woman!" were falling from

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Tom Canty's lips when this piteous thing occurred; but it smote him to the heart to see her treated so; and as she turned for a last glimpse of him, whilst the crowd was swallowing her from his sight, she seemed so wounded, so broken-hearted, that a shame fell upon him which consumed his pride to ashes, and withered his stolen royalty. His grandeurs were stricken valueless: they seemed to fall away from him like rotten rags.

The procession moved on, and still on, through ever augmenting splendours and ever augmenting tempests of welcome; but to Tom Canty they were as if they had not been. He neither saw nor heard. Royalty had lost its grace and sweetness; its pomps were become a reproach. Remorse was eating his heart out. He said, "Would God I were free of my captivity!"

He had unconsciously dropped back into the phraseology of the first days of his compulsory greatness.

The shining pageant still went winding like a radiant and interminable serpent down the crooked lanes of the quaint old city, and through the huzzaing hosts; but still the King rode with bowed

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head and vacant eyes, seeing only his mother's face and that wounded look in it.

"Largess, largess!" The cry fell upon an unheeding ear.

"Long live Edward of England!" It seemed as if the earth shook with the explosion; but there was no response from the King. He heard it only as one hears the thunder of the surf when it is blown to the ear out of a great distance, for it was smothered under another sound which was still nearer, in his own breast, in his accusing conscience,—a voice which kept repeating those shameful words, "I do not know you, woman!"

The words smote upon the King's soul as the strokes of a funeral bell smite upon the soul of a surviving friend when they remind him of secret treacheries suffered at his hands by him that is gone.

New glories were unfolded at every turning; new wonders, new marvels, sprung into view; the pent clamours of waiting batteries were released; new raptures poured from the throats of the waiting multitudes: but the King gave no sign, and the accusing voice that went moaning through his comfortless breast was all the sound he heard.

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By and by the gladness in the faces of the populace changed a little, and became touched with a something like solicitude or anxiety: an abatement in the volume of the applause was observable too. The Lord Protector was quick to notice these things: he was as quick to detect the cause. He spurred to the King's side, bent low in his saddle, uncovered, and said—

"My liege, it is an ill time for dreaming. The people observe thy downcast head, thy clouded mien, and they take it for an omen. Be advised: unveil the sun of royalty, and let it shine upon these boding vapours, and disperse them. Lift up thy face, and smile upon the people."

So saying, the Duke scattered a handful of coins to right and left, then retired to his place. The mock King did mechanically as he had been bidden. His smile had no heart in it, but few eyes were near enough or sharp enough to detect that. The noddings of his plumed head as he saluted his subjects were full of grace and graciousness; the largess which he delivered from his hand was royally liberal: so the people's anxiety vanished, and the acclamations burst forth again in as mighty a volume as before.

Still once more, a little before the progress

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was ended, the Duke was obliged to ride forward, and make remonstrance. He whispered—

"O dread sovereign! shake off these fatal humours; the eyes of the world are upon thee." Then he added with sharp annoyance, "Perdition catch that crazy pauper! 'twas she that hath disturbed your Highness."

The gorgeous figure turned a lustreless eye upon the Duke, and said in a dead voice—

"She was my mother!"

"My God!" groaned the Protector as he reined his horse backward to his post, "the omen was pregnant with prophecy. He is gone mad again!"

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CORONATION DAY.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

CORONATION DAY.

LET us go backward a few hours, and place ourselves in Westminster Abbey, at four o'clock in the morning of this memorable Coronation Day. We are not without company; for although it is still night, we find the torch-lighted galleries already filling up with people who are well content to sit still and wait seven or eight hours till the time shall come for them to see what they may not hope to see twice in their lives—the coronation of a King. Yes, London and Westminster have been astir ever since the warning guns boomed at three o'clock, and already crowds of untitled rich folk who have bought the privilege of trying to find sitting-room in the galleries are flocking in at the entrances reserved for their sort.

The hours drag along tediously enough. All stir has ceased for some time, for every gallery has long ago been packed. We may sit, now,

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and look and think at our leisure. We have glimpses, here and there and yonder, through the dim cathedral twilight, of portions of many galleries and balconies, wedged full with people, the other portions of these galleries and balconies being cut off from sight by intervening pillars and architectural projections. We have in view the whole of the great north transept—empty, and waiting for England's privileged ones. We see also the ample area or platform, carpeted with rich stuffs, whereon the throne stands. The throne occupies the centre of the platform, and is raised above it upon an elevation of four steps. Within the seat of the throne is enclosed a rough flat rock—the stone of Scone—which many generations of Scottish kings sat on to be crowned, and so it in time became holy enough to answer a like purpose for English monarchs. Both the throne and its footstool are covered with cloth of gold.

Stillness reigns, the torches blink dully, the time drags heavily. But at last the lagging daylight asserts itself, the torches are extinguished, and a mellow radiance suffuses the great spaces. All features of the noble building are distinct now, but soft and dreamy, for the sun is lightly veiled with clouds.

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At seven o'clock the first break in the drowsy monotony occurs; for on the stroke of this hour the first peeress enters the transept, clothed like Solomon for splendour, and is conducted to her appointed place by an official clad in satins and velvets, whilst a duplicate of him gathers up the lady's long train, follows after, and, when the lady is seated, arranges the train across her lap for her. He then places her footstool according to her desire, after which he puts her coronet where it will be convenient to her hand when the time for the simultaneous coroneting of the nobles shall arrive.

By this time the peeresses are flowing in in a glittering stream, and the satin-clad officials are flitting and glinting everywhere, seating them and making them comfortable. The scene is animated enough now. There is stir and life, and shifting colour everywhere. After a time, quiet reigns again; for the peeresses are all come, and are all in their places, a solid acre, or such a matter, of human flowers, resplendent in variegated colours, and frosted like a Milky Way with diamonds. There are all ages here: brown, wrinkled, white-haired dowagers who are able to go back, and still back, down the stream of time, and recall the crowning of Richard III. and the troublous

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days of that old forgotten age; and there are handsome middle-aged dames; and lovely and gracious young matrons; and gentle and beautiful young girls, with beaming eyes and fresh complexions, who may possibly put on their jewelled coronets awkwardly when the great time comes; for the matter will be new to them, and their excitement will be a sore hindrance. Still, this may not happen, for the hair of all these ladies has been arranged with a special view to the swift and successful lodging of the crown in its place when the signal comes.

We have seen that this massed array of peeresses is sown thick with diamonds, and we also see that it is a marvellous spectacle—but now we are about to be astonished in earnest. About nine, the clouds suddenly break away and a shaft of sunshine cleaves the mellow atmosphere, and drifts slowly along the ranks of ladies; and every rank it touches flames into a dazzling splendour of many-coloured fires, and we tingle to our finger-tips with the electric thrill that is shot through us by the surprise and the beauty of the spectacle! Presently a special envoy from some distant corner of the Orient, marching with the general body of foreign ambassadors, crosses this bar of sunshine, and we catch our

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breath, the glory that streams and flashes and palpitates about him is so overpowering; for he is crusted from head to heel with gems, and his slightest movement showers a dancing radiance all around him.

Let us change the tense for convenience. The time drifted along,—one hour—two hours—two hours and a half; then the deep booming of artillery told that the King and his grand procession had arrived at last; so the waiting multitude rejoiced. All knew that a further delay must follow, for the King must be prepared and robed for the solemn ceremony; but this delay would be pleasantly occupied by the assembling of the peers of the realm in their stately robes. These were conducted ceremoniously to their seats and their coronets placed conveniently at hand; and meanwhile the multitude in the galleries were alive with interest, for most of them were beholding for the first time, dukes, earls, and barons, whose names had been historical for five hundred years. When all were finally seated, the spectacle from the galleries and all coigns of vantage was complete; a gorgeous one to look upon and to remember.

Now the robed and mitred great heads of the

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church, and their attendants, filed in upon the platform and took their appointed places; these were followed by the Lord Protector and other great officials, and these again by a steel-clad detachment of the Guard.

There was a waiting pause; then, at a signal, a triumphant peal of music burst forth, and Tom Canty, clothed in a long robe of cloth of gold, appeared at a door, and stepped upon the platform. The entire multitude rose, and the ceremony of the Recognition ensued.

Then a noble anthem swept the Abbey with its rich waves of sound; and thus heralded and welcomed, Tom Canty was conducted to the throne. The ancient ceremonies went on, with impressive solemnity, whilst the audience gazed; and as they drew nearer and nearer to completion, Tom Canty grew pale, and still paler, and a deep and steadily deepening woe and despondency settled down upon his spirits and upon his remorseful heart.

At last the final act was at hand. The Archbishop of Canterbury lifted up the crown of England from its cushion and held it out over the trembling mock-king's head. In the same instant a rainbow-radiance flashed along the spacious transept; for with one impulse every in-

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dividual in the great concourse of nobles lifted a coronet and poised it over his or her head,—and paused in that attitude.

A deep hush pervaded the Abbey. At this impressive moment, a startling apparition intruded upon the scene—an apparition observed by none in the absorbed multitude, until it suddenly appeared, moving up the great central aisle. It was a boy, bare-headed, ill shod, and clothed in coarse plebeian garments that were falling to rags. He raised his hand with a solemnity which ill comported with his soiled and sorry aspect, and delivered this note of warning—

"I forbid you to set the crown of England upon that forfeited head. *I* am the King!"

In an instant several indignant hands were laid upon the boy; but in the same instant Tom Canty, in his regal vestments, made a swift step forward, and cried out in a ringing voice—

"Loose him and forbear! He *is* the King!"

A sort of panic of astonishment swept the assemblage, and they partly rose in their places and stared in a bewildered way at one another and at the chief figures in this scene, like persons who wondered whether they were awake and in their senses, or asleep and dreaming. The Lord

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Protector was as amazed as the rest, but quickly recovered himself, and exclaimed in a voice of authority—

"Mind not his Majesty, his malady is upon him again—seize the vagabond!"

He would have been obeyed, but the mock-King stamped his foot and cried out—

"On your peril! Touch him not, he is the King!"

The hands were withheld; a paralysis fell upon the house; no one moved, no one spoke; indeed, no one knew how to act or what to say, in so strange and surprising an emergency. While all minds were struggling to right themselves, the boy still moved steadily forward, with high port and confident mien; he had never halted from the beginning; and while the tangled minds still floundered helplessly, he stepped upon the platform, and the mock-King ran with a glad face to meet him; and fell on his knees before him and said—

"Oh, my lord the King, let poor Tom Canty be first to swear fealty to thee, and say, 'Put on thy crown and enter into thine own again!'"

The Lord Protector's eye fell sternly upon the new-comer's face; but straightway the sternness vanished away, and gave place to an expression

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of wondering surprise. This thing happened also to the other great officers. They glanced at each other, and retreated a step by a common and unconscious impulse. The thought in each mind was the same: "What a strange resemblance!"

The Lord Protector reflected a moment or two in perplexity, then he said, with grave respectfulness—

"By your favour, sir, I desire to ask certain questions which——"

"I will answer them, my lord."

The Duke asked him many questions about the Court, the late King, the prince, the princesses, —the boy answered them correctly and without hesitating. He described the rooms of state in the palace, the late King's apartments, and those of the Prince of Wales.

It was strange; it was wonderful; yes, it was unaccountable—so all said that heard it. The tide was beginning to turn, and Tom Canty's hopes to run high, when the Lord Protector shook his head and said—

"It is true it is most wonderful—but it is no more than our lord the King likewise can do." This remark, and this reference to himself as still the King, saddened Tom Canty, and he felt

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his hopes crumbling from under him. "These are not *proofs*," added the Protector.

The tide was turning very fast now, very fast indeed—but in the wrong direction; it was leaving poor Tom Canty stranded on the throne, and sweeping the other out to sea. The Lord Protector communed with himself—shook his head—the thought forced itself upon him, "It is perilous to the State and to us all, to entertain so fateful a riddle as this; it could divide the nation and undermine the throne." He turned and said—

"Sir Thomas, arrest this— No, hold!" His face lighted, and he confronted the ragged candidate with this question—

"Where lieth the Great Seal? Answer me this truly, and the riddle is unriddled; for only he that was Prince of Wales *can* so answer! On so trivial a thing hang a throne and a dynasty!"

It was a lucky thought, a happy thought. That it was so considered by the great officials was manifested by the silent applause that shot from eye to eye around their circle in the form of bright approving glances. Yes, none but the true prince could dissolve the stubborn mystery of the vanished Great Seal—this forlorn little impostor had been taught his lesson well, but

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here his teachings must fail, for his teacher himself could not answer *that* question—ah, very good, very good indeed; now we shall be rid of this troublesome and perilous business in short order! And so they nodded invisibly and smiled inwardly with satisfaction, and looked to see this foolish lad stricken with a palsy of guilty confusion. How surprised they were, then, to see nothing of the sort happen—how they marvelled to hear him answer up promptly, in a confident and untroubled voice, and say—

"There is nought in this riddle that is difficult." Then, without so much as a by-your-leave to anybody, he turned and gave this command, with the easy manner of one accustomed to doing such things: "My Lord St. John, go you to my private cabinet in the palace—for none knoweth the place better than you—and, close down to the floor, in the left corner remotest from the door that opens from the ante-chamber, you shall find in the wall a brazen nail-head; press upon it and a little jewel-closet will fly open which not even you do know of—no, nor any soul else, in all the world but me and the trusty artisan that did contrive it for me. The first thing that falleth under your eye will be the Great Seal—fetch it hither."

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All the company wondered at this speech, and wondered still more to see the little mendicant pick out this peer without hesitancy or apparent fear of mistake, and call him by name with such a placidly convincing air of having known him all his life. The peer was almost surprised into obeying. He even made a movement as if to go, but quickly recovered his tranquil attitude and confessed his blunder with a blush. Tom Canty turned upon him and said, sharply—

"Why dost thou hesitate? Hast not heard the King's command? Go!"

The Lord St. John made a deep obeisance—and it was observed that it was a significantly cautious and non-committal one, it not being delivered at either of the kings, but at the neutral ground about half way between the two—and took his leave.

Now began a movement of the gorgeous particles of that official group which was slow, scarcely perceptible, and yet steady and persistent—a movement such as is observed in a kaleidoscope that is turned slowly, whereby the components of one splendid cluster fall away and join themselves to another—a movement which, little by little, in the present case, dissolved the

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glittering crowd that stood about Tom Canty and clustered it together again in the neighbourhood of the new-comer. Tom Canty stood almost alone. Now ensued a brief season of deep suspense and waiting—during which even the few faint-hearts still remaining near Tom Canty gradually scraped together courage enough to glide, one by one, over to the majority. So at last Tom Canty, in his royal robes and jewels, stood wholly alone and isolated from the world, a conspicuous figure, occupying an eloquent vacancy.

Now the Lord St. John was seen returning. As he advanced up the mid-aisle the interest was so intense that the low murmur of conversation in the great assemblage died out and was succeeded by a profound hush, a breathless stillness, through which his footfalls pulsed with a dull and distant sound. Every eye was fastened upon him as he moved along. He reached the platform, paused a moment, then moved toward Tom Canty with a deep obeisance, and said—

"Sire, the Seal is not there!"

A mob does not melt away from the presence of a plague-patient with more haste than the band of pallid and terrified courtiers melted away from the presence of the shabby little claimant of the Crown. In a moment he stood all alone,

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without friend or supporter, a target upon which was concentrated a bitter fire of scornful and angry looks. The Lord Protector called out fiercely—

"Cast the beggar into the street, and scourge him through the town—the paltry knave is worth no more consideration!"

Officers of the guard sprang forward to obey, but Tom Canty waved them off and said—

"Back! Whoso touches him perils his life!"

The Lord Protector was perplexed in the last degree. He said to the Lord St. John—

"Searched you well?—but it boots not to ask that. It doth seem passing strange. Little things, trifles, slip out of one's ken, and one does not think it matter for surprise; but how so bulky a thing as the Seal of England can vanish away and no man be able to get track of it again—a massy golden disk——"

Tom Canty, with beaming eyes, sprang forward and shouted—

"Hold, that is enough! Was it round?—and thick?—and had it letters and devices graved upon it?—Yes? Oh, *now* I know what this Great Seal is that there's been such worry and pother about. An' ye had described it to me, ye could have had it three weeks ago. Right well I know

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where it lies; but it was not I that put it there—first."

"Who, then, my liege?" asked the Lord Protector.

"He that stands there—the rightful King of England. And he shall tell you himself where it lies—then you will believe he knew it of his own knowledge. Bethink thee, my King—spur thy memory—it was the last, the very *last* thing thou didst that day before thou didst rush forth from the palace, clothed in my rags, to punish the soldier that insulted me."

A silence ensued, undisturbed by a movement or a whisper, and all eyes were fixed upon the new-comer, who stood, with bent head and corrugated brow, groping in his memory among a thronging multitude of valueless recollections for one single little elusive fact, which, found, would seat him upon a throne—unfound, would leave him as he was, for good and all—a pauper and an outcast. Moment after moment passed—the moments built themselves into minutes—still the boy struggled silently on, and gave no sign. But at last he heaved a sigh, shook his head slowly, and said, with a trembling lip and in a despondent voice—

"I call the scene back—all of it—but the

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Seal hath no place in it." He paused, then looked up, and said with gentle dignity, "My lords and gentlemen, if ye will rob your rightful sovereign of his own for lack of this evidence which he is not able to furnish, I may not stay ye, being powerless. But——"

"Oh, folly, oh, madness, my King!" cried Tom Canty, in a panic, "wait!—think! Do not give up!—the cause is not lost! Nor *shall* be, neither! List to what I say—follow every word—I am going to bring that morning back again, every hap just as it happened. We talked—I told you of my sisters, Nan and Bet—ah, yes, you remember that; and about mine old grandam—and the rough games of the lads of Offal Court—yes, you remember these things also; very well, follow me still, you shall recall everything. You gave me food and drink, and did with princely courtesy send away the servants, so that my low breeding might not shame me before them—ah, yes, this also you remember."

As Tom checked off his details, and the other boy nodded his head in recognition of them, the great audience and the officials stared in puzzled wonderment; the tale sounded like true history, yet how could this impossible conjunction between a prince and a beggar-boy have come about?

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Never was a company of people so perplexed, so interested, and so stupefied, before.

"For a jest, my prince, we did exchange garments. Then we stood before a mirror; and so alike were we that both said it seemed as if there had been no change made—yes, you remember that. Then you noticed that the soldier had hurt my hand—look! here it is, I cannot yet even write with it, the fingers are so stiff. At this your Highness sprang up, vowing vengeance upon that soldier, and ran towards the door—you passed a table—that thing you call the Seal lay on that table—you snatched it up and looked eagerly about, as if for a place to hide it—your eye caught sight of——"

"There, 'tis sufficient!—and the good God be thanked!" exclaimed the ragged claimant, in a mighty excitement. "Go, my good St. John,—in an arm-piece of the Milanese armour that hangs on the wall, thou'lt find the Seal!"

"Right, my King! right!" cried Tom Canty; "*now* the sceptre of England is thine own; and it were better for him that would dispute it that he had been born dumb! Go, my Lord St. John, give thy feet wings!"

The whole assemblage was on its feet now, and well-nigh out of its mind with uneasiness,

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apprehension, and consuming excitement. On the floor and on the platform a deafening buzz of frantic conversation burst forth, and for some time nobody knew anything or heard anything or was interested in anything but what his neighbour was shouting into his ear, or he was shouting into his neighhour's ear. Time—nobody knew how much of it—swept by unheeded and unnoted. At last a sudden hush fell upon the house, and in the same moment St. John appeared upon the platform, and held the Great Seal aloft in his hand. Then such a shout went up—

"Long live the true King!"

For five minutes the air quaked with shouts and the crash of musical instruments, and was white with a storm of waving handkerchiefs; and through it all a ragged lad, the most conspicuous figure in England, stood, flushed and happy and proud, in the centre of the spacious platform, with the great vassals of the kingdom kneeling around him.

Then all rose, and Tom Canty cried out—

"Now, O my King, take these regal garments back, and give poor Tom, thy servant, his shreds and remnants again."

The Lord Protector spoke up—

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"Let the small varlet be stripped and flung into the Tower."

But the new King, the true King, said—

"I will not have it so. But for him I had not got my crown again—none shall lay a hand upon him to harm him. And as for thee, my good uncle, my Lord Protector, this conduct of thine is not grateful toward this poor lad, for I hear he hath made thee a duke"—the Protector blushed—"yet he was not a King; wherefore, what is thy fine title worth now? To-morrow you shall sue to me, *through him*, for its confirmation, else no duke, but a simple earl, shalt thou remain."

Under this rebuke, his grace the Duke of Somerset retired a little from the front for the moment. The King turned to Tom, and said kindly—"My poor boy, how was it that you could remember where I hid the Seal when I could not remember it myself?"

"Ah, my King, that was easy, since I used it divers days."

"Used it,—yet could not explain where it was?"

"I did not know it was *that* they wanted. They did not describe it, your Majesty."

"Then how used you it?"

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The red blood began to steal up into Tom's cheeks, and he dropped his eyes and was silent.

"Speak up, good lad, and fear nothing," said the King. "How used you the Great Seal of England?"

Tom stammered a moment, in a pathetic confusion, then got it out—

"To crack nuts with!"

Poor child, the avalanche of laughter that greeted this nearly swept him off his feet. But if a doubt remained in any mind that Tom Canty was not the King of England and familiar with the august appurtenances of royalty, this reply disposed of it utterly.

Meantime the sumptuous robe of state had been removed from Tom's shoulders to the King's, whose rags were effectually hidden from sight under it. Then the coronation ceremonies were resumed; the true King was anointed and the crown set upon his head, whilst cannon thundered the news to the city, and all London seemed to rock with applause.

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EDWARD AS KING.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

EDWARD AS KING.

MILES HENDON was picturesque enough before he got into the riot on London Bridge—he was more so when he got out of it. He had but little money when he got in, none at all when he got out. The pick-pockets had stripped him of his last farthing.

But no matter, so he found his boy. Being a soldier, he did not go at his task in a random way, but set to work, first of all, to arrange his campaign.

What would the boy naturally do? Where would he naturally go? Well—argued Miles—he would naturally go to his former haunts, for that is the instinct of unsound minds, when homeless and forsaken, as well as of sound ones. Whereabouts were his former haunts? His rags, taken together with the low villain who seemed to know him and who even claimed to be his

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father, indicated that his home was in one or another of the poorest and meanest districts of London. Would the search for him be difficult, or long? No, it was likely to be easy and brief. He would not hunt for the boy, he would hunt for a crowd; in the centre of a big crowd or a little one, sooner or later, he should find his poor little friend, sure; and the mangy mob would be entertaining itself with pestering and aggravating the boy, who would be proclaiming himself King, as usual. Then Miles Hendon would cripple some of those people, and carry off his little ward, and comfort and cheer him with loving words, and the two would never be separated any more.

So Miles started on his quest. Hour after hour he tramped through back alleys and squalid streets, seeking groups and crowds, and finding no end of them, but never any sign of the boy. This greatly surprised him, but did not discourage him. To his notion, there was nothing the matter with his plan of campaign; the only miscalculation about it was that the campaign was becoming a lengthy one, whereas he had expected it to be short.

When daylight arrived, at last, he had made

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many a mile, and canvassed many a crowd, but the only result was that he was tolerably tired, rather hungry, and very sleepy. He wanted some breakfast, but there was no way to get it. To beg for it did not occur to him; as to pawning his sword, he would as soon have thought of parting with his honour; he could spare some of his clothes—yes, but one could as easily find a customer for a disease as for such clothes.

At noon he was still tramping—among the rabble which followed after the royal procession, now; for he argued that this regal display would attract his little lunatic powerfully. He followed the pageant through all its devious windings about London, and all the way to Westminster and the Abbey. He drifted here and there amongst the multitudes that were massed in the vicinity for a weary long time, baffled and perplexed, and finally wandered off, thinking, and trying to contrive some way to better his plan of campaign. By and by, when he came to himself out of his musings, he discovered that the town was far behind him and that the day was growing old. He was near the river, and in the country; it was a region of fine rural seats—not the sort of district to welcome clothes like his.

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It was not at all cold; so he stretched himself on the ground in the lee of a hedge to rest and think. Drowsiness presently began to settle upon his senses; the faint and far-off boom of cannon was wafted to his ear, and he said to himself, "The new King is crowned," and straightway fell asleep. He had not slept or rested, before, for more than thirty hours. He did not wake again until near the middle of the next morning.

He got up, lame, stiff, and half famished, washed himself in the river, stayed his stomach with a pint or two of water, and trudged off toward Westminster grumbling at himself for having wasted so much time. Hunger helped him to a new plan, now; he would try to get speech with old Sir Humphrey Marlow and borrow a few marks, and—but that was enough of a plan for the present; it would be time enough to enlarge it when this first stage should be accomplished.

Toward eleven o'clock he approached the palace; and although a host of showy people were about him, moving in the same direction, he was not inconspicuous—his costume took care of that. He watched these people's faces narrowly, hoping to find a charitable one whose possessor might

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be willing to carry his name to the old lieutenant —as to trying to get into the palace himself, that was simply out of the question.

Presently our whipping-boy passed him, then wheeled about and scanned his figure well, saying to himself, "An' that is not the very vagabond his Majesty is in such a worry about, then am I an ass—though belike I was that before. He answereth the description to a rag—that God should make two such, would be to cheapen miracles by wasteful repetition. I would I could contrive an excuse to speak with him."

Miles Hendon saved him the trouble; for he turned about, then, as a man generally will when somebody mesmerises him by gazing hard at him from behind; and observing a strong interest in the boy's eyes, he stepped toward him and said—

"You have just come out from the palace; do you belong there?"

"Yes, your worship."

"Know you Sir Humphrey Marlow?"

The boy started, and said to himself, "Lord! mine old departed father!" Then he answered, aloud, "Right well, your worship."

"Good—is he within?"

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"Yes," said the boy; and added, to himself, "within his grave."

"Might I crave your favour to carry my name to him, and say I beg to say a word in his ear?"

"I will despatch the business right willingly, fair sir."

"Then say Miles Hendon, son of Sir Richard, is here without—I shall be greatly bounden to you, my good lad."

The boy looked disappointed—"the King did not name him so," he said to himself—"but it mattereth not, this is his twin brother, and can give his Majesty news of 'tother Sir-Odds-and-Ends, I warrant." So he said to Miles, "Step in there a moment, good sir, and wait till I bring you word."

Hendon retired to the place indicated—it was a recess sunk in the palace wall, with a stone bench in it—a shelter for sentinels in bad weather. He had hardly seated himself when some halberdiers, in charge of an officer, passed by. The officer saw him, halted his men, and commanded Hendon to come forth. He obeyed, and was promptly arrested as a suspicious character prowling within the precincts of the palace. Things began to look ugly. Poor Miles

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was going to explain, but the officer roughly silenced him, and ordered his men to disarm him and search him.

"God of his mercy grant that they find somewhat," said poor Miles; "I have searched enow, and failed, yet is my need greater than theirs."

"Nothing was found but a document. The officer tore it open, and Hendon smiled when he recognised the "pot-hooks" made by his lost little friend that black day at Hendon Hall. The officer's face grew dark as he read the English paragraph, and Miles blenched to the opposite colour as he listened.

"Another new claimant of the crown!" cried the officer. "Verily they breed like rabbits, to-day. Seize the rascal, men, and see ye keep him fast whilst I convey this precious paper within and send it to the King."

He hurried away, leaving the prisoner in the grip of the halberdiers.

"Now is my evil luck ended at last," muttered Hendon, "for I shall dangle at a rope's end for a certainty, by reason of that bit of writing. And what will become of my poor lad!—ah, only the good God knoweth."

By and by he saw the officer coming again,

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in a great hurry; so he plucked his courage together, purposing to meet his troubles as became a man. The officer ordered the men to loose the prisoner and return his sword to him; then bowed respectfully, and said—

"Please you, sir, to follow me."

Hendon followed, saying to himself, "An' I were not travelling to death and judgment, and so must needs economise in sin, I would throttle this knave for his mock courtesy."

The two traversed a populous court, and arrived at the grand entrance of the palace, where the officer, with another bow, delivered Hendon into the hands of a gorgeous official, who received him with profound respect and led him forward through a great hall, lined on both sides with rows of splendid flunkeys (who made reverential obeisance as the two passed along, but fell into death-throes of silent laughter at our stately scarecrow the moment his back was turned), and up a broad staircase, among flocks of fine folk, and finally conducted him into a vast room, clove a passage for him through the assembled nobility of England, then made a bow, reminded him to take his hat off, and left him standing in the middle of the room, a mark for all eyes, for

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plenty of indignant frowns, and for a sufficiency of amused and derisive smiles.

Miles Hendon was entirely bewildered. There sat the young King, under a canopy of state, five steps away, with his head bent down and aside, speaking with a sort of human bird of paradise—a duke, maybe; Hendon observed to himself that it was hard enough to be sentenced to death in the full vigour of life, without having this peculiarly public humiliation added. He wished the King would hurry about it—some of the gaudy people near by were becoming pretty offensive. At this moment the King raised his head slightly, and Hendon caught a good view of his face. The sight nearly took his breath away!—He stood gazing at the fair young face like one transfixed; then presently ejaculated—

"Lo, the Lord of the Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows on his throne!"

He muttered some broken sentences, still gazing and marvelling; then turned his eyes around and about, scanning the gorgeous throng and the splendid saloon, murmuring, "But these are *real*—verily these are *real*—surely it is not a dream."

He stared at the King again—and thought,

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"*Is* it a dream? . . . or *is* he the veritable Sovereign of England, and not the friendless poor Tom o' Bedlam I took him for—who shall solve me this riddle?"

A sudden idea flashed in his eye, and he strode to the wall, gathered up a chair, brought it back, planted it on the floor, and sat down in it!

A buzz of indignation broke out, a rough hand was laid upon him, and a voice exclaimed,—

"Up, thou mannerless clown!—wouldst sit in the presence of the King?"

The disturbance attracted his Majesty's attention, who stretched forth his hand and cried out—

"Touch him not, it is his right!"

The throng fell back, stupefied. The King went on—

"Learn ye all, ladies, lords, and gentlemen, that this is my trusty and well beloved servant, Miles Hendon, who interposed his good sword and saved his prince from bodily harm and possible death—and for this he is a knight, by the King's voice. Also learn, that for a higher service, in that he saved his sovereign stripes and shame,

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taking these upon himself, he is a peer of England, Earl of Kent, and shall have gold and lands meet for the dignity. More—the privilege which he hath just exercised is his by royal grant; for we have ordained that the chiefs of his line shall have and hold the right to sit in the presence of the Majesty of England henceforth, age after age, so long as the crown shall endure. Molest him not."

Two persons, who, through delay, had only arrived from the country during this morning, and had now been in this room only five minutes, stood listening to these words and looking at the King, then at the scarecrow, then at the King again, in a sort of torpid bewilderment. These were Sir Hugh and the Lady Edith. But the new Earl did not see them. He was still staring at the monarch, in a dazed way, and muttering—

"Oh, body o' me! *This* my pauper! This my lunatic! This is he whom *I* would show what grandeur was, in my house of seventy rooms and seven and twenty servants! This is he who had never known aught but rags for raiment, kicks for comfort, and offal for diet! This is he whom *I* adopted and would make respectable! Would God I had a bag to hide my head in!"

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Then his manners suddenly came back to him, and he dropped upon his knees, with his hands between the King's, and swore allegiance and did homage for his lands and titles. Then he rose and stood respectfully aside, a mark still for all eyes—and much envy, too.

Now the King discovered Sir Hugh, and spoke out, with wrathful voice and kindling eye—

"Strip this robber of his false show and stolen estates, and put him under lock and key till I have need of him."

The late Sir Hugh was led away.

There was a stir at the other end of the room, now; the assemblage fell apart, and Tom Canty, quaintly but richly clothed, marched down, between these living walls, preceded by an usher. He knelt before King, who said—

"I have learned the story of these past few weeks, and am well pleased with thee. Thou hast governed the realm with right royal gentleness and mercy. Thou hast found thy mother and thy sisters again? Good; they shall be cared for—and thy father shall hang, if thou desire it and the law consent. Know, all ye that hear my voice, that from this day, they that abide in the shelter of Christ's Hospital and share the King's bounty

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shall have their minds and hearts fed, as well as their baser parts; and this boy shall dwell there, and hold the chief place in its honourable body of governors, during life. And for that he hath been a king, it is meet that other than common observance shall be his due; wherefore note this his dress of state, for by it he shall be known, and none shall copy it; and wheresoever he shall come, it shall remind the people that he hath been royal, in his time, and none shall deny him his due of reverence or fail to give him salutation. He hath the throne's protection, he hath the crown's support, he shall be known and called by the honourable title of the King's Ward."

The proud and happy Tom Canty rose and kissed the King's hand, and was conducted from the presence. He did not waste any time, but flew to his mother, to tell her and Nan and Bet all about it and get them to help him enjoy the great news.*

* See Notes to Chapter XXXIII., at end of this volume.

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JUSTICE AND RETRIBUTION.

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CONCLUSION.

JUSTICE AND RETRIBUTION.

WHEN the mysteries were all cleared up, it came out, by confession of Hugh Hendon, that his wife had repudiated Miles by his command, that day at Hendon Hall—a command assisted and supported by the perfectly trustworthy promise that if she did not deny that he was Miles Hendon, and stand firmly to it, he would have her life; whereupon she said take it, she did not value it —and she would not repudiate Miles; then the husband said he would spare her life but have Miles assassinated! This was a different matter; so she gave her word and kept it.

Hugh was not prosecuted for his threats or for stealing his brother's estates and title, because the wife and brother would not testify against him—and the former would not have been allowed to do it, even if she had wanted to. Hugh deserted his wife and went over to the continent,

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where he presently died; and by and by the Earl of Kent married his relict. There were grand times and rejoicings at Hendon village when the couple paid their first visit to the Hall.

Tom Canty's father was never heard of again.

The King sought out the farmer who had been branded and sold as a slave, and reclaimed him from his evil life with the Ruffler's gang, and put him in the way of a comfortable livelihood.

He also took that old lawyer out of prison and remitted his fine. He provided good homes for the daughters of the two Baptist women whom he saw burned at the stake, and roundly punished the official who laid the undeserved stripes upon Miles Hendon's back.

He saved from the gallows the boy who had captured the stray falcon, and also the woman who had stolen a remnant of cloth from a weaver; but he was too late to save the man who had been convicted of killing a deer in the royal forest.

He showed favour to the justice who had pitied him when he was supposed to have stolen a pig, and he had the gratification of seeing him

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grow in the public esteem and become a great and honoured man.

As long as the King lived he was fond of telling the story of his adventures, all through, from the hour that the sentinel cuffed him away from the palace gate till the final midnight when he deftly mixed himself into a gang of hurrying workmen and so slipped into the Abbey and climbed up and hid himself in the Confessor's tomb, and then slept so long, next day, that he came within one of missing the Coronation altogether. He said that the frequent rehearsing of the precious lesson kept him strong in his purpose to make its teachings yield benefits to his people; and so, whilst his life was spared he should continue to tell the story, and thus keep its sorrowful spectacles fresh in his memory and the springs of pity replenished in his heart.

Miles Hendon and Tom Canty were favourites of the King, all through his brief reign, and his sincere mourners when he died. The good Earl of Kent had too much sense to abuse his peculiar privilege; but he exercised it twice after the instance we have seen of it before he was called from the world—once at the accession of Queen Mary, and once at the accession of Queen

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Elizabeth. A descendant of his exercised it at the accession of James I. Before this one's son chose to use the privilege, near a quarter of a century had elapsed, and the "privilege of the Kents" had faded out of most people's memories; so, when the Kent of that day appeared before Charles I. and his court and sat down in the sovereign's presence to assert and perpetuate the right of his house, there was a fine stir indeed! But the matter was soon explained, and the right confirmed. The last Earl of the line fell in the wars of the Commonwealth fighting for the King, and the odd privilege ended with him.

Tom Canty lived to be a very old man, a handsome, white-haired old fellow, of grave and benignant aspect. As long as he lasted he was honoured; and he was also reverenced, for his striking and peculiar costume kept the people reminded that "in his time he had been royal;" so, wherever he appeared the crowd fell apart, making way for him, and whispering, one to another, "Doff thy hat, it is the King's Ward!"—and so they saluted, and got his kindly smile in return—and they valued it, too, for his was an honourable history.

Yes, King Edward VI. lived only a few years,

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poor boy, but he lived them worthily. More than once, when some great dignitary, some gilded vassal of the crown, made argument against his leniency, and urged that some law which he was bent upon amending was gentle enough for its purpose, and wrought no suffering or oppression which any one need mightily mind, the young King turned the mournful eloquence of his great compassionate eyes upon him and answered—

"What dost *thou* know of suffering and oppression? I and my people know, but not thou."

The reign of Edward VI. was a singularly merciful one for those harsh times. Now that we are taking leave of him, let us try to keep this in our minds, to his credit.

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NOTES.

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NOTES.

NOTE 1, Vol. I. p. 32.

Christ's Hospital Costume.

It is most reasonable to regard the dress as copied from the costume of the citizens of London of that period, when long blue coats were the common habit of apprentices and serving-men, and yellow stockings were generally worn; the coat fits closely to the body, but has loose sleeves, and beneath is worn a sleeveless yellow under-coat; around the waist is a red leathern girdle; a clerical band around the neck, and a small flat black cap, about the size of a saucer, completes the costume.—Timbs' *Curiosities of London.*

NOTE 2, Vol. I. p. 35.

It appears that Christ's Hospital was not originally founded as a *school;* its object was to rescue children from the streets, to shelter, feed, clothe them, &c.—Timbs' *Curiosities of London.*

NOTE 3, Vol. I. p. 51.

The Duke of Norfolk's Condemnation commanded.

The King was now approaching fast towards his end; and fearing lest Norfolk should escape him, he sent a mes-

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sage to the Commons, by which he desired them to hasten the bill, on pretence that Norfolk enjoyed the dignity of Earl-Marshal, and it was necessary to appoint another, who might officiate at the ensuing ceremony of installing his son Prince of Wales.—Hume's *History of England*, vol. III. p. 307.

NOTE 4, Vol. I. p. 75.

It was not till the end of this reign [Henry VIII.] that any salads, carrots, turnips, or other edible roots were produced in England. The little of these vegetables that was used was formerly imported from Holland and Flanders. Queen Catherine, when she wanted a salad, was obliged to despatch a messenger thither on purpose.— Hume's *History of England*, vol. III. p. 314.

NOTE 5, Vol. I. p. 87.

Attainder of Norfolk.

The House of Peers, without examining the prisoner, without trial or evidence, passed a bill of attainder against him and sent it down to the Commons. . . . The obsequious Commons obeyed his [the King's] directions; and the King, having affixed the Royal assent to the bill by commissioners, issued orders for the execution of Norfolk on the morning of January 29 [the next day].—Hume's *History of England*, vol. III. p. 306.

NOTE 6, Vol. I. p. 112.

The Loving-cup.

The loving-cup, and the peculiar ceremonies observed in drinking from it, are older than English history. It is thought that both are Danish importations. As far back as knowledge goes, the loving-cup has always been drunk at English banquets. Tradition explains the ceremonies in this way. In the rude ancient times it was deemed a wise pre-

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caution to have both hands of both drinkers employed, lest while the pledger pledged his love and fidelity to the pledgee, the pledgee take that opportunity to slip a dirk into him!

NOTE 7, Vol. I. p. 125.

The Duke of Norfolk's narrow Escape.

Had Henry VIII. survived a few hours longer, his order for the duke's execution would have been carried into effect. "But news being carried to the Tower that the King himself had expired that night, the lieutenant deferred obeying the warrant; and it was not thought advisable by the Council to begin a new reign by the death of the greatest nobleman in the kingdom, who had been condemned by a sentence so unjust and tyrannical."—Hume's *History of England*, vol. III. p. 307.

NOTE 8, Vol. I. p. 175.

The Whipping-boy.

James I. and Charles II. had whipping-boys, when they were little fellows, to take their punishment for them when they fell short in their lessons; so I have ventured to furnish my small prince with one, for my own purposes.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XV., Vol. I. p. 183.

Character of Hertford.

The young King discovered an extreme attachment to his uncle, who was, in the main, a man of moderation and probity.—Hume's *History of England*, vol. III. p. 324.

But if he [the Protector] gave offence by assuming too much state, he deserves great praise on account of the laws passed this session, by which the rigour of former statutes was much mitigated, and some security given to the freedom of the constitution. All laws were repealed which extended the crime of treason beyond the statute of the twenty-fifth of Edward III.; all laws enacted during the late reign extend-

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ing the crime of felony; all the former laws against Lollardy or heresy, together with the statute of the Six Articles. None were to be accused for words, but within a month after they were spoken. By these repeals several of the most rigorous laws that ever had passed in England were annulled; and some dawn, both of civil and religious liberty, began to appear to the people. A repeal also passed of that law, the destruction of all laws, by which the King's proclamation was made of equal force with a statute.—*Ibid.*, vol. III. p. 339.

Boiling to Death.

In the reign of Henry VIII. poisoners were, by Act of Parliament, condemned to be *boiled to death*. This Act was repealed in the following reign.

In Germany, even in the seventeenth century, this horrible punishment was inflicted on coiners and counterfeiters. Taylor, the Water Poet, describes an execution he witnessed in Hamburg in 1616. The judgment pronounced against a coiner of false money was that he should "be *boiled to death in oil*; not thrown into the vessel at once, but with a pulley rope to be hanged under the armpits, and then let down into the oil *by degrees;* first the feet, and next the legs, and so to boil his flesh from his bones alive."—Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull's *Blue Laws, True and False*, p. 13.

The Famous Stocking Case.

A woman and her daughter, *nine years old*, were hanged in Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings!—Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull's *Blue Laws, True and False*, p. 20.

NOTE 10, Vol. I. p. 228.

Enslaving.

So young a King and so ignorant a peasant were likely to make mistakes; and this is an instance in point. This

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peasant was suffering from this law *by anticipation;* the King was venting his indignation against a law which was not yet in existence; for this hideous statute was to have birth in this little King's *own reign.* However, we know, from the humanity of his character, that it could never have been suggested by him.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXIII. Vol. II. p. 69.

Death for Trifling Larcenies.

When Connecticut and New Haven were framing their first codes, larceny above the value of twelve pence was a capital crime in England—as it had been since the time of Henry I.—Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull's *Blue Laws, True and False,* p. 17.

The curious old book called *The English Rogue* makes the limit thirteen pence ha'penny; death being the portion of any who steal a thing "above the value of thirteen pence ha'penny."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXVII., Vol. II. p. 113.

From many descriptions of larceny the law expressly took away the benefit of clergy; to steal a horse, or a *hawk,* or woollen cloth from the weaver, was a hanging matter. So it was to kill a deer from the King's forest, or to export sheep from the kingdom.—Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull's *Blue Laws, True and False,* p. 13.

William Prynne, a learned barrister, was sentenced [long after Edward VI.'s time] to lose both his ears in the pillory, to degradation from the bar, a fine of 3,000*l.*, and imprisonment for life. Three years afterwards he gave new offence to Laud by publishing a pamphlet against the hierarchy. He was again prosecuted, and was sentenced to lose *what remained of his ears,* to pay a fine of 5,000*l.*, to be *branded on both his cheeks* with the letters S. L. (for Seditious Libeller), and to remain in prison for life. The severity of this sentence was equalled by the savage rigour of its execution.—*Ibid.*, p. 12.

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NOTES TO CHAPTER XXXIII., Vol. II. p. 193.

Christ's Hospital, or Bluecoat School, "the noblest institution in the world."

The ground on which the Priory of the Grey Friars stood was conferred by Henry VIII. on the Corporation of London, [who caused the institution there of a home for poor boys and girls]. Subsequently, Edward VI. caused the old Priory to be properly repaired, and founded within it that noble establishment called the Bluecoat School, or Christ's Hospital, for the *education* and maintenance of orphans and the children of indigent persons. . . . Edward would not let him (Bishop Ridley) depart till the letter was written (to the Lord Mayor), and then charged him to deliver it himself, and signify his special request and commandment that no time might be lost in proposing what was convenient, and apprising him of the proceedings. The work was zealously undertaken, Ridley himself engaging in it; and the result was the founding of Christ's Hospital for the education of poor children. [The King endowed several other charities at the same time.] "Lord God," said he, "I yield Thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long to finish this work to the glory of Thy name!" That innocent and most exemplary life was drawing rapidly to its close, and in a few days he rendered up his spirit to his Creator, praying God to defend the realm from Papistry.—J. Heneage Jesse's *London: its Celebrated Characters and Places.*

In the Great Hall hangs a large picture of King Edward VI. seated on his throne, in a scarlet and ermined robe, holding the sceptre in his left hand, and presenting with the other the Charter to the kneeling Lord Mayor. By his side stands the Chancellor, holding the seals, and next to him are other officers of state. Bishop Ridley kneels before him with uplifted hands, as if supplicating a blessing on the event; whilst the Aldermen, etc., with the Lord Mayor, kneel on both sides, occupying the middle ground of the picture; and lastly, in front, are a double row of boys on one side and girls on the other, from the master and matron down to the boy and girl who have stepped forward from their respective

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